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The Famous ROMAN POET.

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P R E F A C E.

THE very favourable reception which the Quarto Edition of the Works of HOMER, the Prince of Greek Bards, has deservedly met with, from the Elegance of the Letter-Press, Copper-Plates, and the utility and entertainment of the valuable Notes, encourages the Editor and Publisher to present the Public with a correct Edition, in the same approved Size, of all the genuine Works of VIRGIL, the most celebrated and admired of all the Roman Poets, with Notes and splendid Engravings, executed on a similar Plan with the Works of Homer, and the renowned Adventures of *Telemachus*, also published by the same Editor, with Notes and most elegant Copper-Plates.

VIRGIL, by reason of the sweetness and harmony of his numbers, is justly stiled the *Mantuan Swan*, *Andes*, near *Mantua*, in *Italy*, being the place of his nativity. He is no less admired, as a virtuous, ingenious, and judicious Author, than as in incomparable Poet, and excellent Philosopher; which evidently appears from an attentive Perusal of his approved, beautiful, and inimitable Writings. His Works, consisting of the *Æneid*, *Georgics*, and *Pastorals* or *Eclogues*, now published in an elegant Form and Size, with grand Illustrations, and which are replete with richness of sentiment, elegance of expression, and a happy intermixture of useful and entertaining precepts and descriptions, will be read and esteemed as long as solid judgment and classical taste remain amongst mankind, and will moreover honourably transmit the name of their inestimable Author to the latest posterity. Not only the greatness of imagination and poetic fire which abound in them, but the superb machinery and useful maxims with which they are interpersed, sufficiently claim universal admiration to these agreeable and excellent Works.

The *ÆNEID*, so named from *Æneas*, a *Trojan* Prince, the chief person in the Poem, and the son of *Anchises*, a feeder of cattle, was written with a view to describe the exploits of *Æneas*, and at the same time to celebrate the *Roman* Emperors, *Julius* and *Augustus Cæsar*, who desired to be signalized as the offspring of *Iulus*, or *Ascanius*, the son of *Æneas*.

As a perfect knowledge of the principal actors in this much admired Poem can only be obtained by a perusal of the work, we shall in this introductory preface only give a sketch of the twelve Books of the *Æneid*, as follows:

The Gods preserve that heroic Prince *Æneas*, of *Dardania* in *Phrygia*, amidst the ruin of the mighty *Troy*, and chuse him to be the maintainer of their religion, and the establisher of a more great and glorious empire than the first. This very hero is likewise elected king, by the general consent of those *Trojans* who had escaped the universal destruction of that kingdom. After a seven years' voyage from the destruction of *Troy*, he conducts them through territories from whence his ancestors originally came, to *Thrace*, *Carthage*, *Crete*, *Sicily*, &c. and by the way instructs himself in all that is necessary for a king, a priest, and the founder of a monarchy. At last, he arrives in *Italy* with his young son *Ascanius*, and finds in this new country the Gods and men are disposed to entertain him, and to allot him subjects and territories. But a neighbouring Prince, *Turnus*, king of the *Rutilians*, blinded by jealousy and ambition, will not acknowledge the justice of this proceeding, nor the manifest will of Heaven, but vehemently opposes his establishment, and is powerfully assisted by the valour of *Mezentius*, a king, whose cruelty and impiety had divested him of his empire. This opposition, and the bloody war the valiant *Æneas* was necessitated to undertake in defence of the *Trojans*, render his establishment more secure by the right of conquest, and more glorious by the total overthrow of his unjust enemies.

This celebrated Epic or Heroic Poem of the *Æneid* is extremely remarkable by a number of striking incidents, and comprizes all the amazing exploits of *Æneas* at the siege of *Troy*, during a seven years voyage, and during his contest with *Turnus* and his other enemies in *Italy*, where at length his valour prevailed, and he married *Lavinia*, king *Latinus*'s daughter, and succeeded in his kingdom. *Virgil's Æneid* has been highly applauded in all ages, from it's first appearance to this day; and will always continue to be esteemed as much superior to all the other epic, or heroic poems among the *Romans*, as *Homer's Iliad* is among the *Greeks*.

The *GEORGICS*, or books treating of husbandry and agriculture, are esteemed the most sublime of any part of *Virgil's* Works: They are divided into four books. The first, which treats of the principal part of husbandry, ploughing, and sowing, is made up of six several parts: The first shews the rules of ploughing; the second of sowing; the third, the invention of fruits and grain; the fourth, the tools and instruments of husbandry; the fifth, the several labours and seasons; the last, the signs and prognostics.

The

The second *Georgic* treats of planting, in which are shewn the different methods of raising trees, their variety, management, &c. points out the nature of every soil, and prescribes rules for dressing vines, olives, &c. But, to be more particular,

With respect to the two first books, the Poet has drawn out the rules of tilling and planting with such a significance of expression, a pomp of verse, and beautiful variety of transitions, as display something of a rustic majesty, like that of a *Roman* dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers his most trivial precepts with a kind of grandeur; he even breaks the clods, and tosses the dung with an air of dignity and gracefulness.

The third *Georgic* seems to be the most highly finished of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot race. The force of love is represented in noble instances and very sublime expressions. The *Scythian* winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering; and the description of the fatal murrain that raged among the cattle on the *Alps*, has all the expressiveness that words can give.

But *Virgil* seems no where better pleased than when he is got among his bees in the fourth *Georgic*; and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of *Aeneas* and *Turnus*, than in the engagement of two swarms of bees. And as in his *Aeneid* he compares the labour of his *Trojans* to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labour of the bees to those of the *Cyclops*, the sons of *Vulcan*, and forgers of *Jupiter's* thunderbolts.

The PASTORALS, *Bucolics* or *Eclogues*, being ten in number, are compositions relating to shepherds, cattle, and a rural life, wherein shepherds are represented conversing with each other; and that with an air of piety, innocence and simplicity; their discourses being founded on some design or little plot, which may deserve the title of a pastoral scene; the whole affording a pleasing and choice diversity of subjects.

With respect to the Life of *Virgil*, as we shall give the most genuine Memoirs of him at the conclusion of this beautiful Edition of his Works, suffice it here to make a remark respecting the characteristic difference between *Virgil* and *Homer*.

It may with truth be affirmed, that *Virgil* excelled all mankind in judgment, while *Homer* rises superior to all in invention. The celebrated Mr. *Pope* says, these two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate. *Homer*, boundless and irresistible as *Achilles*, in the *Iliad* bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases: *Virgil* calmly daring like *Aeneas* in the *Aeneid*, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action, disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. Or when we look on their machines, *Homer* seems, like his own *Jupiter* in his terrors, shaking *Olympus*, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens: *Virgil*, like the same Deity in his benevolence, counselling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering the whole creation.

Upon the whole, we may justly apply to *Virgil* what *Aristotle* thought so high a commendation of *Homer*; that he hath found out living words. If the arms which are impatient to destroy, and the spears that thirst to drink blood, are so deservedly admired in the *Iliad*; *Virgil*, doubtless, merits equal praise for the conduct of his *Aeneid*, and for giving life and feeling, love and hatred, hope and fear, wonder and ambition, to plants and to trees, and to the very earth itself; and for exalting his favourite insects, by endowing them with reason, passions, arts, and civil government. In short, every thing in *Virgil* has manners, and all the creation is animated.

To conclude this introductory address, we flatter ourselves there is no occasion here, to point out all the beauties of *Virgil's* Writings: they consist of the most elegant sketches of Poetry, ancient Geography, Philosophy, the Mythology of the ancients, &c. &c. And as these Classic Productions have already stood the test of time, so we humbly presume an improved Edition in this elegant and approved size, will prove most acceptable to modern readers of every class; for whose use and entertainment we have subjoined curious Notes illustrating the whole, and a superb set of Engravings by the best Artists.

* * As our elegant Engravings will be delivered promiscuously in the Course of the Publication, as they are finished by the respective Artists—our numerous Subscribers will please to observe, that proper direction for placing the whole will be given at the conclusion of the Work.

THE GENUINE
WORKS OF VIRGIL,
The Famous ROMAN POET.

The FIRST BOOK of the ÆNEID.

A R G U M E N T.

The Trojans, after a seven years voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by the dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest; Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea. Æneas with his own ship, and six more, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of an huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage, where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido by a device of Venus begins to have a passion for him, and after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

ARMS, and the man I sing, who forc'd by fate,*
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate;
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore, †
Long labours, both by sea and land he bore;
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town:

His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line:
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.
O! Muse, the causes and the crimes relate,
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate; ‡
For

N O T E S.

* The proposition of the Æneid commences with dignity and magnificence. The intent of the introduction is to raise expectation and suspend it; something therefore must be discovered and something concealed. Thus the poet, while the fertility of his invention is yet unknown, recommends himself by the grace of his language.

† Though *Antenor* was in *Italy* before *Æneas*, yet the latter was first in those parts of it which are here particularly specified.

‡ It is the opinion of some that these words are to be understood as relating to *Juno*: what part of her deity, what attribute of her's was affronted; or
No. 1.

N O T E S.

for what cause, &c. And this conjecture seemed to be grounded upon the grammatical construction; the sense, it was said, being otherwise too disjointed, and the parts too independent of each other. But we see no reason for this. The grammatical construction is the same either way; and the sense very good, as it is commonly taken, and rendered. What deity, whether herself, or another, had he provoked? Or, for what cause, relating to others, or herself, or both, did she, &c. For it is well known there were more gods and goddesses engaged against the *Trojans*, besides *Juno*. It is true the character of *Juno* is haughty and revengeful, and
B
confe-

For what offence the queen of heav'n began
To persecute so brave, so just a man!
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,
Expos'd to wants, and hurry'd into wars!
Can heav'nly minds such high repentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?

Ag'nst the *Tiber's* mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea:
A *Tyrian* colony, the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade,*
Carthage the name, belov'd by *Juno* more
Than her own *Argos*, or the *Samian* shore.
Here stood her chariot, here, if heav'n were kind,
The seat of awful empire she design'd.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly,
(Long cited by the people of the sky)
That times to come should see the *Trojan* race
Her *Carthage* ruin, and her tow'rs deface:
Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of sov'reign sway,
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.

NOTES.

consequently selfish; and all the causes of her repentment afterwards recited are such as affect herself: but though those were the chief, yet they might not be the only ones; and a person may be of a very selfish temper, and yet have some regard to others, especially to those who are engaged in the same interest.

* The word study in our language, as well as *studium* in the Latin, implies both the love or desire of a thing, and a diligent application to it.

† Observe the delicate art of *Virgil* in this passage: in the enumeration of the causes of those quarrels and disgusts that animate *Juno* against the *Trojans*, not one of them falls personally upon *Aeneas*. He is the object of this goddess's hatred only as he is a *Trojan*. By this conduct the poet excites the compassion of his readers in favour of *Aeneas*.

‡ The setting forth the causes of *Juno's* anger with such a number of particulars, and with that exquisite elegance of brevity, together with the artful mixture of fiction, and true history, is the noblest, and finest opening imaginable. It engages attention, and raises expectation to the last degree. And then his closing all with the above sublime *epiphonema* in honour of his country, leaves the fullest and strongest impression upon the mind of the reader.

§ An heroic poem generally begins in the middle of things. This is one great circumstance which distinguishes it from history; and is imitated by all modern writers of heroic poems and romances. *Homer* first gave the beautiful example. This method both shortens the action, and exceedingly en-

She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate,
Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late,
For conqu'ring *Greece* against the *Trojan* state.
Besides long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy lay behind.
Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
Of partial *Paris*, and her form disdain'd:
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd *Ganymed*,
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.
Each was a cause alone, and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the *Latian* coast,
She drove the remnants of the *Trojan* host:†
And sev'n long years th' unhappy wand'ring train,
Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd through the
main.

Such time, such toil requir'd the *Roman* name,
Such length of labour for so vast a frame.

Now scarce the *Trojan* fleet with sails and oars, ‡
Had left behind the fair *Sicilian* shores:

Ent'ring

NOTES.

terains the reader. The reason of which pleasure is the sudden surprize of being immediately plunged into the depth of action before one is aware; as also of doubt and uncertainty; and afterwards the more agreeable surprize of having those doubts cleared and unravelled. Were a man to be set down at once in a fine, beautiful garden, or wilderness, seemingly without art, but the more artful for only seeming so; and then unexpectedly to meet with one, who should lead him round, and trace and explain every thing to him, till he reconducted him to the place where he first found him; then proceed to shew him all the other parts, and at last open a gate to dismiss him: how much more delightful would all this be, than if he had regularly entered at a gate, and taken every thing in exact order as he passed! Let the reader awhile entertain himself with what is related by the poet in his own person: the second and third books will explain what happened before, till he is brought back to the point where he now sets out; and then the narration will be resumed by the author. The parting of the hero from *Sicily*, the speech of *Juno*, the storm, the speech of *Aeneas*, the continuation of the description of the storm, and the arrival of the fleet upon the coast of *Africa*, are manifest imitations of the parting of *Ulysses* from *Ogygia*, of *Neptune's* speech, of the storm, of *Ulysses's* speech, and of his arrival at *Phaacia*, in the fifth book of the *Odyssey*. The description of the harbour where they landed, and of *Venus* meeting *Aeneas* in the wood, are as plainly copied from the lovely romantic harbour, and the meeting of *Pallas* and *Ulysses*

in

Ent'ring with chearful shouts the wat'ry reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main :
When lab'ring still, with endless discontent,
The queen of heav'n did thus her fury vent.

Then am I vanquish'd, must I yield, said she,*
And must the *Trojans* reign in *Italy*?
So fate will have it, and *Jove* adds his force,
Nor can my pow'r divert their happy course.

NOTES.

in a wood, in the thirteenth *Odyssey*. As is the reception of *Æneas* at *Carthage*, from that of *Ulysses* at *Phæacia* in the seventh *Odyssey*: and as *Æneas*, at the request of *Dido* relates his adventures in the second and third books; so does *Ulysses* at the request of *Alcinous* relate his in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth books of the *Odyssey*. How many things there are in these books not imitated from *Homer*, and with what art they are here inserted, we need not here observe. Some we shall remark upon in their proper places: of others the reader himself cannot avoid taking notice as he goes along. For the rest, we shall not enter into the tedious and unprofitable task of making particular comparisons. In general, *Homer* has the glory of being the inventor, and *Virgil* (for the most part) that of being the improver.

* *Virgil*, we see, introduces machinery in the very beginning of his poem; the reason of which, and the use of machinery in general, will appear from the following remarks. The greatest of the ancient poets seem to have held, that every thing in the moral as well as the natural world, was carried on by the influence and direction of the supreme being. It was *Jupiter* that actuated every thing, and in some sense might be said to do every thing that was done. This universal principle of action they considered, for their own ease, as divided into so many several personages, as they had occasion for causes. Hence every part of the creation was filled by them with deities; and no action was performed without the assistance of some god or other, for every power superior to man they called by that name. This way of thinking (or at least this way of talking) was received by many of their philosophers as well as poets, though it was particularly serviceable to the latter, and therefore appears so frequently in their works. *Petronius Arbitr* tells us, that a good epic poet should always lay hold of this advantage; and should carry on his whole action, by the help of what we call machinery: and when *Horace* speaks against gods being introduced too freely, in a passage that is so often quoted, and sometimes not quite to the purpose, he speaks only of the introducing them too

Could angry *Pallas*, with revengeful spleen,
The *Grecian* navy burn, and drown the men?
She for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of *Jove* himself presum'd to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep:
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch yet hissing with her father's flame;

She

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freely on the stage: for in epic poems, the very best of the ancient poets, and the greatest patterns for writing that ever were, introduce them perpetually and without reserve. *Homer*, who was so highly admired by *Horace*, scarce does any thing without them; and *Virgil*, who was both admired and loved so much by him (and whose *Æneid* was even published ten years before *Horace* died) follows *Homer* more closely in this, than in any other point we know of. But the example of *Virgil* is, we think, sufficient at present; who has employed machinery so much and so freely in his *Æneid*, that almost the whole of the story is carried on by the intervention of the gods. If we just run over the first book in this light, we shall see, that if *Æneas* meets with a storm, just after his first setting out, it is *Æolus* that raises it at the request of *Juno*, and by the operation of the several genius's that preside over the winds: if the sea grows calm again, it is by the appearance of the deity who presides over that element; who countermands those winds, and sends them back to their caves. If *Æneas* lands on the coast of *Africa*, and is to be kindly received at *Carthage*, it is *Mercury* that is sent by *Jupiter* to soften the minds of the *Carthaginians* and their queen toward him. And if he escapes all the attacks and dangers in passing through an unknown country, and an inhospitable people, till he comes to their capital; it is *Venus* who shrouds him in a cloud, and protects him from all danger. In fine, if the queen falls in love with him when he is arrived there; though she be represented as not old, and he as very handsome; yet must *Cupid* do no less, than undergo a transformation, to lie on her breast and insinuate that soft passion there. This sort of management, which is used so much by *Virgil* in the entrance of his poem, runs through it quite to the end; and appears as fully in *Æneas's* combat with *Turnus* in the last book, as it did in his arrival at *Carthage* in the first. Every step and progression in the story, is full of machinery; or, according to *Petronius's* general rule, is carried on by the interposition and administration of the Gods.

She strongly seiz'd, and with a burning wound,
Transfix'd and naked, on a rock she bound.
But I, who walk in awful state above,*
The majesty of heav'n, the sister-wife of *Jove*,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruin'd *Troy*.
What nations now to *Juno's* pow'r will pray,
Or off'rings on my slighted altars lay?
Thus rag'd the goddess, and with fury fraught,
The restless regions of the storms she sought.
Where in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant *Aeolus* from his airy throne,
With pow'r imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds. †
This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
And pressing for release, the mountains rend.
High in his hall, th' undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his scepter, and their rage commands:
Which did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way:

Earth, air and seas thro' empty space would roll,
And heav'n would fly before the driving soul. ‡
In fear of this the father of the gods
Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,
And lock'd 'em safe within, oppress'd with }
mountain loads:
Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay.
To whom the suppliant queen her pray'rs address,
And thus the tenor of her suit expresses'd.

O *Aeolus*! for to thee the king of heav'n
The pow'r of tempests, and of winds has giv'n:

NOTES.

* The slow, majestic walk, by which *Juno* was particularly distinguished, is hinted at by most of the poets.

† Nothing can be more noble than this description: to instance in particulars would be to transcribe the whole.

‡ Some critics, who love to be sharp upon *Virgil*, have, among others, this curious criticism. If the winds had force enough to carry the world before them; how could rocks and caves confine them? This they take to be a great absurdity. And they might as well have asked, how did *Aeolus* get his boisterous subjects back again into their prison, after he had once let them out? They take no notice of the omnipotence of their Creator that confines them. Besides, they might at any time have seen the very physiology of the matter illustrated by a bottle of small beer; which shews the great difference in point of strength and power, between air which has not vent given to it, and air which has.

Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smooth the waves; or swell the troubled main:
A race of wand'ring slaves, abhor'd by me,
With prosperous passage cut the *Thuscan* sea:
To fruitful *Italy* their course they steer,
And for their vanquish'd gods design new temples there.

Raise all thy winds, with night involve the skies,
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.
Twice sev'n, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my person wait, and bear my train:
Succeed my wish, and second my design,
The fairest, *Deiopeia*, shall be thine; }
And make thee father of a happy line.

To this the god—'Tis your's, O queen! to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand;
Your's is my sov'reign's grace, and as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast.

Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue,
Dispose of empire, which I held from you.
He said, and hurl'd against the mountain side
His quiv'ring spear, and all the god apply'd. §
The raging winds rush thro' the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground: ||
Then settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.
South, east, and west, with mix'd confusion roar, ¶
And roll the foaming billows on the shore.
The cables crack, the sailors fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies, }
And heav'n itself is ravish'd from their eyes.

Loud

NOTES.

§ He that would be a real poet, must leave it to historians to say that a fleet was shattered by a storm, and cast upon a strange coast; and must say with *Virgil*, that *Juno* went to *Aeolus*, and that this God, upon her request, unloosed the winds against *Aeneas*. Let him leave it to an historian to write, that a young prince behaved himself on all occasions with great prudence, wisdom, and discretion: but let him say with *Homer*, that *Minerva* led him by the hand in all his enterprizes.

|| He struck the mountain on one side, and pushed it so far as to make it incline, and sloop to the other; by which he opened a passage for the winds at the bottom.

¶ This noble description of the storm can never be enough admired. It begins in generals, the hurricane of the winds blowing from all quarters at once, the rolling and tossing of the waves, the darkness of the sky, the thunder and lightning, and then after the interposition of a pathetic speech, by which

Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue,
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And present death in various forms appears.
Struck with unusual fright, the *Trojan* chief,*
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief.
And thrice, and four times happy those, he cry'd,
That under *Ilian* walls before their parents dy'd.†
Tydidēs, bravest of the *Grecian* train,
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble *Hector* on the plain? }
O great *Sarpedon*, in those bloody fields,
Where *Simois* rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear?

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which it is agreeably interrupted, it is resumed; and descends to particulars. This specifying of single distinct circumstances is extremely delightful. *Ovid* in his *Tempest*, *Metamorph.* 11, dwells upon generals, and a tedious repetition of the same things. Whereas it is here as it is in philosophy, though not in the same sense. Generals are formed out of particulars; and we have a better idea of generals by particulars, besides that distinct pleasure which we conceive from particulars separately considered. A good painter indeed would represent the clouds, the lightning, the swelling of the sea, &c. but he would particularly describe the different postures of the several ships, the looks and gestures of the men, &c. The poet, it is true, is more particular in some things, and the painter in others. But here again *Virgil* is to be defended against an objection of some force. Hey-day! (say some critics) did the wind blow from all the four quarters at once? We answer; First, There are such things as hurricanes, and whirlwinds. But, secondly, in storms the wind sometimes shifts so frequently in so short a time, that a poet might well be allowed to say they were all let loose at once. In the great storm in 1703, we had trees and houses blown down, to all points of the compass. This storm of *Virgil's* probably contributed towards setting almost all the *Roman* poets after him a storm painting. In *Agam.* Sc. iii. we have a puerile imitation of it. *Lucan* has another, carried to excess; *Ovid*, according to his manner, has several: and *Flaccus* one, *Argon.* i. 641, which was certainly taken from this; unless both that and this were originally copied from *Apollonius Rhodius*. *Juvenal* seems to ridicule their overcharging their pieces; where speaking of a real storm, he says, it was as bad as a poetical one.

* The objections of those critics, who from this
No. 1.

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce *Boreas* drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets; the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessel to the skies:
Nor can the shiv'ring oars sustain the blow,
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow:
While those stern descending down the steep,
Thro' gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurry'd by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast.
Those hidden rocks th' *Ausonian* sailors knew,‡
They call'd them altars, when they rose in view,
And show'd their spacious backs above the
flood,

Three more, fierce *Eurus* in his angry mood

Dash'd

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passage arraign *Aeneas* of cowardice, are most weak and frivolous. All fear is not cowardice, as no fierceness is true courage. *Aeneas* is afraid of the Gods, and for his country: both which are consistent with the truest magnanimity; nay, there can be no true magnanimity without them. There is a very remarkable passage in a letter of Mr. *Pope* to the Duke of *Buckingham*, which this subject puts us in mind of. I can tell your Grace, no less a hero than my Lord *Peterborough*, when a person complimented him for never being afraid, made this answer; "Sir, shew me a danger that I think an imminent and real one, and I promise you I will be as much afraid as any of you." A braver answer was never made by any one of the ancient heroes whatever.

† Mr. *Pope* observes, that *Virgil* has borrowed this thought from a passage in the twenty-first *Iliad*; where *Achilles* is in the very same circumstances as *Aeneas*, in danger of being drowned. He adds, nothing is more agreeable than this wish to the heroic character of *Achilles*: glory is his prevailing passion; he grieves not that he must die, but that he should die unlike a man of honour. *Lucan*, in the fifth Book of his *Pharsalia*, representing *Cæsar* in the same circumstance, has, we think, likewise maintained the character of ambition, and a noble thirst of glory, in his hero; when after he has repined in the same manner with *Achilles* and *Aeneas*, he acquiesces at last in the reflection of the glory he had already acquired, and wishes that his obscure fate might be concealed, only that all the world might still fear and expect him.

‡ If they were hidden rocks, how could they be above, or on the top of the sea? The answer is, They were concealed below; though they had a large prominent ridge upon the surface.

C

Dash'd on the shallows of the moving sand,
 And in mid ocean left them mbor'd a land.
Orontes' barque that bore the *Lycian* crew,
 (A horrid sight) e'en in the hero's view,
 From stem to stern, by waves was overborne,
 The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
 Was headlong hurl'd, thrice round the ship was tost,
 Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost;
 And here and there above the waves were seen
 Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men.
 The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way,
 And suck'd thro' loosen'd planks the rushing sea.
Ilioneus was her chief: *Alethes* old,
Achates faithful, *Abas* young and bold,
 Endur'd not less; their ships, with gaping seams
 Admit the deluge of the briny streams.

Mean time imperial *Neptune* heard the sound
 Of raging billows breaking on the ground:
 Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
 He rear'd his awful head above the main:
 Serene in majesty, then roll'd his eyes
 Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
 He saw the *Trojan* fleet dispers'd, distress'd,
 By stormy winds and wintry heav'n oppress'd.
 Full well the God his sister's envy knew,
 And what her aims and what her arts pursue:
 He summon'd *Eurus* and the western blast,
 And first an angry glance on both he cast:
 Then thus rebuk'd; Audacious winds! from whence
 This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
 Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
 Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?

NOTES.

* This seems not good sense in *Neptune*. *Æolus* does not pretend to govern the sea, but to embroil it; and he actually governs his own subjects by so doing. And if he could not exercise his dominion there, his dominion would be very inconsiderable. The answer must be, that Princes are apt to be jealous of one another's power, and to extend their own: and their arguments upon such occasions are not always the most just and exact. Many a declaration of war has set forth as indifferent reasons as these are.

† In the works of the ancients, nature and machinery generally go hand in hand, and serve chiefly to manifest one another. Thus, for instance, in the very beginning of the *Æneid*, these imaginary beings are introduced in every part of it: but it is only such beings, as are proper for the part in which they are introduced; and they appear there only to carry on the true order of the natural effects. The

To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
 Whom I—But first 'tis fit, the billows to restrain,
 And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.
 Hence, to your lord my royal mandate bear,
 The realms of ocean and the fields of air
 Are mine, not his; by fatal lot to me
 The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.*
 His pow'r to hollow caverns is confin'd,
 There let him reign, the jailor of the wind:
 With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
 And boast and bluster in his empty hall.
 He spoke, and while he spoke he smooth'd the sea,†
 Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day:
Cymothoe, *Triton*, and the sea green train
 Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
 Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands,
 The God himself with ready trident stands,
 And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands;
 Then heaves them off the shoals, where-e'er he
 guides

His finny courfers, and in triumph rides,
 The waves unruffle, and the sea subsides.
 As when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,‡
 Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
 And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
 And all the rustic arms that fury can supply;
 If then some grave and pious man appear,
 They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;
 They soothe with sober words their angry mood,
 And quench their innate desire of blood:
 So when the father of the flood appears,
 And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,

Their

NOTES.

Goddeſs of the upper air deſires the God of the winds to let looſe thoſe turbulent ſubjects of his; they are let looſe; the ſea is immediately all in a tumult; and the God of the ſea appears, to make it all calm again. There ſeems not to be any more difference in this, and the natural account of the thing; than if you ſhould ſay, that all the parts of matter tend towards each other; and we ſhould ſay, that ſome ſpiritual power always impels them towards each other. The effects are juſt the ſame; only in one caſe we look upon them as acting; and in the other as acted upon. Theſe reflections applied in a proper manner to other fables and machines, may ſerve as a key to all the ancient mythology, and ſhew moſt of their ſtories, idle as they ſeem on the firſt view, to be full of good ſenſe and ſound philoſophy at the bottom.

‡ This firſt ſimile of the *Æneid* is very beautiful, though not taken from *Homer*.

Their fury fails; he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and with loosen'd reins,
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.
The weary *Trojans* ply their shatter'd oars,
To nearest land, and make the *Libyan* shores.

Within a long recess there lies a bay,*
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either side:
In double streams the briny waters glide. †
Betwixt two rows of rocks, a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green,
A grott is form'd beneath, with mossy seats, ‡
To rest the *Nereids*, and exclude the heats:
Down thro' the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murmur'ing falls.
No haulfers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors, for no storms they fear.
Sev'n ships within this happy harbour meet,
The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
The *Trojans*, worn with toils, and spent with
woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd
repose.

First, good *Achates*, with repeated strokes §
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes;

Short flame succeeds a bed of wither'd leaves,
The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies.
The *Trojans*, dropping wet, or stand around
The chearful blaze, or lie along the ground;
Some dry their corn infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow, ||
And takes a prospect of the seas below:
If *Capys* thence, or *Antheus* he could spy,
Or see the streamers of *Caicus* fly:
No vessels were in view; but, on the plain,
Three beamy flags command a lordly train
Of branching heads, the more ignoble throng
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
He flood, and while secure they fed below,
He took the quiver and the trusty bow
Achates used to bear, the leaders first
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain
Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood distain.
For the sev'n ships he made an equal share,
And to the port return'd triumphant from the war.
The jars of gen'rous wine, (*Acestes'* gift,
When his *Trinacrian* shores the navy left)

He

NOTES.

* How delightful is the change of ideas from the hurry and horror of the tempest to such a sweet romantic scene! There never was a finer landscape than this charming description.

† Some commentators explain this, as signifying the cavities in the banks which are made by the water. *De La Cerda* takes them for the two narrow passages into the large port, or basin. We understand it of the bay, or port itself: the plural number, every body knows, is frequently used for the singular: but here seems to be a particular reason for it; because of the two passages above mentioned, made by the island in the mouth of it, which makes it look at first like two bays, though it is really but one.

‡ There is a place in the kingdom of *Tunis* (under the promontory of *Mercury*) now called *Cape Ben*) a few miles east of *Carthage*, that exactly answers the description of this grotto. This hollow goes in twenty or thirty fathoms under the hills; and those who took out the stone from it (for it seems to have been a quarry) left a sort of pillars at proper distances, to support the weight at top from falling in. The arches which these pillars help to form, lie open to the sea; there are little streams perpetually draining from the rocks; and

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seats of stone formed within, probably for the use of those who worked in that quarry. There is a clift on each side; and the brow of the mountain is overshadowed with trees.

§ It is remarkable that *M. Segrais* has omitted this circumstance in his translation. He tells us, that to adapt his work to the *French* manners, he dared not give *Achates*, the great favourite of the hero, so mean an office as that of lighting a fire. The *Latin* tongue and the ancients, (continues he) are able to give a gracefulness to these kind of paintings, and to make such low circumstances agreeable; but they would be highly disgusting to our age. What can give one a stronger idea of the false delicacy of the *French* nation, and of the incapacity of their language to describe several little circumstances, which ought to have a place in an epic poem?

|| Nothing can more entertain the imagination than the hero's mounting this hill to examine on what kind of coast they were landed, and his seeing no object but the herd of deer, grazing wildly. This amusing prospect, and the description of that beautiful, retired, and safe harbour mentioned above, make a fine contrast to the preceding tumult and dreadful images of the storm.

He set abroad, and for the feast prepar'd,
 In equal portions with the ven'ison shar'd.
 Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief
 With chearful words allay'd the common grief:
 Endure and conquer, *Jove* will soon dispose
 To future good our past and present woes.
 With me the rocks of *Scylla* you have try'd,
 Th' inhuman *Cyclops* and his den defy'd.
 What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
 Resume your courage, and dismiss your care.
 An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
 Your sorrows past, as benefits of fate.
 Thro' various hazards and events we move
 To *Latium* and the realms foredoom'd by *Jove*.
 Call'd to the feat (the promise of the skies)
 Where *Trojan* kingdoms once again may rise.
 Endure the hardships of your present state,
 Live and reserve yourselves for better fate.

These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart;

His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart:*
 The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
 The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste;

NOTES.

* This is true courage; and the speech is manly, and in every respect perfectly proper. The greatest heroes may upon some occasions shed tears; for all weeping is no more inconsistent with courage, than all fear is. *Aeneas* sheds tears upon proper occasions. As when in a foreign country he sees the ruin of his own described in a picture; when he laments the death of a friend, &c. But he does not weep here, when his business is to comfort and encourage his friends and soldiers in their distress.

† *Virgil* hath been greatly censured for a want of variety in his characters, and because he hath not filled his poem with so many heroes as *Homer* hath done. *Ajax*, *Diomed*, *Idomeneus*, &c. are all shining characters, and are all diversified and distinguished from one another. Whereas the faithful *Achates*, the brave *Gyas*, and the brave *Claanthus*, the same over and over again, are of no material use in the poem, and serve only to fill now and then the gap of a verse or two. In answer to this censure we are apt to think, that such an objection turns a great deal to the advantage of the *Aeneid*: *Virgil* sung the actions of *Aeneas*, and *Homer* the idleness of *Achilles*. The *Greek* poet lay under the necessity of supplying the absence of his first hero, with some other warriors; but what was judicious in *Homer*, would have been preposterous in *Virgil*: he knew too much of his art, to drown his principal character in the crowd of many other heroes, indifferent to the main

Some strip the skin, some portion out the spoil,
 The limbs yet trembling, in the cauldrons boil:
 Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
 Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
 Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their
 souls with wine.

Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends
 The doubtful fortune of their absent friends;
 Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
 Whether to deem 'em dead or in distress.

Above the rest, *Aeneas* mourns the fate
 Of brave *Orontes*, and th' uncertain state
 Of *Gyas*, *Lycus*, and of *Amicus*:†

The day, but not their sorrows ended thus.
 When, from aloft, almighty *Jove* surveys
 Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,
 At length on *Libyan* realms he fixt his eyes,
 Whom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,
 When *Venus* saw, she with a lovely look,
 Not free from tears, her heav'nly sire bespoke.‡

O king of Gods and men, whose awful hand
 Disperes thunder on the seas and land,
 Disposes all with absolute command:

How

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action. Thus he found the way to center our concern in *Aeneas*; he interests us for him by never losing sight of him, while *Homer* presenting us with the shifting scene of so many shining characters, interests us for none in particular. *Virgil* was so very nice and delicate a writer, that probably he might not think his compliment to *Augustus* so great, or so artfully concealed, if he had scattered his praises more promiscuously, and made his court to others in the same poem. Had he entertained any such design, *Agrippa* must in justice have challenged the second place; and if *Agrippa's* representative had been admitted, *Aeneas* would have had very little to do; which would not have redounded much to the honour of his emperor. If therefore *Virgil* has shadowed any great person besides *Augustus* in his characters, they are to be found only in the meaner actors of his poem, among the disputers for a petty victory in the fifth book, and perhaps in some few other places.

‡ The majesty of *Jupiter*, and the beautiful grief of *Venus*, set in contrast to each other, are the finest images in nature; the solemn gravity of the former is so elegantly followed by the delicate languishing softness of the latter. And then the beginning of her speech, in the next verse, so finely expresses the abruptness and negligence of grief; and yet she mentions the awful attributes of Omnipotence, &c. with great veneration. There is such a mixture of sublimity and softness in the diction and cadence of those

How could my pious son thy pow'r incense,
Or what, alas! is vanquish'd *Troy's* offence?
Our hope of *Italy* not only lost
On various seas, by various tempests tost,
But shut from ev'ry shore, and barr'd from ev'ry
coast.

You promis'd once a progeny divine,
Of *Romans* rising from the *Trojan* line,
In after-times should hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care?
When *Troy* was ruin'd in that cruel war.
Then fates to fates I could oppose; but now,
When fortune still pursues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?
What end of labours has our will decreed?
Antenor, from the midst of *Grecian* hosts,
Could pass secure, and pierce th' *Illyrian* coasts:
Where rolling down the steep, *Timavus* raves,*
And thro' nine channels disembogues his waves.
At length he founded *Padua's* happy seat,
And gave his *Trojans* a secure retreat.
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame:
But we, descended from your sacred line,†
Entitled to your heav'n, and rites divine,
Are banish'd earth, and for the wrath of one,
Remov'd from *Latium*, and the promis'd throne.
Are these our scepters? these our due rewards?
And is it thus that *Jove* his plighted faith regards?‡
To whom, the father of immortal race,
Smiling with that serene indulgent face,
With which he drives the clouds, and clears the skies,
First gave a holy kiss, then thus replies:

Daughter, dismiss thy fears: to thy desire
The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.

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those lines, that nothing upon the whole can be at once more lovely, and more noble. Then what can be more sweetly complaining, than her tender expostulation in favour of *Aeneas*? Who perceives not the Goddess of love and beauty while he reads these verses? What may be the sentiment of others, we know not: but to us nothing breathes the soul of poetry in general, and of *Virgil's* in particular, more than this delightful passage.

* The river *Timavus* bursts out all at once, from the bottom of a mountain, and divides itself into nine different streams before it runs into the *Adriatic* sea. It is so large itself, that *Virgil* in the original calls it a sea. As it is at the head of the gulph of *Venice*, the *Italians* now call it the mother of the

Thou shalt behold thy wish'd *Lavinian* walls,
And, ripe for heav'n, when fate *Aeneas* calls;
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me,
No councils have revers'd my firm decree:
And lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of fate:
Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)§
In *Italy* shall wage successful war;
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And sov'reign laws impose, and cities build.
Till, after ev'ry foe subdu'd, the sun
Thrice thro' the signs his annual race shall run:
This is his time prefix'd. *Ascanius* then,
Now call'd *Iulus*, shall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,
Then from *Lavinium* shall the seat transfer,
And, with hard labour, *Alba-longa* build,
The throne with his succession shall be fill'd;
Three hundred circuits more, then shall be seen,
Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen;
Who full of *Mars*, in time, with kindly throws,
Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain,
Then *Romulus* his grandfire's throne shall gain;
Of martial tow'rs the founders shall become,
The people *Romans* call, the city *Rome*.
To them no bounds of empire I assign,
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
Ev'n haughty *Juno*, who with endless broils
Earth, seas, and heav'n, and *Jove* himself turmoils;
At length aton'd, her friendly pow'r shall join,
To cherish and advance the *Trojan* line.
The subject world shall *Rome's* dominion own,
And prostrate shall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate,
When *Troy* shall overturn the *Grecian* state;

And

NOTES.

sea, as if they thought all that sea was supplied from it.

† To make it the more emphatical, *Venus* speaks in the first person, and joins herself with *Aeneas*; implying that his interest and her's are the same.

‡ Nothing could be more proper to end a speech in the mouth of *Venus*, than this soft and sweet reproach. Every thing is adapted to the characters and manners of the speakers, so far as there is any room to make such a distinction.

§ This is the first place where *Virgil* takes occasion to interweave a considerable part of the *Roman* history with his poem. It is here most judiciously introduced by way of prophecy: and the whole has at once such an elegant and majestic air, as sufficiently distinguishes poetry from bare history.

And sweet revenge her conqu'ring sons shall call,
To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.
Then *Cæsar* from the *Julian* stock shall rise,
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies
Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with Eastern
spoils,

Our heav'n, the just reward of human toils,
Securely shall repay with rites divine;
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
Then dire debate and impious war shall cease,
And the stern age be soften'd into peace: *
Then banish'd faith shall once again return,
And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
And *Remus* with *Quirinus* shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd fury, bound in brazen chains: †
High on a trophy rais'd of useless arms
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms.

He said, and sent *Cyllenius* with command
To free the ports, and ope the *Punic* land
To *Trojan* guests, lest, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and state.

NOTES.

* Here it might have been expected the poet should have enlarged upon *Augustus*, whom it was his great business to praise. So an ordinary poet would have done: but *Virgil* is so far from it, that he does not here say one word about him; hints at his reign, but says nothing of his person; nay, immediately breaks off, when he comes to that period. This is surprizing, and leaves the mind in suspense. *Virgil* very well knew the force of *Horace's* rule, to take the best opportunity of praising. He had two more proper places for that subject, and for them he reserved it.

† As the ancients enjoyed no small privilege above us, in knowing the persons hinted at in several of their authors; so they received a great advantage, in seeing often the pictures and images that are frequently described in many of their poets. When *Phidias* had carved out his *Jupiter*, and the spectators stood astonished at so awful and majestic a figure, he surprized them more by telling them it was a copy: and to make his words true, shewed them the original in that magnificent description of *Jupiter*, towards the latter end of the first *Iliad*: the comparing both together, probably discovered secret graces in each of them, and gave new beauty to their performances. Thus in *Virgil's* first *Æneid*, where we see the representation of rage bound up, and chained in

Down from the steep of heav'n *Cyllenius* flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies:
Soon on the *Libyan* shore descends the god,
Performs his message, and displays his rod;
The surly murmurs of the people cease,
And as the fates requir'd they give the peace.
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The *Trojans* pities, and protects their cause.

Mean-time, in shades of night *Æneas* lies;
Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.
But when the sun restor'd the chearful day,
He rose, the coast and country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more:
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore:
But whether human kind, or beasts alone
Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a hedge of rocks his fleet he hides;
Tall trees surround the mountains shady sides;
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
And true *Achates* on his steps attends.
Lo, in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eyes his Goddess mother stood: ‡
A huntress in her habit and her mien,
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.

Bare

NOTES.

the temple of *Janus*; though we are much pleased with so wonderful a description, how must the pleasure double on those who could compare the poet and the statuary together; and see which had put most horror and distraction in his figure. But we, who live in these lower ages of the world, are such entire strangers to this kind of diversion, that we often mistake the description of a picture for an allegory, and do not so much as know when it is hinted at.

‡ This is a most entertaining and delightful scene. A great prince thrown by a tempest upon a strange coast, doubtful of it's inhabitants, nay, doubtful whether it has any inhabitants or no, is wandering in a wood; meets a person whom he knows not, but who appears to be a beautiful virgin. He supposes her a nymph or a Goddess, in that lovely romantic dress. She tells him a most surprizing story relating to the place in which she finds him, gives him advice and comfort; afterwards appears to be indeed a Goddess, and not only so, but his own mother, and then leaves him in suspense and anxiety. The solitude of the recess, the unexpectedness of the meeting, the surprizing adventures, all conspire to fill the soul with ideas of pleasing melancholy, and impatient expectations of the event.

Bare were her knees, and knots her garments
 bind; *
 Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;
 Her hand sustain'd a bow, her quiver hung behind.
 She seem'd a virgin of the *Spartan* blood;
 With such array *Harpalyce* bestrode
 Her *Thracian* courser, and out-stripp'd the rapid
 flood. †
 Ho! strangers! have you lately seen, she said,
 One of my sisters, like myself array'd,
 Who cross the lawn, or in the forest stray'd?
 A painted quiver at her back she bore,
 Vary'd with spots, a *Lynx's* hide she wore,
 And at full cry pursu'd the tusky boar?
 Thus *Venus*; thus her son reply'd again:
 None of your sisters have we heard or seen,
 O virgin! or what other name you bear
 Above that stile; O more than mortal fair!
 Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!
 If, as you seem, the sister of the day;
 Or one at least of chaste *Diana's* train,
 Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain; ‡
 But tell a stranger, long in tempests tost,
 What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?
 Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
 And offer'd victims at your altars fall.
 I dare not, she reply'd, assume the name
 Of Goddess, or celestial honours claim;
 For *Tyrian* virgins bows and quivers bear,
 And purple buskins o'er their ancles wear.
 Know, gentle youth, in *Libyan* lands you are,
 A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
 The rising city which from far you see
 Is *Carthage*, and a *Tyrian* colony.

NOTES.

* This attitude is very graceful: *Virgil* had in his eye a passage of *Homer* where he makes *Minerva* appear to *Ulysses*, but he has undoubtedly here excelled the *Greek* poet.

† She tires them, not by riding upon them, (as *Ruans* supposes) but, by out-running them: as *Camilla* does in the eleventh book. She indeed was a good horse-woman too: and so might *Harpalyce*. But, it appears from her history that she particularly excelled in out-running horses on foot. Besides; the former sense would ill agree with this comparison; *Venus* being on foot, not on horseback. It is true she is no more said to be running, than riding: but she may well enough be imagined to be so; because she afterwards pretends that she is seeking her sister, who is hunting a boar: at least to be walking is somewhat more like running, than to be on horseback. It is true too, *Virgil's* main design is to describe the resemblance of

Phœnician Dido rules the growing state,
 Who fled from *Tyre* to shun her brother's hate:
 Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate §
 Which I will sum in short. *Sichæus* known
 For wealth, and brother to the *Punic* throne,
 Possess'd fair *Dido's* bed; and either heart
 At once was wounded with an equal dart.
 Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
Pygmalion then the *Tyrian* sceptre sway'd;
 One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
 Then strife ensu'd, and cursed gold the cause.
 The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
 With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;
 Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
 And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed;
 Some tale, some new pretence he daily coin'd,
 To sooth his sister, and delude her mind.
 At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
 Of her unhappy lord: the spectre stares,
 And with erected eyes his bloody bosom bears.
 The cruel altars, || and his fate he tells,
 And the dire secret of his house reveals.
 Then warns the widow, and her household Gods,
 To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
 Last, to support her in so long a way,
 He shews her where his hidden treasure lay.
 Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
 The queen provides companions of her flight:
 They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
 Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
 They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
 Nor is *Pygmalion's* treasure left behind.
 The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
 With prosp'rous winds; a woman leads the way.
 I know

NOTES.

their habits: but still, if there be a resemblance in other circumstances, it is so much the better.

‡ This is a family compliment, which *Æneas* here bestows on *Venus*. His father *Anchises* had used the very same to that Goddess when he courted her. This appears by that very ancient *Greek* poem, in which that armour is so beautifully described, and which is thought *Homer's*: though it seems to be written before his age.

§ In this narration of *Venus*, *Virgil* gives a true specimen of his own. The brevity of it is admirable; and the opening of the episode of *Dido* perfectly proper, and artful. It is not a tedious recital of what has no relation to the business of the poem: but it is like the narrative part of a play, necessary to the design in hand. This is what the moderns call plot and contrivance.

|| Meaning the cruelty committed before them.

I know not if by stress of weather driv'n,
Or was their fatal course dispos'd by heav'n!
At last they landed, where from far your eyes
May view the turrets of new *Carthage* rise:
There bought a space of ground, which *Byrsa* call'd
From the bull's hide, they first inclos'd and wall'd.
But whence are you, what country claims your
birth?

What seek you, strangers, on our *Libyan* earth?

To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:
Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate!
Thro' such a train of woes if I should run,
The day would sooner than the tale be done!
From ancient *Troy*, by force expell'd, we came,
If you by chance have heard the *Trojan* name:
On various seas, by various tempests toss'd,
At length we landed on your *Libyan* coast:
The good *Aeneas* am I call'd, a name,*
While fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame:
My household gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I rescu'd from our foes,
To fruitful *Italy* my course was bent,
And from the king of heaven is my descent.
With twice ten sail I cross'd the *Phrygian* sea;
Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
Scarce sev'n, the thin remainder of my fleet,
From storms preserv'd, within your harbour meet:
Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,
Debar'd from *Europe*, and from *Asia* thrown,
In *Libyan* deserts wander thus alone.

NOTES.

* Modern critics may perhaps be disgusted at *Aeneas's* praising himself; but the ancients entertained different notions concerning self-commendation. *Homer's Ulysses* calls himself the wisest of the *Grecians*, as his *Achilles* does not scruple to represent himself the best and most valiant of them; and that too in a council of all the princes: *Virgil* has given us his approbation both of one and the other, in making *Aeneas* talk frequently of his own piety and valour. *Socrates* in *Plato* is always brought in to his advantage; he himself quotes the oracle, which pronounced him to be the wisest of men. *Xenophon* represents *Cyrus*, upon his death-bed, as taking notice of the greatest beauty of his own character, his humanity; in a piece which every one knows was designed for the character of a perfect prince. *Cæsar* and the great *Jewish* writer of his own life frequently commend themselves: the greatest critic, as well as the greatest among the *Romans*, who so often reckons modesty among the things which are most ne-

His tender parent could no longer bear,
But, interposing, fought to sooth his care.
Whoe'er you are, not unbelov'd by heav'n,
Since on our friendly shore your ships are driv'n,
Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
And to the queen expose your just request.
Now take this earnest of success for more:
Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;
The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free,
Or I renounce my skill in augury.
Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,†
And stoop with closing pinions from above;
Whom late the bird of *Jove* had driv'n along,
And thro' the clouds pursu'd the scatt'ring throng;
Now all united in a godly team,
They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.
As they with joy returning clap their wings,
And ride the circuit of the skies in rings;
Not otherwise your ships, and ev'ry friend,
Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
No more advice is needful, but pursue
The path before you, and the town in view.
Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevell'd hair;‡
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the
ground,
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:
In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is
known.
The prince pursu'd the parting deity
With words like these: Ah, whither dost thou fly?
Unkind

NOTES.

cessary toward rendering a man great in his profession; how open and frequent is he in praising himself, and setting his own merit in a true light? But what puts this beyond dispute (and shews at the same time, that a just commendation of one's self may be very consistent with the greatest modesty) it is to be found in the sacred writings, in which *Moses* says of himself, that he was the meekest man upon earth.

† This interposition of augury and religion swells the soul with great and awful ideas.

‡ The elegance of this lovely description can never be too much admired; as well as the sudden and surprizing turn of the discovery.—As *Phidias* is said to have conceived his sublime idea of majesty from *Homer's* description of *Jupiter*, why may we not imagine that *Raphael Urbin* borrowed his idea of that grace for which he is so famous, from *Virgil's Venus*? Our poet is never better pleased than when he is describing what is beautiful.

Unkind and cruel, to deceive your son
 In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun;
 Never to bless my sight but thus unknown,
 And still to speak in accents not your own.
 Against the goddesses these complaints he made,
 But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
 They march obscure, for *Venus* kindly shrouds
 With mists their persons, and involves in clouds;
 That thus unseen their passage none might stay,
 Or force to tell the causes of their way.
 This part perform'd, the goddesses flies sublime,
 To visit *Paphos*, and her native clime;
 Where garlands ever green, and ever fair,
 With vows are offer'd, and with solemn pray'r;
 A hundred altars in her temple smoke,
 A thousand bleeding hearts her pow'r invoke.

They climb the next ascent, and looking down,
 Now at a nearer distance view the town:
 The prince with wonder sees the stately tow'rs,*
 Which late were huts, and shepherds homely bow'rs;
 The gates and streets; and hears from ev'ry part
 The noise and busy concourse of the mart.
 The toiling *Tyrians* on each other call,
 To ply their labour: some extend the wall,†
 Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
 Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along.
 Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
 Which first design'd with ditches they surround.
 Some laws ordain, and some attend the choice
 Of holy fenates, and elect by voice.
 Here some design a mole, while others there
 Lay deep foundations for a theatre:

NOTES.

* Here the scene changes on a sudden, from the solitude of a wood to the noise and hurry of a great city, in the middle of building; the description of which is admirable in every part.

† Observe the buildings which *Virgil* hath selected, to make a particular mention of; 1. A temple for public worship. 2. A senate house to dispense justice. 3. Walls and a citadel for defence. 4. Houses of particular inhabitants. 5. A theatre for public spectacles. *Pausanias* adds, to compleat the perfection of a great city, an academy for youth, and a reservoir of water for the use of the public.

‡ This simile is borrowed from one of *Homer's* on the same subject: and *Scaliger*, according to his usual method, very much prefers it to that of the *Greek* poet, and in particular extolls the harmony and sweetness of the versification above that of *Homer*.—Nothing is more evident, than that the de-

No. 1.

From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
 For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
 Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
 As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains;‡
 When winter past, and summer scarce begun,
 Invites them forth to labour in the sun:
 Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
 Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense.
 Some at the gate stand ready to receive
 The golden burden, and their friends relieve.
 All with united force combine to drive
 The lazy drones from the laborious hive;
 With envy flung, they view each other's deeds;
 The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
 Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise,||
Aeneas said, and view'd with lifted eyes,
 Their lofty tow'rs; then entering at the gate,
 Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate)
 He mix'd unmark'd among the busy throng,
 Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.
 Full in the center of the town there stood,
 Thick set with trees a venerable wood:
 The *Tyrians* landed near this holy ground,
 And digging here, a prosp'rous omen found:
 From under earth a courser's head they drew,
 Their growth and future fortune to foreshew:
 This fated sign their foundress *Juno* gave,
 Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
 Did *Juno's* temple build and consecrate;
 Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine,
 But more the goddess made the place divine.

On

NOTES.

sign of these two celebrated authors is very different. *Homer* intended to describe the multitude of *Greeks* pouring out of the ships; *Virgil* the diligence and labour of the builders of *Carthage*. And *Macrobius*, who observes this difference, should also have found that therefore the families ought not to be compared together. The beauty of *Homer's* is not inferior to *Virgil's*, if we consider with what exactness it answers to it's end.—We will take this opportunity of assuring the reader, that in these notes, we shall be very cautious of lessening the character of *Homer* and advancing *Virgil's*; by any invidious comparisons (as some of *Virgil's* translators and commentators have done) for no other reason but because we are at present engaged in publishing the latter of these writings.

|| What could be a more proper and natural reflection for one, whose thoughts were full of building a city for himself and his colony?

E

On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,*
 And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose:
 The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crown'd,
 The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
 What first *Aeneas* in this place beheld
 Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
 For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
 His wond'ring eyes, and round the temple
 gaz'd;
 Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,
 The striving artists, and their arts renown;
 He saw in order painted on the wall,
 Whatever did unhappy *Troy* befall;†
 The wars that fame around the world had blown,
 All to the life, and ev'ry leader known.
 There *Agamemnon*, *Priam* here he spies,
 And fierce *Achilles*, who both kings defies.
 He stopp'd, and weeping said, O friend! ev'n
 here
 The monuments of *Trojan* woes appear!‡
 Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands:
 See there, where old unhappy *Priam* stands!

NOTES.

* This was not uncommon in the temple of the ancients. The doors to the rotunda at *Rome* are covered with brass, and turn on brass hinges. The portico was covered with the same formerly; and it rested on brass beams, fastened on with brass nails or pins of the same metal. One of these nails was so very large, that it weighed about forty-seven pounds.

† The *Trojan* war was with great propriety represented in a temple dedicated to *Juno*; for that goddess excited the war, and was the cause of the destruction of the city. It is observable that *Vitruvius*, in his architecture, mentions the *Trojan* war as one of the finest subjects painting could afford, for the ornament of a palace or magnificent building.—*Virgil* in a few verses selects the most striking and beautiful pictures of the *Iliad*; he has shewn his art in selecting those that are most proper for painting, as well as poetic description.—Nothing can strike the soul of a man more than meeting with the picture of his own affairs and distresses in a foreign country, to which he is an utter stranger. Monsieur *Segrais* takes notice of an objection against it: how could the *Trojan* war be in so short a time so particularly known to the *Carthaginians*? And if it were, had they no exploits of themselves, or their ancestors, to adorn their temple with, but were they forced to fetch them from *Greece* and *Troy*? The substance of his answer, in which we perfectly agree with him, is this: seven years had passed since the conclusion of that war, according to *Virgil's* ac-

Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
 And *Trojan* griefs the *Tyrians* pity claim.
 He said: his tears a ready passage find,
 Devouring what he saw so well design'd;
 And with an empty picture fed his mind.
 For there he saw the fainting *Grecians* yield,
 And here the trembling *Trojans* quit the field, §
 Pursu'd by fierce *Achilles* thro' the plain,
 On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
 The tents of *Rhesus* next his grief renew,
 By their white sails betray'd to nightly view.
 And wakeful *Diomedes*, whose cruel sword
 The centries slew, nor spar'd their slumb'ring lord.
 Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
 Of *Troy* they taste, or drink the *Xanthian* flood.
 Elsewhere he saw where *Troilus* defy'd
Achilles, and unequal combat try'd.
 Then where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins,
 Was by his horses hurry'd o'er the plains:
 Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around,
 The hostile spear yet sticking in his wound,
 With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground. ||
 Mean

NOTES.

count: nothing in the world had ever been so renowned: the Gods and religion of these nations were the same: there might be, nay *Virgil* hints that there were other decorations of the temple, besides this; though none of them was so likely to detain the eyes of *Aeneas*. The thing was very possible, and that is enough: for the rest, the genius of poetry is above trivial niceties in point of fact; to which none but little poets will be confined, and which none but little critics will insist upon.

‡ That man must be utterly ignorant of poetry, painting, travelling, love of one's own country, friendship, natural affection, and human nature itself, who is not sensibly touched with this pathetic passage.

§ There never was a finer picture of a picture than this. As *Virgil* describes it from a painter of his own making, so we wonder no real painter ever took it from him. For poetry and painting, like different glasses aptly disposed, may reflect images from one another.—As to the moving picture of poor *Troilus*, it is certainly as fine a piece as any drawn by the great hand of *Virgil*.

|| One is apt at first sight to understand it of *Troilus's* spear; but (as *Ruæus* rightly observes) that cannot be, because he had lost his arms. It must therefore be the spear of *Achilles*; which being driven through the breast of *Troilus*, and he lying upon his back, must of course be inverted, or have it's point downwards.

Mean time the *Trojan* dames, oppress'd with
 woe,
 To *Pallas'* fane in long procession go,
 In hopes to reconcile their heav'nly foe:
 They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend their
 hair,
 And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear:
 But the stern Goddess stands unmov'd with pray'r.
 Thrice round the *Trojan* walls *Achilles* drew
 The corps of *Hector*, whom in fight he flew.
 Here *Priam* sues; and there for sums of gold
 The lifeless body of his son is sold.
 So sad an object, and so well express'd,
 Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's
 breast:
 To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
 And his old sire his helpless hand extend.
 Himself he saw amidst the *Grecian* train,
 Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain.

NOTES.

* The height of *Diana's* stature is frequently marked out by the poets; and that generally by comparing her with her nymphs: we wish we could now enjoy the sight of that famous picture of this Goddess, by *Appelles*, in which this was so finely expressed.

† A modern poet would have minutely and particularly described the shape, the eyes, the hair, the cheeks, &c. of this beautiful queen: but *Virgil*, by a single epithet, like a masterly painter with one stroke of his pencil, gives one a fuller idea of her beauty, than all the florid expressions which *Tasso* has bestowed on his *Armida*.

‡ *Virgil* here compares *Dido* to *Diana*; as he does afterwards in the fourth book *Æneas* to *Apollo*; and in the twelfth *Turnus* to *Mars*. Similies are designed always to illustrate: but then illustration is of two kinds; either to enhance and set off, and that both by heightening and lessening, or only to explain. In the first kind, the two ideas need not be so distinct from one another, as in the last. In the former instance, to praise the graceful and noble carriage of a gentleman, we commonly say he looks like a king: to vilify his mean and poor behaviour, we say he looks like a mechanic. Now here the ideas in comparison are not very distinct in their own natures: but it is enough that by such comparison the person or thing is heightened, or depressed. This simile, and those mentioned with it, are of this kind: the figures which the persons compared with each other make, are almost the same: but the force of the comparison lies in heightening the

And swarthy *Memnon* in his arms he knew,
 His pompous ensigns, and his *Indian* crew.
Penthesilea there, with haughty grace,
 Leads to the wars an *Amazonian* race:
 In their right hands a pointed dart they wield,
 The left for ward sustains the lunar shield.
 Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
 Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes,
 And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.
 Thus while the *Trojan* prince employs his eyes,
 Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprize,*
 The beauteous *Dido*, with a num'rous train,†
 And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
 Such on *Euratas'* banks, or *Cynthus'* height,‡
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,
 When in the dance the graceful Goddess leads
 The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
 Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,
 She walks majestic, and she looks their queen:

Latona

NOTES.

character of the one by comparing it with that of the other, who is of a much superior quality and degree. And so on the reverse, in the instance of lessening. But in the other kind of similies (which consists in explaining, and is indeed the best) there is a new idea conveyed into the mind; as in the simile immediately preceding this, by which the hurry of the builders at *Carthage* is compared to that of the bees in working their wax and honey. That, though beneath the thing to which it is compared, does not lessen it, being not designed by way of contempt; but only explains it, by representing it under a new appearance; which is extremely agreeable to the mind, by the variety with which it is entertained. Were this distinction duly attended to, much false criticism would be spared in both instances: some having condemned the former sort for the identity, or too great agreement of the ideas; and others the latter sort for the meanness and lowness of the ideas. When, as we said, those two sorts of comparisons are made with quite different views; both, it is true, to illustrate; but the one by heightening or lessening, the other only by explaining. There is indeed a third sort, partaking the nature of both the other two: nay, all which chiefly lessen or heighten, do at the same time in some measure explain; though it is not always so on the reverse: yet some too, which chiefly explain, do in some measure heighten or lessen: and all agree in this, that they illustrate the thing, or person described; and adorn and embellish the description.

Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such *Dido* was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd she walks serenely great.
Their labour to her future sway she speeds,
And passing with a gracious glance proceeds;
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the
shrine;

In crowds around, the swarming people join.
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines ev'ry private cause.
Their talks in equal portions she divides,
And where unequal, there by lots decides.
Another way by chance *Aeneas* bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends: *
Antheus, *Sergestus* grave, *Cleanthus* strong,
And at their backs a mighty *Trojan* throng,
Whom late the tempest on the billows tost,
And widely scatter'd on another coast.
The prince, unseen, surpriz'd with wonder stands,
And longs with joyful haste to join their hands:
But doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays,
And from the hollow cloud his friends surveys:
Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their fate;
And why they came, and what was their request:
For these were sent commission'd by the rest,
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.
Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
Then thus with lowly voice *Ilioneus* began:
O queen, indulg'd by favour of the Gods †
To found an empire in these new abodes;
To build a town, with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign;
We wretched *Trojans*, tost'd on ev'ry shore,
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore:
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface,
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race.
We come not with design of wasteful prey,
To drive the country, force the swains away;

NOTES.

* Here is another great surprize in *Aeneas*'s unexpectedly meeting with his friends. But then it is not fit they should yet discover him; first, because the speeches of *Ilioneus* and *Dido* would have been prevented: and secondly, because it makes way for another surprize afterwards. Every thing opens by degrees. And here we see the art of *Virgil*, in cloathing *Aeneas* and *Achates* in an invisible mantle. This is as true plot as any in a play. The concealment of *Ulysses* by *Minerva* in the 7th and 13th

Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire,
The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.
A land there is *Hyperia* nam'd of old,
The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold;
Th' *Oenotrians* held it once, by common fame,
Now call *Italia*, from the leader's name:
To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds, and ev'ry warring element,
Disturb'd our course, and far from sight of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:
The sea came on; the south with mighty roar
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.
Those few you see escap'd the storm, and fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here;
What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,
What laws, what barb'rous customs of the place,
Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again!
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
Nor hospitable rites, nor human laws,
The Gods are just, and will revenge our cause.
Aeneas was our prince, a juster lord
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword;
Observant of the right, religious of his word.
If yet he lives, and draws his vital air,
Nor we his friends of safety shall despair,
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor *Sicilian* coasts,
Where king *Acestes* *Trojan* lineage boasts.
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars;
That if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destin'd course, and *Italy* pursue.
But if, O best of men, the fates ordain
That thou art swallow'd in the *Libyan* main:
And if our young *Iulus* be no more,
Dismiss our navy from the friendly shore;
That we to good *Acestes* may return,
And with our friends our common losses mourn.
Thus spoke *Ilioneus*; the *Trojan* crew
With cries and clamours his request renew. ‡

The

NOTES.

books of the *Odyssey* (though manifestly copied by *Virgil* in this place) is not diversified with such a variety of incidents; nor is in itself so agreeable.

† It would be too tedious to remark upon the many beauties of this speech; which is perfectly proper, and elegant in all it's parts.

‡ This harangue of *Ilioneus* is one of the finest pieces of eloquence in the whole *Aeneid*; it accordingly produced the desired effects in it's hearers. *Virgil*, who constantly keeps up to the characters of each:

The modest queen a while, with down-cast eyes,
Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies:

Trojans dismiss your fears: my cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes:
Who has not heard the story of your woes?
The name and fortune of your native place,
The fame and valour of the *Phrygian* race?
We *Tyrians* are not so devoid of sense,
Nor so remote from *Phæbus'* influence.
Whether to *Latian* shores your course is bent,
Or driv'n by tempests from your first intent,
You seek the good *Acestes'* government,
Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard:
Or would you stay, and join your friendly pow'rs
To raise and to defend the *Tyrian* tow'rs,
My wealth, my city, and myself are your's.
And would to heav'n the storm you felt would
bring

On *Carthaginian* coasts your wand'ring king.
My people shall, by my command explore
The ports and creeks of ev'ry winding shore;
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest.

NOTES.

each person he introduces in his poem, always employs this *Ilioneus*, being a fine speaker, in embassies.

* This discovery is extremely beautiful. It equally surprizes and delights the reader. We shall scarce ever forget the pleasure we felt upon first reading it. One may affirm that *Aristotle*, who appears so fond of surprizes and discoveries in his poetics, would have been charmed with it.—The description of *Aeneas's* beauty, given him by *Venus* the Goddess of it, is itself as great a beauty as that which it describes.

† This comparison contains a beauty which we are by no means so sensible of as a *Roman* reader might be; for the ancient statues both of marble and ivory were polished to such an extreme degree, that there was even something luminous and shining on their surfaces, and which dazzled the eyes of their beholders. The *shining countenance*, which *Horace* speaks of, might probably allude to this appearance in statues.

‡ It may be asked by some critics, what is there fine in this speech? We answer propriety; and that's enough; which there would not have been, had it been bright, and fiery. And if propriety be wanting, it is a defect which nothing can supply. It is not always proper to flame and flash; and it would have been here most absurd. *Aeneas's* business is to

No. 2.

Rais'd in his mind the *Trojan* hero stood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud;
Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way:
From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay?
What more can you desire, your welcome sure,
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
One only wants, and him we saw in vain
Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the main.
Orotes in his fate our forfeit paid,
The rest agrees with what your mother said.
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
The mists flew upwards, and dissolv'd in day,
The *Trojan* chief appear'd in open sight,*
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother Goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples
shine;
And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face;
Like polish'd iv'ry, beauteous to behold,
Or *Parian* marble, when enchas'd in gold: †
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
And thus with manly modesty he spoke.

He whom you seek am I; by tempests toss'd,
And sav'd from shipwreck on your *Libyan* coast; ‡
Presenting,

NOTES.

return thanks to the queen; which he does with the utmost propriety; all the sentiments and expressions being just and exact. Want of fire and shining in an author, or a work, upon the whole, is always dullness; but it is quite otherwise with regard to this or that particular part. In all good painting, there are shades as well as light; in all good music, there are plain notes as well as graces, low strains as well as lofty ones, nay discords as well as concords. In the most beautiful and magnificent building, every thing does not shine: and if it did, the building would cease to be either beautiful or magnificent, because it would be ridiculous. Besides; these gentlemen might consider that there are several sorts of shining: there is the sparkling of a diamond, as well as the flashing of a fire; and the brightness of gold, and silver, nay of marble, and ivory, as well as the sparkling of a diamond. The palace of the sun, as described by *Ovid*, contains all these materials: as there is the strong dazzling splendor of jewels, so there is the faint one of ivory, and the soft one of silver: which last is thus beautifully described by Mr. Addison;

*The folding doors dispers'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight.*

The place we are now considering shines with this sort of lustre; and many more passages in his poem

F

are

Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
 A prince that owes his life to you alone.
 Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
 Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress.
 You, who your pious offices employ
 To save the relics of abandon'd Troy,
 Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore,
 With hospitable rites relieve the poor:
 Associate in your town a wand'ring train,
 And strangers in your palace entertain.
 What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
 Who scatter'd thro' the world in exile mourn?
 The Gods (if Gods to goodness are inclin'd)
 If acts of mercy touch their heav'nly mind;
 And more than all the Gods, your gen'rous heart,
 Conscious of worth, requite it's own desert!
 In you this age is happy, and this earth;
 And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
 While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
 And round the space of heav'n the radiant sun;
 While trees the mountain-tops with shades supply,
 Your honour, name, and praise shall never die.
 Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
 Your image shall be present in my mind.
 Thus having said, he turn'd with pious haste,
 And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
 With his right hand *Ilioneus* was grac'd,
Sergestus with his left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the noble *Gyas* press'd;
 And so by turns descended to the rest.

The *Tyrian* queen stood fix'd upon his face,*
 Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace;
 Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
 Then recollected stood, and thus began.

NOTES.

are of the same kind; casting a gentle light, not a sparkling one. But then wherever it is proper, his *Aeneid* both flames and sparkles; the whole, like the above-mentioned palace, diversified with variety of brightness; and, like that too, having the God of Light, and Heat, and Music, and Poetry, for it's inhabitant.

* Here was the beginning of that violent passion *Dido* afterwards felt for *Aeneas*.

† It is a very artful stroke in the poet to make *Dido* know something of *Aeneas*'s family and actions, which renders his good reception from a stranger more natural; and inclined here to a favourable opinion of him at first sight. The sentiment with which she concludes her speech, is founded on the truest knowledge of human nature; for the passion

What fate, O Goddess-born, what angry pow'rs
 Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren shores?
 Are you the great *Aeneas*, known to fame,
 Who from celestial seed your lineage claim!
 The same *Aeneas*, who fair *Venus* bore
 To fam'd *Anchises* on th' *Idean* shore?
 It calls into my mind, tho' then a child,†
 When *Teucer* came from *Salamis*, exil'd;
 And fought my father's aid to be restor'd:
 My father *Belus* then with fire and sword
 Invaded *Cyprus*, made the region bare,
 And conqu'ring, finish'd the successful war.
 From him the *Trojan* siege I understood,
 The *Grecian* chiefs, and your illustrious blood.
 Your foe himself the *Dardan* valour prais'd,
 And his own ancestry from *Trojans* rais'd.
 Enter, my noble guest, and you shall find,
 If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:
 For I myself, like you, have been distress'd,
 Till heav'n afforded me this place of rest.
 Like you an alien in a land unknown,
 I learn to pity woes so like my own.
 She said, and to the palace led her guest,‡
 Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
 Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
 Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends;
 Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,§
 With bleating cries, attend their milky dams.
 And jars of gen'rous wine, and spacious bowls,
 She gives, to cheer the sailors drooping souls.
 Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls,
 And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls:
 On *Tyrian* carpets, richly wrought, they dine,
 With loads of massy plate the side-boards shine.

And

NOTES.

of pity is ever most strongly felt by those who have been unfortunate.

† The conduct of *Virgil* in the intrigues he forms, has the simplicity of *Homer* in it. The tempests are made use of in the first part of the *Aeneid* just as in the *Odyssey*. In this very part of the *Aeneid*, *Virgil* suits himself to the humour and character of his hero, just as *Homer* suits himself to the humour of *Achilles*. For as he is passionate, warm, and easily provoked, *Agamemnon* provokes him and urges him by the most sensible affronts. *Aeneas* was of a soft and mild disposition; therefore with the utmost propriety the poet makes use of good and benevolent offices, kind treats and entertainments, and the most melting, and most endearing passions, to engage him to stay at *Carthage*.

§ A feast suited to the simplicity of ancient times.

And antique vases all of gold emboss'd,
 (The gold itself inferior to the cost,)
 Of curious work, where on the sides were seen
 The fights and figures of illustrious men,
 From their first founder to the present queen.
 The good *Æneas*, whose paternal care*
Iulus' absence could no longer bear,
 Dispatch'd *Achates* to the ships in haste, †
 To give a glad relation of the past;
 And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy,
 Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy *Troy*:
 A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;
 And upper vest, once *Helen*'s rich attire, ‡
 From *Argos* by the fam'd adulteress brought,
 With golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought;
 Her mother *Leda*'s present when she came
 To ruin *Troy*, and set the world on flame.
 The sceptre *Priam*'s eldest daughter bore,
 Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore:
 Of double texture, glorious to behold,
 One order set with gems, and one with gold.
 Instructed thus, the wise *Achates* goes;
 And in his diligence his duty shows.

But *Venus*, anxious for her son's affairs, §
 New counsels tries, and new designs prepares:
 That *Cupid* should assume the shape and face
 Of sweet *Ascanius*, and the sprightly grace;
 Should bring the presents in her nephew's stead,
 And in *Eliza*'s veins the gentle poison shed.
 For much she fear'd the *Tyrians*, double-tongu'd,
 And knew the town to *Juno*'s care belong'd.
 These thoughts by night her golden slumbers
 broke,
 And thus alarm'd, to winged love she spoke.
 My son, my strength, whose mighty pow'r alone
 Controuls the thund'rer on his awful throne;

NOTES.

* Tenderness being the characteristic of *Æneas*, the poet takes all opportunities of displaying it.

† The character of *Achates* suggests to us an observation we may often make, on the intimacies of great men, who frequently chuse their companions, rather for the qualities of their heart than those of the head; and prefer fidelity in an easy, inoffensive, complying temper, to those endowments which make a much greater figure among mankind. We do not remember that *Achates*, who is represented as the first favourite, either gives his advice, or strikes a blow, through the whole *Æneid*.

‡ There is something very entertaining in the particular description of these presents, as to their richness, and antiquity, and the persons to whom they belonged. We have the same in the 5th and 7th books.

To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
 And on thy succour and thy faith relies.
 Thou know'st, my son, how *Jove*'s revengeful wife,
 By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life;
 And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains;
 Him *Dido* now with banishment detains,
 But I suspect the town where *Juno* reigns.
 But this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
 And fire with love the proud *Phœnician*'s heart:
 A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
 As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
 How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:
Ascanius by his father is design'd
 To come with presents laden from the port,
 To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
 I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
 And, ravish'd, in *Idalian* bow'rs to keep,
 On high *Cythera*; that the sweet deceit
 May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat,
 Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace
 But only for a night's revolving space;
 Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face.
 That when amidst the fervor of the feast,
 The *Tyrian* hugs and fonds thee on her breast,
 And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
 Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her veins.
 The god of love obeys, and sets aside
 His bow and quiver, and his plumy pride:
 He walks *Iulus* in his mother's sight,
 And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.
 The Goddess then to young *Ascanius* flies,
 And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes;
 Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of loves,
 She gently bears him to her blissful groves,
 Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head, ||
 And softly lays him on a flow'ry bed.

Cupid

NOTES.

§ Here opens a new plot; and a very fine one it is. *Virgil* makes use of the relation which *Æneas* has to *Venus*, and *Cupid*, by introducing a most beautiful machine; upon which the passion of *Dido* turns; and than which nothing can be more entertaining.

|| In the original it is, "Surrounded him with sweet marjoram;" which would not sound gracefully in English. Nothing escapes the vast learning of *Virgil*: One may think at first sight that he uses sweet marjoram in this passage, indifferently for any other odoriferous herb. It is no such thing. It is because the marjoram of *Cyprus* had a power to drive away scorpions, which were so much to be feared during sleep. This is also confirmed by *Pliny*.

Cupid mean time assum'd his form and face,
 Following *Achates* with a shorter pace;
 And brought the gifts. The queen, already sat
 Amidst the *Trojan* lords, in shining state,*
 High on a golden bed: her princely guest
 Was next her side, in order sat the rest.
 Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high,
 Th' attendants water for their hands supply,
 And having wash'd, with silken towels dry. }
 Next fifty handmaids in long order bore
 The censers, and with fumes the Gods adore.
 Then youths, and virgins twice as many, join
 To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.
 The *Tyrian* train, admitted to the feast,
 Approach, and on the painted couches rest.
 All on the *Trojan* gifts with wonder gaze,
 But view the beauteous boy with more amaze.
 His rosy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
 His motions, voice, and shape, and all the God's
 disguise.
 Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine,
 Which wand'ring foliage and rich flowers entwine.
 But far above the rest, the royal dame
 (Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame;)
 With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
 Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
 The guileful God about the hero long
 With children's play, and false embraces hung;
 Then sought the queen: she took him to her arms;
 With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
 Unhappy *Dido* little thought what guest,
 How dire a God she drew so near her breast.
 But he, not mindless of his mother's prayer,
 Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
 And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former }
 care.
 The dead is to the living love resign'd,
 And all *Aeneas* enters in her mind.

NOTES.

* In the arrangement of the guests *Dido* takes place of *Aeneas*, for the middle was the most honourable place among the *Africans*. Farther, the queen's couch was of gold, that of *Aeneas* and the *Trojans* of purple only. *Dido* being a woman did not give the upper place to her guest. A good poet should observe even these trifling decorums.

† *Virgil* often describes the incidents in his poem in allusion to the *Roman* customs. The ladies of *Rome* never drank wine but at religious ceremonies; the laws of that city punished with death those who drank it at any other time. Thus *Dido* does not drink it here but as at a ceremony, and does no more than touch her lips with it.

Now when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
 The meat remov'd, and ev'ry guest was pleas'd,
 The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
 And thro' the palace chearful cries resound:
 From gilded roofs depending lamps display
 Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
 A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
 The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine, }
 The bowl that *Belus* us'd, and all the *Tyrian* line. }
 Then silence thro' the hall proclaim'd, she spoke:
 O hospitable *Jove*, we thus invoke,
 With solemn rites, thy sacred name and pow'r!
 Bless to both nations this auspicious hour.
 So may the *Trojan* and the *Tyrian* line
 In lasting concord from this day combine.
 Thou, *Bacchus*, god of joys and friendly cheer,
 And gracious *Juno*, both be present here:
 And you, my lords of *Tyre*, your vows address
 To heav'n with mine, to ratify the peace.
 The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd,
 (Sprinkling the first libations on the ground)
 And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace,
 Then sipping, offer'd to the next in place. †
 'Twas *Bitias* whom she call'd, a thirsty soul,
 He took the challenge, and embrac'd the bowl:
 With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
 Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.
 The goblet goes around: *Iopas* brought †
 His golden lyre, and sung what ancient *Atlas* taught.
 The various labours of the wand'ring moon,
 And whence proceeds th' eclipses of the sun. §
 Th' original of men and beasts; and whence }
 The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense; }
 And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence. }
 What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays
 The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
 With peals of shouts the *Tyrians* praise the song;
 Those peals are echo'd by the *Trojan* throng.

Th'

NOTES.

† Probably some celebrated master was complimented under the name of *Iopas* the philosophical musician at *Dido's* banquet; who perhaps was one of the *Grecian* performers then in *Rome*.

§ To put so much natural philosophy into a song, may seem strange to a mere modern. Yet how much more grand and noble is it, than a silly story of *Chloris* and *Phyllis*, and such like frothy trifles, which are the subjects of songs in our times! By the way, how pretty would have been an opera, or a masquerade, to entertain *Aeneas* and his friends upon this occasion! What pity it is, the ancients were not so polite and judicious as we are!

Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
 And drank large draughts of love with vast delight.
 Of *Priam* much enquir'd, of *Hector* more ;*
 Then ask'd what arms the swarthy *Memnon* wore, }
 What troops he landed on the *Trojan* shore.
 The steeds of *Diomedes* vary'd the discourse,
 And fierce *Achilles*, with his matchless force.
 At length, as fate and her ill stars requir'd,
 To hear the series of the war desir'd :

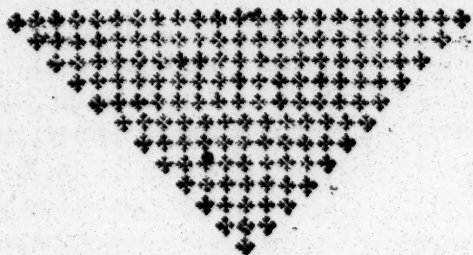
NOTES.

* It is natural to desire to hear those talk whom we love ; especially to talk of themselves, and of their own adventures ; and yet more especially, when those adventures are uncommon and extraordinary. And therefore the following narrative in the person of *Aeneas*, which is the entire subject of the 2d and 3d books, is most naturally introduced. Then there is something surprizingly pleasant in the poet's manner of representing it. He first tells us in his own person that she asked several particular random questions about this, and that, and another thing.—The sudden change of persons from the poet to the queen ; the passing from those scattered particular questions, to the general request in form and solemnity, preparatory to the noble narrative which follows upon it ; the art of this poet being here like that of musicians, who sport themselves with little warbling essays and flourishes, while they are preparing to begin a grand and full concert ; and lastly, the concluding of the book with that request, and so leaving the mind of the reader in the most earnest expectation, are all of them circum-

Relate at large, my god-like guest, she said,
 The *Grecian* stratagems, the town betray'd ;
 The fatal issue of so long a war,
 Your flight, your wand'rings, and your woes declare.
 For since on ev'ry sea, on ev'ry coast,
 Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,
 Sev'n times the sun has either tropic view'd,
 The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd.

NOTES.

stances marvellously beautiful : and the more they are considered, the more beautiful they will appear.—And here we shall take occasion to consider the admirable address of *Virgil*, in ending and beginning the several books of his poem.—In dramatic poetry, few things are more considerable, or shew greater art and judgment, than ending acts at proper periods, and beginning them with proper connections. And what acts are to a tragedy, books are to an epic poem. There are two ways of concluding them, quite different from each other, yet both excellent in their kinds. They agree in this, that both leave an impression of something very important upon the mind of the reader ; but the one entirely concludes a considerable action or narration, the next book beginning with a transition to something perfectly new : the other breaks off in the middle, and leaves the mind in a longing expectation to know how the thread of the narrative proceeds ; which accordingly the beginning of the next book continues by an immediate connection.



The SECOND BOOK of the ÆNEID.*

A R G U M E N T.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken after a ten years siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household Gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

ALL were attentive to the godlike man; †
When from his lofty couch he thus began:
Great queen, what you command me to relate
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate:

An empire from it's old foundations rent,
And ev'ry woe the Trojans underwent:
A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was;

Not

NOTES.

* The destruction of an ancient, populous city, with all these scenes of devastation, sorrow, and misery that must attend it, is one of the most striking objects in the world. *Virgil* accordingly chose it, as the properest subject imaginable to move the passions of pity and terror, and surely he hath succeeded to his wish. One cannot but think, that he was particularly pleased with this subject, as it happened to be left untouched by *Homer*. We must not neglect to observe, that *Virgil* recited this second book to the emperor *Augustus*, in order to give his great patron a taste of the rest of his *Æneid*. The versification of this book is extremely beautiful, and it is in general the most correct piece of the whole poem.

† Let us conceive an objector to put the following query: "Supposing the author of the *Æneid* to have related, in the natural order, the destruction of *Troy*, would not the subject have been, to all intents and purposes, as much one, as it is, under it's present form; in which that event is told, in the second book by way of episode?" We answer, by no means. The reason is taken from the nature of the work, and from the state and expectations of the reader. (1.) The

NOTES.

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at



The Celebrated Trojan Prince Aeneas, at the burning of the City of Troy, in Phrygia, in Asia the Less, taking his Father, Anchises, on his shoulders, & his young Son, Ascanius, in his hand, conveys them safe into Sicily.

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nature of an epic or narrative poem is this, that it lays the author under an obligation of shewing any event, which he formally undertakes in his own person, at full length, and with all it's material circumstances. Every figure must be drawn in full proportion, and exhibited in strong, glowing colours. Now had the subject of the second book of the *Æneid* been related, in this extent, it must not only have taken up one, but many books. By this faithful and animated drawing, and from the time it must necessarily have to play upon the imagination, the event would have grown into such importance, that the remainder could only have passed for a kind of appendix to it. (2.) The same conclusion is drawn from considering the state of the reader. For, hurried away by an instinctive impatience, he pursues the proposed event with eagerness and rapidity. So circumstantial a detail, as was supposed, of an intermediate action not necessarily connected with it, breaks the course of his expectations, and throws back the point of view to an immoderate distance. In the mean time the action, thus interposed and presented to his thoughts, acquires by degrees, and

at



The Celebrated Trojan Prince Aeneas, at the burning of the City of Troy, in Phrygia, in Asia the Less, taking his Father, Anchises, on his shoulders, & his young Son, Ascanius, in his hand, conveys them safe into Sicily.

Published by Alex. Hogg, at the Kings Arms, N^o. 16. Paternoster Row.



Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern *Ulysses* tell without a tear.
And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars to kindly rest invite.*
But since you take such int'rest in our woe,
And *Troy's* disastrous end desire to know;

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at length ingrosses his whole attention. It becomes the important theme of the piece; or, at least, what follows sets out with the disadvantage of appearing to him, as a new and distinct subject. But now being related by way of episode, that is, as a succinct, summary narration, not made by the poet himself, but coming from the mouth of a person, necessarily engaged in the progress of the action, it serves for a short time to interrupt, and, by that interruption to sharpen the eager expectation of the reader. It holds the attention, for a while, from the point in view; yet not long enough to destroy that impatient curiosity, which looks forward to it. And thus it contributes to the same end, as a piece of miniature, properly introduced into a large picture. It amuses the eye with something relative to the painter's design, yet not so, as to withhold it's principal observation from falling on the greater subject. The parallel will not hold very exactly, because the painter is, of necessity, confined to the same instant of time; but it may serve for an illustration of our meaning. Suppose the painter to take for his subject, that part of *Æneas's* story, where, with his *Penates*, his father, and his son, he is preparing to set sail for *Italy*. To draw *Troy* in flames, as a constituent part of this picture, would be manifestly absurd. It would be painting two subjects, instead of one. But a distant perspective of burning *Troy* might be thrown into a corner of the piece, that is episodically, with good advantage; where instead of distracting the attention, and breaking the unity of the subject, it would concenter, as it were, with the great design, and have an effect in augmenting the distress of it.

* Notwithstanding these words contain a good reason to excuse *Æneas* from the task desired of him; yet we much mistake, if that was the only reason why the poet inserted them: the idea of the night-scene adds very much to the solemnity and awfulness of the relation. Indeed the whole disposition of the scene and the concomitant circumstances are admirable in every respect. A great prince, driven by a storm to a strange coast, entertained by a great queen, in a numerous assembly of princes, and nobility and guards, and attendants supposed to be listening at a distance, after a magnificent banquet in the large hall of a stately palace, hung round with tapers and flam-

I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our last and fatal night befel.†

By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
The *Greeks* grew weary of the tedious war;
And by *Minerva's* aid a fabric rear'd,
Which like a steed of monstrous height appear'd;‡

The

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beaus, in the dead of night, relates to her, at her request, such a surprising history of wars, distresses, and travels, as was never before heard of.

† In this noble episode *Virgil* judiciously omits those parts of the *Trojan* war which had been treated of by *Homer*: and relates only the destruction of *Troy*, which had not been described (though intimated) by that poet, who concludes his *Iliad* with the death and funeral of *Hector*.

‡ *Servius* observes, that when *Virgil* speaks of the building this horse, he makes use of the terms which belong to the shipwright's trade. *Pausanias* says, that every one must either allow that this horse was an engine made to batter the walls of *Troy*, or that the *Trojans* were most strangely infatuated. *Tubero* and *Hyginus*, according to *Servius* on this passage, were likewise of opinion, that it was such an engine as the ram or the testudo, invented for the purpose mentioned by *Pausanias*. But that it was expressly the same as the battering ram is asserted only on the authority of *Pliny*. But no historical account can be produced that is reconcileable with *Pliny's* assertion. In short, no former commentator on *Virgil* seems to understand the true meaning of the *Trojan* horse; whereas it is simply as follows. In former times, when the science of correspondences was cultivated in the ancient churches, a horse was the hieroglyphic representation of the human understanding; and this signification of horse was derived to the wise men round about, even into *Greece*: hence it was, when they would describe the sun, in which they placed the God of their wisdom and intelligence, that they attributed to it a chariot and four horses of fire: and when they would describe the God of the Sea, since by the sea were signified sciences derived from the understanding, that they also attributed horses to him. And when they would describe the rise of sciences from understanding, that they also feigned a winged horse, which with it's hoof broke open a fountain, at which were nine virgins called the sciences; for from the ancient churches they received this knowledge, that by horse is signified the understanding, by wings spiritual truth, by hoof what is scientific from the understanding, and by fountain doctrine from which sciences are derived. Nor is any thing else signified by the *Trojan* horse, than

The sides were plank'd with pine; they feign'd it made

For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side,
Selected numbers of their foldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they load,
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In fight of *Troy* lies *Tenedos*, an isle,
(While fortune did on *Priam's* empire smile)
Renown'd for wealth; but since a faithless bay,
Where ships expos'd to winds and weather lay.
There was their fleet conceal'd: we thought for *Greece*
The sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
The *Trojans* coop'd within their walls so long,
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,*
Like swarming bees, and with delight survey
The camp deserted where the *Grecians* lay;
The quarters of the sev'ral chiefs they show'd,
Here *Phoenix*, here *Achilles* made abode,
Here join'd the battles, there the navy rode.
Part on the pile their wond'ring eyes employ,
(The pile by *Pallas* rais'd to ruin *Troy*.)
Thymetes first ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,
Or so the *Trojan* destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
But *Capys*, and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames design'd,
Or to the watry deep; at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore:
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoon, follow'd by a num'rous crowd,
Ran from the fort, and cry'd from far aloud,
O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
What more than madness has possess'd your brains?

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than artifice or cunning exercised by their understanding in destroying the walls. Indeed in our day, when the understanding is described after the manner received from those ancients, it is usual to figure it by a flying horse or Pegasus; so likewise doctrine is described by a fountain, and the sciences by virgins; but scarce any one knows, that by horse in the mystic sense is signified the understanding; still less that those significatives were derived from the ancient representative churches to the *Gentiles*.

* This is human nature in perfection. Nothing could be more proper in the writer; or more pleasant to the reader.

† Here comes *Sinon* upon the stage, and the plot which is to be managed by his conduct. In describing his art, *Virgil* has given sufficient proof of

Think you the *Grecians* from your coasts are gone,
And are *Ulysses'* arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must inclose
Within it's blind recess our secret foes;
Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town,
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure design'd, by fraud or force;
I trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Pierc'd thro' the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
The sides transpierc'd, return a rattling sound,
And groans of *Greeks* inclos'd come issuing thro' the wound.

And had not heav'n the fall of *Troy* design'd,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done, t' inspire a better mind: }
Then had our lances pierc'd the treach'rous wood,
And *Ilian* tow'rs, and *Priam's* empire stood.
Mean time with shouts the *Trojan* shepherds bring
A captive *Greek* in bands before the king:†
Taken, to take; who made himself their prey,
T' impose on their belief, and *Troy* betray.
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.‡
About the captive tides of *Trojans* flow;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the *Greeks* their wiles disguis'd,
Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound;
He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around:
Then said, Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me!§
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends.

He

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his own. We believe it may with truth be affirmed, that there is not one single instance in any author, ancient or modern, which exceeds, or even equals it. This may appear from a detail of particulars.

‡ It is a mistake to think that cunning always supposes cowardice. There is as much courage required in a good spy, as in a good general. *Ulysses* shewed as much of it in the business of stealing the *Palladium*, as *Achilles* in the channel of *Scamander*.

§ We rarely suspect those whom we heartily pity. *Sinon* therefore, by the first words he speaks, endeavours to move compassion; and he does it most cunningly in that abrupt manner, and by way of exclamation: which is less suspicious than the formality of a set speech.

He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
We hear the youth to make his own defence,
And freely tell us what he was and whence:
What news he could impart we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive foe.

His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, Whate'er
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
I neither can, nor dare my birth disclaim,
Greece is my country, *Sidon* is my name: *
Tho' plung'd by fortune's pow'r in misery,
'Tis not in fortune's pow'r to make me lie.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of *Palamedes*, not unknown to fame, †
Who suffer'd from the malice of the times,
Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes;
Because the fatal wars he would prevent;
Whose death the wretched *Greeks* too late lament;

Me, then a boy, my father poor and bare
Of other means, committed to his care;
His kinsman and companion in the war.
While fortune favour'd, while his arms support
The cause, and rul'd the counsels of the court,
I made some figure there; nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.
But when *Ulysses*, with fallacious arts,
Had made impression in the people's hearts,
And forg'd a treason in my patron's name,
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame)
My kinsman fell; then I, without support,
In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.

NOTES.

* This frank confession at the beginning gives him an air of sincerity; which was most likely to gain credit to all he should afterwards deliver. His pretended zeal for truth, joined with his misfortunes, is very emphatical.

† His pretending to doubt whether they had ever heard of what he was sure they knew as well as himself; and his telling that known fact concerning *Palamedes*'s death, together with the falshood which he tacks to it, is exceeding artful: for a lie is never so glibly swallowed, as when it has truth for it's vehicle.

‡ We may observe in the best poets a larger sort of break, which is used artificially in a poem to incite the attention of the reader? We mean, when the narration is dropt in the most engaging parts of it, or just before some very material incident: this adds a double desire of hearing: the audience generally makes it their request, that the speaker would go on, and inform them of the sequel. Thus it is

No. 2.

Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state,
And curs'd the direful author of my woes,
'Twas told again, and hence my ruin rose.
I threaten'd, if indulgent heav'n once more
Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to restore.
This mov'd the murd'rer's hate, and soon ensu'd
Th' effects of malice from a man so proud.
Ambiguous rumours thro' the camp he spread,
And fought, by treason, my devoted head:
New crimes invented, left unturn'd no stone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own:
Till *Calchas* was by force and threat'ning
wrought:

But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought? ‡
If on my nation just revenge you seek,
And 'tis t' appear a foe t' appear a *Greek*;
Already you my name and country know,
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow:
My death will both the kingly brothers please,
And set insatiate *Ithacus* at ease.
This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts,
Unknowing as we were in *Grecian* arts.
His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear the villain thus pursu'd. §
Long had the *Grecians* (tir'd with fruitless
care, ||

And weary'd with an unsuccessful war,)
Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town,
And had the Gods permitted, they had gone.

But

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in the eleventh *Odyssy*. *Ulysses*, in the midst of his account of the infernal regions, makes a feint of concluding: we are immediately told, that the *Phæacians* were eager to hear him on:—so it is observable, that the very same break, and the very same sentiment after it, is used by *Virgil*: it is indeed improved in the latter; he has all the use of *Ho-*
mer's suspense, without the tediousness of it

§ Though he had before, in a great measure, laid aside his fear, yet the relics of it must still hang about him. Or perhaps, to increase their pity, he counterfeited more fear than he really had.

|| This long formal story has such a mixture of religion, and prodigy and distress, which last is exceedingly heightened by the solemn horror of an intended human sacrifice; that nothing could have been better calculated to amuse and confound the understandings of those who were already in great amazement.

H

But oft the wintry seas, and southern winds,
Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their
minds.

Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd,
But most when this stupendous pile was rais'd,
Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
And thunders rattled thro' a sky serene:
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypilus t'enquire their fate was sent;
He from the Gods this dreadful answer brought:
O *Grecians*, when the *Trojan* shores you fought,
Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought;*
So must your safe return be bought again,
And *Grecian* blood once more atone the main.
The spreading rumour round the people ran;
All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the man.
Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright,
Call'd *Calchas*, and produc'd in open light;
Then bade him name the wretch ordain'd by
fate,

The public victim to redeem the state.
Already some presag'd the dire event,
And saw what sacrifice *Ulysses* meant.
For twice five days the good old seer withstood
Th' intended treason, and was dumb to blood;
Till tir'd with endless clamours, and pursuit
Of *Ithacus*, he stood no longer mute;
But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
Was destin'd by the wrathful Gods to die.

NOTES.

* This virgin was *Iphigenia*, the daughter of *Agamemnon*, whom the oracle declared must be sacrificed, before the *Grecian* fleet, which lay at *Aulis*, could obtain a favourable wind to carry it to the siege of *Troy*. One of *Euripides*'s finest tragedies is on this interesting subject: and it has been imitated, and it's principal beauties translated in one of *Racine*'s on the same subject.

† The modesty of the man is wonderful; as if it were a crime to save his life. But this again gives him a mighty air of sincerity and innocence; and prepares the way to that compassion which he endeavours to move, or rather to increase, in those inimitable lines which follow.

‡ No wonder the *Trojans*, who were ignorant of *Sidon*'s design, were moved at these verses, when it is scarce possible, even for us, who know the villainy of them, to read them without tears: at least we speak for ourselves; we take it to be one of the most moving passages we ever met with. *Virgil*, to shew the triumph of his art, will soften us with the tenderest compassion by the mouth of one whom we know to be a perjured villain. It is not indeed upon

All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm should
fall

On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all.
The dismal day was come, the priests prepare
Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow
I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.†
Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
Secure of safety when they fail'd away.
But now what further hopes for me remain,
To see my friends or native soil again?
My tender infants, or my careful fire,‡
Whom they returning will to death require?
Will perpetrate on them their first design,
And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?
Which, O! if pity mortal minds can move!
If there be faith below, or Gods above!
If innocence and truth can claim desert,
Ye *Trojans*, from an injur'd wretch avert.
False tears true pity move: the king commands
To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:
Then adds these friendly words: Dismiss thy fears,
Forget the *Greeks*, be mine as thou wert their's:
But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or some religious end, you rais'd this pile?
Thus said the king. He, full of fraudulent arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts:
Ye lamps of heav'n! he said, and lifted high§
His hands now free, thou venerable sky,

Inviolable.

NOTES.

the account of him, but of human nature in general: but still the person through whom it was conveyed, would have prejudiced us against it, had not the force of it been irresistible. No hope of ever more seeing his beloved native country, children, father! that was distressful enough; but little in comparison of what follows: there was danger that those dear lives would be sacrificed in his absence, and for his sake.

§ This solemn perjury to those who knew it not to be such, must have been extremely awful: and now it is discovered, it is enough to chill one's blood with horror. This speech being the last and principal part of treachery which he has to act, he ushers it in with this religious preamble, with the no less solemn renunciation of his country, and that grave admonition to the *Trojans* to be true to their promise; which are circumstances incomparably adapted to gain credit, and raise attention; as is likewise the formal beginning of the tale itself: this likewise the *Trojans* knew as well as he could tell them; and therefore he artfully begins with it, for the reason above-mentioned.

Inviolable pow'rs, ador'd with dread,
 Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head,
 Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled!
 Be all of you abjur'd; and grant I may,
 Without a crime, th' ungrateful *Greeks* betray!
 Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
 And justly punish whom I justly hate!
 But you, O king, preserve the faith you gave,
 If I, to save myself, your empire save.
 The *Grecian* hopes, and all th' attempts they
 made,
 Were only founded on *Minerva's* aid.
 But from the time when impious *Diomed*,
 And false *Ulysses*, that inventive head,
 Her fatal image from the temple drew,*
 The sleeping guardians of the castle flew,
 Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
 Polluted, and prophan'd her holy bands:
 From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
 And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before:
 Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd,
 And *Pallas*, now averse, refus'd her aid.
 Nor did the Goddess doubtfully declare
 Her alter'd mind, and alienated care:
 When first her fatal image touch'd the ground,
 She sternly cast her glaring eyes around;
 That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
 Her heav'nly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.
 Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to
 wield
 Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield.

NOTES.

* The story of stealing the *Palladium* was well known: but what a use entirely new does *Virgil* make of it! How judicious is the fiction! How beautiful the description! That *Minerva's* image was stolen from them, the *Trojans* did not want to be informed: but what became of it afterwards, and what effects it produced, they never heard before. Now then they are told by *Sinon*: not that there is one word of truth in what he says. And what could be more surprizing and entertaining in itself? Or more conducive to the execution of the design he aimed at?

† It is certain that *Virgil* often attributes to the *Greeks* the customs of the *Romans*. Perhaps indeed they were the same in *Greece* that they afterwards were in *Rome*. At least it appears to be certain, that the *Roman* generals always returned to *Rome* after an unfortunate expedition, and never returned to the same enterprize till they had taken new auspices.

‡ *Sinon* neither commends them for not having

Then *Calchas* bade our host for flight prepare,
 And hope no conquest from the tedious war:
 Till first they sail'd for *Greece*; with pray'rs besought
 Her injur'd pow'r, and better omens brought.†
 And now their navy ploughs the wat'ry main,
 Yet soon expect it on your shores again,
 With *Pallas* pleas'd; as *Calchas* did ordain.
 But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid,
 For her stol'n statue, and her tow'r betray'd;
 Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name
 We rais'd, and dedicate this wondrous frame:
 So lofty, left thro' your forbidden gates
 It pass, and intercept our better fates.
 For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost,
 And *Troy* may then a new *Palladium* boast.
 For so religion and the Gods ordain,
 That if you violate with hands prophane‡
Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn,
 (Which omen, O ye Gods, on *Græcia* turn!)
 But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
 The *Trojan* walls, and in the city stands,
 Then *Troy* shall *Argos* and *Mycenæ* burn,
 And the reverse of fate on us return.

With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
 Too prone to credit his perfidious arts.

What *Diomed*, nor *Thetis'* greater son,
 A thousand ships, nor ten years siege had done;
 False tears and fawning words the city won,
 A greater omen, and of worse portent,§
 Did our unwary minds with fear torment;
 Concurring to produce the dire event.

Laocoon,

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done the one, nor advises them to do the other. He only lays both before their eyes, and tells them the consequences of each; leaving the rest to their own choice and judgment. This is the more persuasive, for not being in the form of persuasion. There is a certain pride in human nature, which is flattered by being supposed to act of its own accord, and by its own prudence rather than by advice. Besides, *Sinon*, having but a few minutes before been an enemy and a captive, and being still a stranger, it would more especially have ill become him to be an adviser; and therefore he cunningly insinuates what he would have them do, not directly prescribes it.

§ Though it is said before, that *Sinon's* story was believed, yet it might be so only in a great measure, not absolutely and entirely; or if it were a full belief then, yet upon farther consideration, they might have altered their opinions. Take it which way we will, this amazing incident is extremely well timed, and most properly introduced to confirm their belief, and push them on to the immediate

ate.

Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
 With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer :
 When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spy'd
 Two serpents rank'd abreast the seas divide,
 And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.*
 Their flaming crests above the waves they shew,
 Their bellies seem to burn the seas below :
 Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
 And on the founding shore the flying billows force.
 And now the strand, and now the plain they held,
 Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd :
 Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
 And lick'd their hissing jaws that sputter'd flame.
 We fled amaz'd ; their destin'd way they take,
 And to *Laocoon* and his children make :
 And first around the tender boys they wind,
 Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and
 bodies grind.
 The wretched father, running to their aid
 With pious haste, but vain, they next invade :
 Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd,†
 And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
 The priest, thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,
 And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.
 With both his hands he labours at the knots,
 His holy fillets the blue venom blots :
 His roaring fills the flitting air around :
 Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
 He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
 And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies.

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ate execution of *Sinon's* plot. And this very much contributes to save the reputation of the *Trojans* ; who otherwise, notwithstanding the exquisite art of *Sinon's* speeches, and the plausible stories he had told them, cannot well escape the censure of great weakness and incredulity. Nor can it indeed, even with this excuse ; unless we recur to the decrees of fate, which accordingly *Virgil* takes care in other places to mention.

* This is one of the finest and noblest descriptions that ever was made. It is rarely, if at all, exceeded by *Virgil* himself, and equalled by nobody else. To instance in particulars here (as we have said upon another occasion) would be to transcribe the whole ; which it is impossible to read, without the most agreeable horror and astonishment !

† There is now in *Rome* a very ancient statue, entangled in a couple of marble serpents, which admirable group of figures is said to be the work of *Phidias*. *Pliny* the elder tells us he had seen it in the palace of *Titus*. But the poet has the advantage of the statuary. The statuary can take but one point

Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
 And to the tow'r of *Pallas* make their way :
 Couch'd at her feet they lie protected there,
 By her large buckler and portended spear.
 Amazement seizes all ; the gen'ral cry
 Proclaims *Laocoon* justly doom'd to die,
 Whose hand the will of *Pallas* had withstood,
 And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.
 All vote t' admit the deed, that vows be paid,
 And incense offer'd to th' offended maid.
 A spacious breach is made, the town lies bare,
 Some hoisting leavers, some the wheels prepare,
 And fasten to the horses feet : the rest
 With cables hawl along th' unwieldy beast.
 Each on his fellow for assistance calls ;
 At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
 Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
 And quires of virgins sing and dance around.
 Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
 It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town.
 O sacred city, built by hands divine !
 O valiant heroes of the *Trojan* line !
 Four times he stuck ; as oft the clashing sound
 Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
 Yet mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
 We hawl along the horse in solemn state ;
 Then place the dire portent within the tow'r :
Cassandra cry'd, and curs'd th' unhappy hour ;‡
 Foretold our fate ; but by the Gods decree
 All heard, and none believ'd the prophecy.

With

NOTES.

of time ; the poet can describe any action successively. Here you have the whole suite. You first see the serpents on the sea, then on the shore ; then killing the two sons of *Laocoon* ; and lastly killing *Laocoon* himself. This may make almost every particular in this description of *Laocoon's* death, different from the famous groupe of it in the *Vatican*, except his own attitude, and the hair of his head ; which are like enough to be copied, the one from the other.

‡ *Virgil* does but just mention *Cassandra* on this occasion, without giving us the particulars of her prophecy. It had been very injudicious in *Virgil* to have put a long harangue into her mouth, since whatever she could have said, would have been little else but a repetition of what *Laocoon* had said at the beginning of the book. The death of *Laocoon*, which immediately follows his speech, together with the amazing circumstances attending it, were admirably contrived by *Virgil*, and were sufficient to confirm the *Trojans* in their belief of *Sinon's* story.

With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste
 In jollity the day ordain'd to be the last.
 Mean time the rapid heavens roll'd down the light
 And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night: *
 Our men secure, nor guards nor centries held,
 But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
 The *Grecians* had embark'd their naval pow'rs
 From *Tenedos*, and fought our well known shores:
 Safe under covert of the silent night,
 And guided by th' imperial galley's light.
 When *Sinon*, favour'd by the partial Gods,
 Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
 Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
 Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
Tysander bold, and *Sthenelus* their guide,
 And dire *Ulysses* down the cable slide:
 Then *Thoas*, *Athamas*, and *Pyrrhus* halte,
 Nor was the *Podalyrian* hero last:
 Nor injur'd *Menelaus*, nor the fam'd
Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd.
 A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
 T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
 Those few they find awake, first meet their fate,
 Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
 'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs †
 Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
 When *Hector's* ghost before my sight appears,
 A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears. ‡
 Such as he was, when, by *Pelides* slain,
Theſſalian courſers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
 Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were
 thrust
 Thro' the bor'd holes, his body black with dust.
 Unlike that *Hector*, who return'd from toils
 Of war triumphant, in *Æacian* spoils;

Or him who made the fainting *Greeks* retire,
 And lanch'd against their navy *Phrygian* fire.
 His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore,
 And all the wounds he for his country bore
 Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran: }
 I wept to see the visionary man:
 And while my trance continu'd, thus began.
 O light of *Trojans*, and support of *Troy*,
 Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
 O, long expected by thy friends! from whence.
 Art thou so late return'd for our defence?
 Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,
 With length of labours, and with toils of war?
 After so many fun'erals of thy own,
 Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?
 But say, what wounds are these? what new disgrace
 Deforms the manly features of thy face?
 To this the spectre no reply did frame,
 But answer'd to the cause for which he came:
 And groaning from the bottom of his breast,
 This warning, in these mournful words, express'd.
 O Goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
 The flames and horrors of this fatal night:
 The foes already have possess'd the wall,
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
 Enough is paid to *Priam's* royal name,
 More than enough to duty and to fame.
 If by a mortal hand my father's throne
 Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone:
 Now *Troy* to thee commends her future state,
 And gives her Gods companions of thy fate:
 From their assistance happier walls expect,
 Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.
 He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
 The venerable statues of the Gods:

With

NOTES.

* The earth being really compassed by the ocean, the ocean is by the poets ingeniously supposed to be at the edge of our visible horizon. And so both day and night are imagined to set in it, and rise from it. So here as the day sets into the Western Ocean, the night rises from the Eastern. According to that of *Milton*,

For the sun

Declin'd was hast'ning now with prone career
 To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
 Of heav'n the stars which usher evening rose.

† Some verses by their dulness incline a man to sleep; but these by their elegancy. The sweet, smooth, and soft flowing of them would lull us to the sleep they describe, did not admiration keep us awake. For their sound is their least excellence:

No. 2.

NOTES.

every word almost contains an idea of a distinct beauty.

‡ Whoever considers the character of *Hector*, the heroic virtue, as well as heroic bravery, the conjugal, filial, and paternal piety of that excellent prince, will be the more sensibly touched with the unutterable *Pathos* of this description; with the questions which *Aeneas* asks, and with the no reply which his friend makes. Such a spirit of sadness reigns through the whole, as is only to be felt, but cannot be expressed. Then was there ever such a visionary scene to introduce such a real one? The dismal transition from the one to the other is inexpressibly affecting; the hero is waked from his frightful dream by that which fulfils it.

I

With ancient *Vesta* from the sacred quire,
The wreath and relics of th' immortal fire.

Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war:
The noise approaches, thro' our palace flood
Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood.
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms:
Fear broke my slumbers: I no longer stay,
But mount the terrass, thence the town survey,
And hearken what the fruitful sounds convey.
Thus when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn; *
Or deluges, descending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
Of lab'ring oxen, and the peasant's gains:
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey.
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far,
The wasteful ravage of the wat'ry war.
Then *Hector's* faith was manifestly clear'd,
And *Grecian* frauds in open light appear'd.
The palace of *Deiphobus* ascends
In smoaky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright
With splendor, not their own; and shine with *Trojan*
light.

New clamours and new clangors now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.
With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms.
But first to gather friends, with them t' oppose,
If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes.
Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd;
With sense of honour, and revenge inspir'd.
Pantheus, *Apollo's* priest, a sacred name, †
Had escap'd the *Grecian* swords and pass'd the flame;
With relics loaden to my doors he fled,
And by the hand his tender grandson led.
What hope, O *Pantheus*! whither can we run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?
Scarce had I said, when *Pantheus*, with a groan, ‡
Troy is no more, and *Ilium* was a town!
The fatal day, th' appointed hour is come,
When wrathful *Jove's* irrevocable doom

Transfers the *Trojan* state to *Grecian* hands;
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands,
And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.
Within the gates, proud *Sinon* throws about
The flames, and foes for entrance press without.
With thousand others, whom I fear to name,
More than from *Argos*, or *Mycenæ* came.
To sev'ral posts their parties they divide;
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the
wide:

The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprize,
Who fights finds death, and death finds him who
flies.

The keepers of the gate but scarce maintain
Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.
I heard; and heav'n, that well-born souls inspires,
Prompts me, thro' lifted swords, and rising fires
To run, where clashing arms and clamour calls,
And rush undaunted to defend the walls.
Ripheus and *Iphitus* by my side engage,
For valour one renown'd, and one for age.
Dymas and *Hypanis* by moonlight knew
My motions, and my mien, and to my party
drew;

With young *Choræbus*, who by love was led
To win renown, and fair *Cassandra's* bed;
And lately brought his troops to *Priam's* aid,
Forewarn'd in vain, by the prophetic maid.
Whom, when I saw, resolv'd in arms to fall,
And that one spirit animated all;
Brave souls, said I, but brave, alas! in vain;
Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.
You see the desp'rate state of our affairs;
And heav'n's protecting pow'rs are deaf to pray'rs.
The passive Gods behold the *Greeks* defile
Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire
To save a sinking town, involv'd in fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes,
Despair of life, the means of living shows.
So bold a speech encourag'd their desire
Of death, and added fuel to their fire.

As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
Scour thro' the fields, nor fear the stormy night;
Their

NOTES.

* *Homer*, in his second and eleventh *Iliad*, has a comparison of this kind taken from fire; and another in the fourth taken from water. But *Virgil* has cast them into one; and never did fire and water in conjunction better strive for the mastery, than *Homer's* and *Virgil's* similes with each other.

† The sacredness and helplessness of a priest's pro-

NOTES.

fession, the utensils of religion, his Gods, and his little grandson, make up a most affecting image in the midst of war and confusion.

‡ There is a very majestic and solemn air of lamentation in this speech of *Pantheus*; and it's being put into the mouth of the priest of *Phæbus*, adds a dignity and importance to it.

Their whelps at home expect the promis'd food,
 And long to temper their dry chaps in blood:
 So rush'd we forth at once, resolv'd to die,
 Resolv'd in death the last extremes to try.
 We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare
 Th' unequal combat in the public square;
 Night was our friend, our leader was despair.
 What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night?
 What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright!
 An ancient and imperial city falls,
 The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals:
 Houses and holy temples float in blood,
 And hostile nations make a common flood.
 Not only *Trojans* fall, but in their turn,
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn.
 Our's take new courage from despair and night;
 Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
 All parts resound with tumults, complaints, and fears,
 And grisly death in sundry shapes appears.
Androgeos fell among us, with his band,*
 Who thought us *Grecians* newly come to land:
 From whence, said he, my friends, this long delay?
 You loiter while the spoils are borne away:
 Our ships are laden with the *Trojan* store,
 And you, like truants, come too late ashore.
 He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
 Found by the doubtful answers which we make;
 Amaz'd, he would have shun'd th' unequal fight,
 But we more numerous, intercept his flight.
 As when some peasant in a bushy brake,
 Has with unwary footing press'd a snake;†
 He starts aside, astonish'd when he spies,
 His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
 So from our arms, surpriz'd *Androgeos* flies.

In vain; for him and his we compass round,
 Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground,
 And of their lives an easy conquest found.
 Thus fortune on our first endeavour smil'd;
Choræbus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
 Swoln with success, and of a daring mind,
 This new invention fatally design'd.
 My friends, said he, since fortune shews the way,
 'Tis fit we should th' auspicious guide obey.
 For what has she these *Grecians* arms bestow'd,
 But their destruction, and the *Trojans* good?
 Then change we shields, and their devices bear,
 Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
 They find us arms. This said, himself he dress'd
 In dead *Androgeos*' spoils his upper vest,
 His painted buckler and his plumy crest.
 Thus *Rypheus*, *Dymas*, all the *Trojan* train
 Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.
 Mix'd with the *Greeks*, we go with ill presage,
 Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage:
 Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet,
 And strew, with *Grecian* carcases, the street.
 Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,
 Some to the shore and safer ships retreat:
 And some oppress'd with more ignoble fear,
 Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret there.
 But ah! what use of valour can be made,
 When heav'n's propitious pow'rs refuse their aid!
 Behold the royal prophetess, the fair
Cassandra, dragg'd by her dishevell'd hair;‡
 Whom not *Minerva*'s shrine, nor sacred bands,
 In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:
 On heav'n she cast her eyes, she sigh'd, she cry'd,
 ('Twas all she could) her tender arms were ty'd.

So

NOTES.

* In the following lines there is as great a variety of extraordinary incidents, as in any whole book of *Homer's* battles. The error of *Androgeos* in supposing the *Trojans* to be his friends; the latter disguising themselves with the arms of their enemies; their success upon it for some time; the attempts of *Choræbus* to rescue *Cassandra*; the slaughter of the *Trojans* from their friends, occasioned by the mistake of their arms; the discovery of their stratagem by the *Grecians*, and the slaughter consequent upon it; the besieging and taking of the palace; and lastly, the death of *Priam*; all these particulars are illustrated by a great number of beautiful descriptions, similes, and speeches; and the confusion, horror, and distress, heightened to a degree inexpressible.

† This fine simile, remarkable for it's justness and propriety, is copied and imitated from one of *Homer*, in the third book of his *Iliad*. But it may be said

NOTES.

to the praise of *Virgil*, that he has applied it upon an occasion where it has an additional beauty. *Paris*, upon the sight of *Menelaus's* approach, is compared to a traveller who sees a snake shoot out on a sudden towards him; but the surprize and danger of *Androgeos* is more lively, being just in the reach of his enemies before he perceived it: and the circumstance of the serpent rousing his crest, which brightens with anger, finely images the shining of their arms in the night time, as they were just lifted up to destroy him.

‡ This is a beautiful and moving picture of the lovely prophetess in distress. A reader of taste will not be displeased to see her story in the words of *Mr. Thompson*, taken from his noble tragedy of *Agamemnon*, a play written in the true taste of the ancients, and enriched with many excellent imitations and translations from the *Greek* tragedies.

So sad a fight *Choræbus* could not bear,*
 But fir'd with rage, distracted with despair;
 Amid the barb'rous ravishers he flew:
 Our leader's rash example we pursue.
 But storms of stones, from the proud temple's height,
 Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
 We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow,
 Who thought us *Grecians*, as we seem'd in shew.
 They aim at the mistaken crests, from high,
 And our's beneath the pond'rous ruin lie.
 Then, mov'd with anger and disdain, to see,
 Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin free:
 The *Grecians* rally, and their pow'rs unite;
 With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
 The brother-kings with *Ajax* join their force,
 And the whole squadron of *Theffalian* horse.

Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
 Contending for the kingdom of the sky; †
 South, east and west, on airy coursers borne,
 The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
 Then *Nereus* strikes the deep, the billows rise,
 And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies.
 The troops we squander'd first, again appear
 From sev'ral quarters, and inclose the rear.
 They first observe, and to the rest betray
 Our different speech; our borrow'd arms survey.

NOTES.

This *Priam's* fairest daughter,
 Is a young princess of engaging beauty
 Rais'd by distress; of noble sense and spirit,
 But by poetic visions led astray,
 She dreamt *Apollo* lov'd her, and the gift
 Of prophecy bestow'd to gain her promise:
 The gift once her's, the chastly faithless maid
 Deceiv'd the God; who therefore in revenge
 Since he could not recall it, made it useless,
 For ever doom'd to meet with disregard.

Act iv. scene i.

* The only gesture described by *Homer*, as used by the ancients in the invocation of the Gods, is the lifting up their hands to heaven, *Virgil* frequently alludes to this passage; particularly in the second book there is a passage, the beauty of which is much raised by this consideration. There is a fine *Cassandra* in the *Florentine* collection, in this attitude of distress.

† This simile is taken from the ninth *Iliad*; and is very beautiful in both poets: but *Virgil* (as usual) is most particular in the material and shining circumstances.

‡ As this solemn protestation is natural and affecting in itself; so it is much better in the middle of the confusion and distress, than it would have been

Oppress'd with odds, we fall; *Choræbus* first,
 At *Pallas'* altar, by *Peneleus* pierc'd.
 Then *Ripheus* follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
 Just of his word, observant of the right:
 Heav'n thought not so: *Dymas* their fate attends,
 With *Hypanis*, mistaken by their friends.
 Nor *Pantheus*, thee, thy mitre nor thy bands
 Of awful *Phæbus*, sav'd from impious hands.
 Ye *Trojan* flames your testimony bear,
 What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there: ‡
 No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
 Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life.
 Witness, ye heav'ns! I live not by my fault,
 I strove to have deserv'd the death I sought.
 But when I could not fight, and would have dy'd,
 Borne off to distance by the growing tide,
 Old *Iphitus* and I were hurry'd thence,
 With *Pelias* wounded, and without defence.
 New clamours from th' invested palace ring; §
 We run to die, or disengage the king.
 So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose,
 While our's defend, and while the *Greeks* oppose:
 As all the *Dardan* and *Argolic* race
 Had been contracted in that narrow space;
 Or as all *Ilium* else were void of fear,
 And tumult, war, and slaughter only there.

Their

NOTES.

either at the beginning or the end. Because the narrative is agreeably interrupted, and the mind unexpectedly diverted by so sudden an exclamation.

§ Here the fright was such, he says, as if there had been no other over all the city: and the description of it is such, as if there had been no other description in all the book. The changing of the scene from the common streets of the town, to the king's palace, both diversifies, and heightens the image: and the extreme obstinacy of the fight on both sides, the furious attack on the one, and the desperate defence on the other; that noble description of *Pyrrhus*, the violence and rage of his assault, in which one trembles for good old king *Priam*, and the court, at every advance he makes; the breach made in the walls; the distraction of the whole court, especially of the ladies, shrieking, and running from one room to another, hugging and kissing the pillars, &c. the farther widening the breach; the torrent of the enemies rushing in; the royal apartments and bed-chambers crowded with plundering soldiers; the magnificent furniture huddled in heaps, and the whole palace in flames and ruin: all these circumstances concur to give us such a complicated image of horror and confusion, as we can only admire; but can never fully explain.

Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes *
 Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
 Some mount the scaling ladders, some more bold
 Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold:
 Their left hand gripes their bucklers, in th' ascent,
 While with the right they seize the battlement.
 From the demolish'd tow'rs the *Trojans* throw
 Huge heaps of stones, that falling crush the foe:
 And heavy beams and rafters from the sides,
 (Such arms their last necessity provides:)
 And gilded roofs come tumbling from on high,
 The marks of state and ancient royalty.
 The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
 The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
 Renew'd in courage, with recover'd breath,
 A second time we ran to tempt our death:
 To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
 The weary living, and revenge the dead.
 A postern-door, yet unobserv'd and free, †
 Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
 To the king's closet led, a way well known
 To *Hector's* wife, while *Priam* held the throne:
 Thro' which she brought *Astyanax*, unseen,
 To cheer his grandfire, and his grandfire's queen.
 Thro' this we pass, and mount the tow'r, from
 whence
 With unavailing arms the *Trojans* make defence.
 From this the trembling king had oft descry'd
 The *Grecian* camp, and saw their navy ride. ‡
 Beams from it's lofty height with swords we hew;
 Then wrenching with our hands, th' assault renew.

NOTES.

* The *testudo*, or tortoise, was properly a figure which the soldiers cast themselves into; so that their targets should close altogether above their heads, and defend them from the missile weapons of the enemy; as if we suppose, the first rank to have stood upright on their feet, and the rest to have stooped lower and lower by degrees, till the last rank kneeled down upon their knees: so that every rank covering with their target, the heads of all in the rank before them they resembled a tortoise's shell, or a sort of pent-house.

† The palace of *Priam* being strongly beleaguer'd and invested, before *Aeneas* can enter to it's relief, he is driven to a necessity of stealing in with his party at a postern, either deserted, or undiscovered: through which they ascend to an old tower, and push the battlements of it down upon the enemy. These are circumstances, of so low a nature in themselves, as not to admit of being embellished, or wrought up to the dignity of heroic poetry. *Virgil* was conscious of this objection; and happily found

No. 2.

And where the rafters on the columns meet,
 We push them headlong with our arms and feet:
 The light'ning flies not swifter than the fall,
 Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
 Down goes the top at once; the *Greeks* beneath
 Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into death.
 Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent;
 We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
 Before the gate stood *Pyrrhus*, threat'ning loud,
 With glitt'ring arms conspicuous in the crowd.
 So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
 Who slept the winter in a thorny brake;
 And casting off his slough, when spring returns,
 Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns;
 Restor'd with pois'nous herbs, his ardent sides
 Reflect the sun, and rais'd on spires he rides;
 High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls along,
 And brandishes by fits his forked tongue.
 Proud *Periphas*, and fierce *Automedon*,
 His father's charioteer, together run
 To force the gate: the *Scyrian* infantry
 Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
 Ent'ring the court, with shouts the skies they rend,
 And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
 Himself among the foremost, deals his blows,
 And with his axe repeated strokes bestows
 On the strong doors: then all their shoulders ply,
 Till from the posts their brazen hinges fly.
 He hews apace, the double bars at length
 Yield to his axe, and unresisted strength.

A mighty

NOTES.

the means of heightening and enlivening both circumstances by the help of fiction. To elevate the affair of the blind postern, he feigns, that through this gate and passage, in the times of her prosperity, *Andromache* was used to lead her young *Astyanax* to visit his old grandfire *Priam*; by this image, noble and elevated in itself, and full of tenderness, the lowness of the circumstance, with regard to the postern, is avoided and lost. To elevate the affair of the old mouldering tower being pushed down, which conveys but a mean idea, he as happily feigns, that from thence they could take a prospect of all *Troy*, discover the camp and motions of the enemy, and survey the extent of their whole fleet. This again is giving the old turret a significance which makes it's demolition to be considered with regret and pity; and quite turns off every thought of ridicule, arising from the manner of it's tumbling.

‡ This landscape which lay in prospect from the tower, diversifies the scenes of fire and carnage he is describing.

K

A mighty breach is made, the rooms conceal'd
 Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd.
 The halls of audience and of public state,
 And where the lonely queen in secret sat.
 Arm'd foldiers now by trembling maids are seen,
 With not a door, and scarce a space between.*
 The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
 And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies.
 The fearful matrons run from place to place,
 And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace.
 The fatal work inhuman *Pyrrhus* plies,†
 And all his father sparkles in his eyes.
 Nor bars nor fighting guards his force sustain;
 The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
 In rush the *Greeks*, and all th' apartments fill;
 Those few defendants whom they find they kill.
 Not with so fierce a rage, the foaming flood
 Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood;
 Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
 And sweeps the cattle and the cots away.
 These eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
 The brother-kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,
 The hundred wives, and where old *Priam* stood,
 To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
 The fifty nuptial beds: (such hopes had he
 So large a promise of a progeny.)

NOTES.

* The women in *Greece*, and all over the east (as the custom holds to this day) had their apartments quite distinct from those of men, in the inner and most retired part of the house. For their chambers to be broken open and violated was the most dreadful of all calamities.

† The character of this son of *Achilles* is all along supported with great spirit. There is a fine passage in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, which from the relation it bears to this second book of the *Æneid*, we shall quote at length. *Achilles* inquires of *Ulysses* the behaviour of his son, since he himself died: and *Ulysses*, to give him the highest idea of *Pyrrhus's* courage, answers him in the following lines:

When *Ilion* in the horse receiv'd her doom,
 And unseen armies ambush'd in it's womb,
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
 'Twas mine on *Troy* to pour th' imprison'd war:

Then when the boldest bosom beat for fear,
 When the stern eyes of heroes drop'd a tear:
 Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
 Flush'd in his cheek, or fally'd in his blood;
 Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
 Pants for the battle, and the war demands;

The posts of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
 Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
 Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
 The *Grecians* enter, and possess the place.
 Perhaps you may of *Priam's* fate inquire: ‡
 He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
 His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,
 On every side inevitable woes;
 In arms disus'd, invests his limbs decay'd
 Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
 His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain;
 Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain;
 Despairing of success; ambitious to be slain! }
 Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view
 An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew;
 Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
 The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
 Here *Hecuba*, with all her helpless train
 Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
 Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,
 Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
 The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
 And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
 What rage, she cry'd, has seiz'd my husband's
 mind,
 What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
 These

NOTES.

His voice breath'd death; and with a martial air,
 He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glitt'ring spear.
 ‡ Yes doubtless, every body must: and here is such an answer to the question, as nobody but *Virgil* could have given us. To use the words of *Ventidius*, *Was ever fight so moving?* The awful character of a great and good king; his hoary age, which increases both our reverence for his person, and our pity for his misfortunes; his vain attempt to die with glory, by putting on armour, when he was scarce able to stand under the weight of it; the gentle dissuasive of his queen, and her receiving him to herself and daughters, for whom he was fit company, being as helpless as themselves; the murder of his son before his face; that most pathetic speech extorted from him by grief, anger, and despair; and his feeble effort to wound, as well as provoke his insulting enemy; the hot, rapid, and insolent youth of *Pyrrhus*, opposed to the venerable, pious, and trembling age of *Priam*; the inhuman butchering of the latter by the former, before the altar, in the presence of his queen and daughters, and in the blood of his son;—are all circumstances, which cannot well fail of drawing tears not only from the softness of a woman, but from the bravery and generosity of a hero.

These times want other aids: were *Hector* here,
 Ev'n *Hector* now in vain, like *Priam* would appear.
 With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
 Or in one common fate with us be join'd.
 She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
 The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
 Behold *Polites*, one of *Priam*'s sons,
 Pursu'd by *Pyrrhus*, there for safety runs.
 Thro' swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt he flies
 Thro' empty courts and open galleries:
 Him *Pyrrhus*, urging with his lance, pursues;
 And often reaches, and his thrusts renews:
 The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries
 Expires, before his wretched parents' eyes.
 Whom, gasping at his feet, when *Priam* saw,
 The fear of death gave place to nature's law:
 And shaking more with anger than with age,
 The Gods, said he, requite thy brutal rage;
 As sure they will, *Barbarian*, sure they must,
 If there be Gods in heav'n, and Gods be just:
 Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
 With a son's death t' infect a father's light.
 Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
 To call thee his: not he, thy vaunted fire,
 Thus us'd my wretched age: the Gods he fear'd,*
 The laws of nature and of nations heard.
 He cheer'd my sorrows, and for sums of gold
 The bloodless carcase of my *Hector* fold;

NOTES.

* *Achilles* in the twenty-fourth book of the *Iliad*, receives old *Priam* with tenderness and compassion, and restores to him the body of his son *Hector*.—This interview between *Priam* and *Achilles* would furnish an admirable subject for a painter, in the surprize of *Achilles* and the other spectators, and the attitude of *Priam*, and the sorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king. That circumstance of *Priam*'s kissing the hands of *Achilles* is inimitably fine; "he kiss'd, (says *Homer*) the hands of *Achilles*, those terrible, murderous hands, that had robbed him of so many sons." By these two words the poet recalls to our minds, all the noble actions performed by *Achilles* in the whole *Iliad*; and at the same time strikes us with the utmost compassion for this unhappy king, who is reduced so low as to be obliged to kiss those hands that had slain his subjects, and ruined his kingdom and family.

† *Virgil* was too judicious (says *Mr. Pope*) to imitate *Homer* in some of his cruel and inhuman speeches, made over the dying and the dead; and is much more reserved in his sarcasms and insults. There are not above four or five in the whole *Æneid*. That of *Pyrrhus* to *Priam* in the second book, tho'

Pity'd the woes a parent underwent,
 And sent me back in safety from his tent.

This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
 Which flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew;
 Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
 And faintly tinkl'd on the brazen shield.

Then *Pyrrhus* thus: Go thou from me to fate;
 And to my father my foul deeds relate.†
 Now die; with that he dragg'd the trembling
 fire,

Slid' ring thro' clotted blood, and holy mire,
 (The mingled paste his murder'd son had made,)

Haul'd from beneath the violated shade;
 And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.

His right hand held his bloody faulchion bare,
 His left he twist'd in his hoary hair:

Then, with a speedy thrust, his heart he found:

The lukewarm blood came rushing thro' the
 wound,

And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.

Thus *Priam* fell, and shar'd one common fate

With *Troy* in ashes, and his ruin'd state:

He, who the sceptre of all *Asia* sway'd,

Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd,

On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,

A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.

Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood ‡
 Congeal with fear; my hair with horror stood;

My

NOTES.

barbarous in itself, may be accounted for, as intended to raise a character of horror, and render the action of *Pyrrhus* odious; whereas *Homer* stains his most favourite characters with these barbarities. That of *Ascanius* over *Numanus* in the ninth, was a fair opportunity where *Virgil* might have indulged the humour of a cruel raillery, and have been excused by the youth and gaiety of the speaker; yet it is no more than a very modest answer to the insolencies with which he had just been provoked by his enemy, only retorting two of his own words upon him. He never suffers his *Æneas* to fall into this practice, but while he is on fire with indignation after the death of his friend *Pallas*.

‡ In the heat and hurry of the war, he was all fire and fury: but now after the utter ruin of his country, and particularly the death of the king, he is seized with horror, and thinks it no impeachment of his courage that he is so, since this is the first time he is so seized: and, supposing him to have the sentiments of a man, nothing but horror can now be the object of his thoughts. Then the transition from the distress of his country in general to that of himself and his family in particular, is no less remarkable.

My father's image fill'd my pious mind ;*
 Left equal years might equal fortune find.
 Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
 And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
 I look'd about, but found myself alone,
 Deserted at my need, my friends were gone.
 Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
 Leap'd headlong from the heights, the flames consum'd the rest.

Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
 The graceless *Helen* in the porch I spy'd
 Of *Vesta's* temple ; there she lurk'd alone ;
 Muffled she sat, and what she could, unknown ;
 But by the flames that cast their blaze around,
 That common bane of *Greece* and *Troy*, I found.
 For *Ilium* burnt, she dreads the *Trojan's* sword ;
 More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord,
 Ev'n by those Gods who refug'd her, abhorr'd. }
 Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
 Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.
 Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
 And leave in flames unhappy *Troy* behind ?
 Shall she, her kingdom and her friends review,
 In state attended with a captive crew ;
 While unreveng'd, the good old *Priam* falls,
 And *Grecian* fires consume the *Trojan* walls ?
 For this the *Phrygian* fields and *Xanthian* flood
 Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood.

'Tis true, a soldier can small honour gain,
 And boast no conquest from a woman slain ;
 Yet shall the fact not pass without applause,
 Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.

NOTES.

markable. His care was for his religion in the first place, for his king and country in the second, and for his family in the third. It is hard to say, whether the piety, and true rational courage of the hero, or the art of the poet, be more considerable.

* This circumstance of his being put in mind of his father and family, by seeing the lamentable death of old *Priam*, is very natural and moving. The distress is now worked up to the height. *Aeneas* is left alone amid all the dangers that surrounded him.

† With what pomp and majesty has the poet introduced this piece of machinery ! at the same time, how great is his art and judgment in bringing in *Venus* to make *Aeneas* desist from any farther attempts in endeavouring to save the city ! nothing but the appearance of this goddess, who plainly shews him the

The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,
 And murmur'ing manes of my friends appease.
 Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasant light
 Spread o'er the place, and shining heav'nly bright, }
 My mother stood reveal'd before my sight. †
 Never so radiant did her eyes appear,
 Nor her own star confess'd a light so clear.
 Great in her charms, as when on Gods above
 She looks, and breathes herself into their love.
 She held my hand the destin'd blow to break ;
 Then from her rosy lips began to speak.
 My son, from whence this madness, this neglect
 Of my commands, and those whom I protect ?
 Why this unmanly rage ? Recal to mind
 Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
 Look if your hapless father yet survive,
 Or if *Ascanius* or *Creusa* live.
 Around your house the greedy *Grecians* err ;
 And these had perish'd in the nightly war, }
 But for my presence and protecting care.
 Not *Helen's* face, nor *Paris* was in fault :
 But by the Gods was this destruction brought.
 Now cast your eyes around ; while I dissolve
 The mists and films that mortal eyes involve ;
 Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
 The shape of each avenging deity. ‡
 Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil ;
 Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
 Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies,
 Stones rent from stones, where clouds of dust arise,
 Amid that smother, *Neptune* holds his place, §
 Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,
 And heaves the building from the solid base. }

Look

NOTES.

deities that are engaged in destroying *Troy*, could make *Aeneas* forsake the fight.

‡ This passage is an instance of the sublime style. For the perfection of poetical sublimity both in diction and sentiment, there is perhaps nothing equal to them in the heathen world. What ideas can be more amazingly grand and awful, than that of a mortal having his eyes opened by a divine power, to see the Gods in all the ensigns of terror and majesty, even then actually employed in the destruction of his country !

§ This imagery is prodigiously sublime ; the thought of *Venus's* clearing his eye, and shewing him the Gods at work in destroying the city, is nobly conceived. We apprehend this to be one of the sublimest passages in *Virgil's* writings, and indeed it is comparable to any thing in *Homer*, the greatest commendation that can be given it.

Look where, in arms, imperial *Juno* stands,
Full in the *Seæan* gate, with loud commands ;
Urging on shore the tardy *Grecian* bands.*
See *Pallas*, of her snaky buckler proud,
Bestrides the tow'r, refulgent thro' the cloud :
See *Jove* new courage to the foe supplies,
And arms against the town the partial deities.
Haste hence, my son, this fruitless labour end ;
Haste where your trembling spouse and fire attend ;
Haste, and a mother's care your passage shall be-
friend.

She said ; and swiftly vanish'd from my sight,
Obscure in clouds, and gloomy shades of night.
I look'd, I listen'd, dreadful sounds I hear,
And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
Troy sunk in flames I saw, nor could prevent ;
And *Ilium* from it's old foundation rent ;
Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds,†
And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds ;

NOTES.

* In the ancient gems and marbles the *Juno Matrona* is always represented in a modest and decent dress ; as the *Juno Regina*, and the *Juno Moneta*, are always in a fine and more magnificent one : yet when one has formed an idea of *Juno*, either from the simplicity of the one, or the magnificence of the others, one is still at a loss what to make of *Virgil's* account of her arms and military chariot in the first *Æneid*, or of that angry and warlike figure he has given of her in this passage. At first considering these warlike descriptions of *Juno* in *Virgil*, we saw they did not agree with the most established characters of that goddess among the *Romans* : we therefore thought, for some time, that *Virgil* took a good deal of liberty in cases of this nature, and that these were to be reckoned among his negligences. But on a more careful review, we found the fault was in ourselves ; and that *Virgil* in both those places intended to speak of *Juno*, not according to the appearances she used to make among the *Romans*, but according to the representations of her in other countries. In the first he certainly speaks of the *Carthaginian Juno* ; and in the second, of the *Juno Argiva* ; or, at least, some particular *Juno* of the *Greeks*. It should, by the rules of propriety, be some *Grecian Juno*, or other ; because she is assisting the *Greeks*, to overturn the empire of the *Asiatics*. One of the most celebrated among the *Grecian Juno's* was the *Juno Argiva*. She was worshipped under that name even in *Italy* ; and *Ovid* has a long description of a procession to her at *Falisci*. *Helenus* had ordered the *Romans*, by *Æneas*, to worship *Juno* most particularly, to get her over to their party.

No. 3.

About the roots the cruel axe resounds,
The stumps are pierc'd with oft repeated wounds.
The war is felt on high, the nodding crown
Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy honours
down.

To their united force it yields, tho' late,
And mourns with mortal groans th' approaching
fate :

The roots no more their upper load sustain ;
But down she falls, and spreads a ruin thro' the
plain.

Descending thence, I 'scape thro' foes and fire ;
Before the Goddesses, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he for whose only sake,
Or most for his, such toils I undertake ;
The good *Anchises*, whom by timely flight,
I purpos'd to secure on *Ida's* height,
Refus'd the journey, resolute to die,
And add his fun'rals to the fate of *Troy* ; ‡

Rather

NOTES.

They did so, and thought that, in time, she came to prefer them to all her most favourite nations.

† This simile is copied from *Homer*, whose great advocate *Macrobius* gives the preference in this instance to *Virgil*.

‡ With what variety has this narration already entertained us ! And yet here is a new scene opened ; which, with what follows in this book alone, would be almost sufficient to furnish out a book of an *Heroic* poem, for any poet, but *Virgil*. The hero is now arrived at his father's house : and as he has now nothing to do, but to provide for the escape of him, and the rest of his family ; one would think there should be no difficulty in that, but from the enemy. But quite otherwise : his father, with the obstinacy of a despairing old man (which is natural, and probable) absolutely refuses to use the means of preserving his life, or to survive the ruin of his country. This occasions a new affliction, as severe as unexpected. Then that speech of *Anchises* expressing so much despondency ; and that of *Æneas* in answer to it, expressing so much filial piety, are as pathetic, as any thing yet mentioned. In this most distressful crisis, a prodigy is with the utmost propriety introduced, and those shining descriptions of the lambent flame upon the head of *Iulus*, the auspicious thunder, and the star shooting along the sky, give a pleasing turn to the whole ; and the conviction of *Anchises* is most agreeably surprising. But then the loss of *Creusa* throws us back again into lamentation and woe : *Æneas* returns into the city, and with him the poet artfully returns to finish the description of the sack and ruin of it, when we

L

thought

Rather than exile and old age sustain.
 Go you, whose blood runs warm in ev'ry vein:
 Had heav'n decreed that I should life enjoy,
 Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy *Troy*.
 'Tis sure enough, if not too much for one,
 Twice to have seen our *Ilium* overthrown.
 Make haste to save the poor remaining crew;
 And give this useless corps a long adieu.
 These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath:
 At least the pining foes will aid my death,
 To take my spoils, and leave my body bare:
 As for my sepulchre let heav'n take care.
 'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife,
 Loath'd by the Gods, have dragg'd a ling'ring life;
 Since ev'ry hour and moment I expire,
 Blasted from heav'n by *Jove's* avenging fire.
 This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die;
 Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
 Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry.
 What, will he still persist, on death resolve,
 And in his ruin all his house involve!
 He still persists his reasons to maintain;
 Our pray'rs, our tears, our loud laments are vain. *

Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
 The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die.
 What hope remains, but what my death must give?
 Can I without so dear a father live?
 You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
 Could such a word from such a parent fall?
 If fortune please, and so the Gods ordain,
 That nothing should of ruin'd *Troy* remain,
 And you conspire with fortune, to be slain;
 The way to death is wide, th' approaches near;
 For soon relentless *Pyrrhus* will appear,

NOTES.

thought he could add no more upon that subject, but had entirely dismissed it. Particularly the circumstances, which the Hero relates of the burning of his own palace, and the *Grecians* guarding the spoils and the captives, are new and engaging. But the apparition of *Creüsa's* ghost, her speech to her husband, and their final parting, fill us with so much terror, pity, and melancholy pleasure, as cannot be expressed.

* The pathetic was never perhaps carried farther than in this moving passage. Old *Anchises*, in the utmost despair, resolving to die on the spot, and thinking it impossible to try to escape, *Creüsa* and *Iulus*, and *Aeneas*, all standing about him, and persuading him to fly, to whose advice he continues inflexible, are most striking circumstances.

† Whoever attentively considers this animated passage, cannot surely think, that either *Aeneas* or *Virgil* wants spirit and fire.

Reeking with *Priam's* blood; the wretch who slew
 The son (inhuman) in the father's view,
 And then the fire himself to the dire altar drew. }

O Goddess mother, give me back to fate;
 Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late.
 Did you for this, unhappy me convey
 Thro' foes and fires, to see my house a prey?
 Shall I, my father, wife, and son behold
 Welt'ring in blood, each others arms infold?
 Haste, gird my sword, tho' spent and overcome; †
 'Tis the last summons to receive your doom.
 I hear thee, fate, and I obey thy call:
 Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall.
 Restore me yet to the unfinish'd fight;
 My death is wanting to conclude the night.
 Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring sword I wield,
 While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield; }
 And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field.
 I went; but sad *Creüsa* stopp'd my way,
 And cross the threshold in my passage lay:
 Embrac'd my knees, and when I would have
 gone,

Shew'd me my feeble fire and tender son.
 If death be your design, at least, said she, †
 Take us along to share your destiny.
 If any farther hopes in arms remain,
 This place, these pledges of your love maintain.
 To whom do you expose your father's life,
 Your son's, and mine, your now forgotten wife!
 While thus she fills the house with clam'rous
 cries,
 Our hearing is diverted by our eyes:
 For while I held my son, in the short space,
 Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace;

Strange

NOTES.

† This short speech of *Creüsa* is very moving, and her holding out the little *Iulus* to his father, is a most tender circumstance. None of the poets have touched this passion of grief like *Virgil*: the generality of other writers, when they attempt to move their readers, offend in this point, that they are too prolix in spinning out their complaints, and think their flood of tears inexhaustible; or else, while they labour to express the greatness of their genius, in the profuseness of their verse, rather raise our admiration at the flowing of their numbers, than excite our pity at the catastrophe of their story. *Virgil* has carefully avoided both these extremes, and dresses his images of sorrow in their native simplicity; and wherever he touches upon the pathetic, he does it with a masterly quickness. The declamatory writers of long speeches in tragedy, uttered by persons in deep distress, should consider a little this practice of our judicious poet.

Strange to relate, from young *Iulus*' head
 A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
 Around his brows, and on his temple fed.*
 Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
 To quench the sacred fire, and shake his hair:
 But old *Anchises*, vers'd in omens, rear'd
 His hands to heav'n, and this request preferr'd.
 If any vows, almighty *Jove*, can bend
 Thy will, if piety can pray'rs command,
 Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd
 to send.

Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear
 A peal of rattling thunder roll in air;
 There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,
 Which on the winged light'ning seem'd to fly;
 From o'er the roof the blaze began to move,
 And trailing vanish'd in th' *Idean* grove.
 It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a guide;
 Then in a streaming stench of sulphur dy'd.

The good old man with suppliant hands implor'd
 The Gods protection, and their star ador'd.
 Now, now, said he, my son, no more delay,
 I yield, I follow where heav'n shews the way.
 Keep (O my country gods) our dwelling-place,
 And guard this relic of the *Trojan* race:
 This tender child, these omens are your own,
 And you can yet restore the ruin'd town.
 At least accomplish what your signs foreshew;
 I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.

He said; the crackling flames appear on high,
 And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
 With *Vulcan*'s rage the rising winds conspire,
 And near our palace rolls the flood of fire.
 Haste, my dear father, 'tis no time to wait,
 And load my shoulders with a willing freight.

NOTES.

* It is probable that *Virgil* borrowed this event from the *Roman* history; for a flame appeared upon the head of *Servius Tullius*, according to the relations of *Pliny* and *Plutarch*, whilst he was yet an infant. It was conjectured by that incident, that he would be a king. *Anchises*, skilled in auguries, judged, by the same prognostic, that a kingdom was promised to his grandson.

† As the not taking the true scope of the *Æneid* has occasioned mistakes to *Virgil*'s disadvantage, concerning the plan and conduct of the poem; so hath it likewise concerning the characters. The piety of *Æneas*, and his high veneration for the Gods, so much offends a celebrated *French* writer, (*Monsieur de St. Evremond*) that he says, "the hero was fitter to found a religion than a monarchy." But he did not know, that the image of a perfect law-

Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care,
 One death, or one deliv'rance we will share.
 My hand shall lead our little son; and you,
 My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.
 Next, you my servants, heed my strict commands:

Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
 To *Ceres* hallow'd once; a cypress nigh,
 Shoots up her venerable head on high,
 By long religion kept: there bend your feet,
 And in divided parties let us meet.
 Our country Gods, the relics, and the bands,
 Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands: †
 In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
 Red as I am with slaughter, new from war:
 Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
 Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.
 Thus, ord'ring all that prudence could provide,
 I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide;
 And yellow spoils; then, on my bending back,
 The welcome load of my dear father take.
 While on my better hand *Ascanius* hung,
 And with unequal paces tript along.
Creüsa kept behind: by choice we stray
 Thro' ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.
 I, who so bold and dauntless just before,
 The *Grecian* darts and shocks of lances bore,
 At ev'ry shadow now am seiz'd with fear, ‡
 Not for myself, but for the charge I bear.
 Till near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
 Secure, and deeming all the danger past;
 A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear;
 My father looking thro' the shades with fear,
 Cry'd out, Haste, haste, my son, the foes are nigh;
 Their swords and shining armour I descry. §

Some

NOTES.

giver is held out to us in *Æneas*; and had he known that, he had perhaps been ignorant, that it was the office of such, to found religions and colleges of priests, as well as states and corporations. The reader is desired to bear this observation in his mind, which will serve to clear up a variety of passages and incidents throughout the poem; and for want of attending to which, *Virgil*'s aim and meaning have been frequently misinterpreted and misunderstood.

‡ This is the fear of a hero, not of a coward: and it is extremely moving.

§ This sudden fear and exclamation of his father puts *Æneas* into a hurry, and agitation, and therefore makes his escape through devious paths very natural; and for the same reason, the losing *Creüsa* very probable.

Some hostile God, for some unknown offence,
 Had sure bereft my mind of better sense:
 For while thro' winding ways I took my flight,
 And sought the shelter of the gloomy night;
 Alas! I lost *Creüsa*: hard to tell*
 If by her fatal destiny she fell,
 Or weary fate, or wander'd with affright;
 But she was lost for ever to my sight.
 I knew not or reflected, till I meet
 My friends, at *Ceres*' now deserted seat:
 We met: not one was wanting, only she
 Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.
 What mad expressions did my tongue refuse!
 Whom did I not of Gods or men accuse!
 This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
 Than all I felt from ruin'd *Troy* before.
 Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
 Abandoning my now forgotten care,
 Of council, comfort, and of hope bereft,
 My fire, my son, my country Gods I left.
 In shining armour once again I sheath
 My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death,
 Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
 And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.
 I tread my former tracks; thro' night explore
 Each passage, ev'ry street I cross'd before.
 All things were full of horror and affright,
 And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.

NOTES.

* The address of *Virgil* in the contrivance of this incident is admirable. For had not *Aeneas* been supposed to traverse back through the ruins of *Troy* in quest of his wife, we must necessarily have lost the narrative of many things, that happened in that dreadful night, which he neither could have seen, nor had any knowledge of; as the pillaging of the palaces and temples, the number of *Trojans* that were made captives, and the very burning of his own house. Some have imputed it as a fault to *Aeneas*, that he took no more care of his wife: but *Aeneas* charges himself with the care of his old father, and infant son, as the most weak and helpless persons; and he cautions his wife to follow him, so as neither to be at his heels, nor yet to quit sight of him; that their flight may be the more easily disguised, and that he might the more easily succour her upon occasion: she is lost, because he could not foresee the misfortune, nor look behind him, incumbered as he was with his father on his shoulders. *Virgil* has taken care to prevent the objection, by that great judgment, which he shews upon every emergency. It cannot be inferred, that *Aeneas* preferred his father to his wife, through a want of affection to her: that

Then, to my father's house I make repair,
 With some small glimpse of hope to find her there:
 Instead of her the cruel *Greeks* I met;
 The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.
 Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
 Thro' air transported, to the roofs aspire.
 From thence to *Priam*'s palace I resort,
 And search the citadel and desert court.
 Then, unobserv'd, I pass'd by *Juno*'s church;
 A guard of *Grecians* had possess'd the porch:
 There *Phænix* and *Ulysses* watch the prey,
 And thither all the wealth of *Troy* convey,
 The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought;
 And golden bowls from burning altars caught.
 The tables of the Gods, the purple vests,
 The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests.
 A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
 And captive matrons in long order stands.
 Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
 Thro' all the silent streets, *Creüsa*'s name. †
Creüsa still I call; at length she hears,
 And sudden, thro' the shades of night, appears:
 Appears, no more *Creüsa*, nor my wife,
 But a pale spectre, larger than the life. ‡
 Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,
 I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair:
 Then thus the ghost began to sooth my grief:
 Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief;

Desist,

is answered by the great care which he takes to recover her; and the great dangers, which he runs through, to that end. It is, besides, a fine stroke of art in the poet, to make her say, that her loss, or death, is not without the appointment of the Gods. It was destined to *Aeneas*, to go to *Italy*, and there to marry *Lavinia*; (for by this alliance the *Romans* were to descend from the *Trojans*;) and therefore if *Creüsa* had not been properly disposed of, she must of consequence have been a bar to that match.

† The grief and distress with which *Aeneas* says he was overwhelmed, at the loss of his wife, his care and diligence in searching for her, and his venturing back again, alone and unassisted, into the thickest of the enemy, to find her; were all a plain indication of his great tenderness, sensibility, and conjugal affection; and as such, must needs make a very deep impression on *Dido*'s heart.

‡ This machine of *Creüsa*'s ghost is judiciously introduced. No other expedient could be found to stop the further search of *Aeneas* for his wife, and let him return again to rejoin his friends in their expedition.

Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t'indulge your pain;
 You bear no more than what the Gods ordain.
 My fates permit me not from hence to fly,
 Nor he, the great comptroller of the sky.
 Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decree;
 On land hard labours, and a length of sea.
 Then, after many painful years are past,
 On *Latium's* happy shore you shall be cast;
 Where gentle *Tiber* from his bed beholds
 The flow'ry meadows and the feeding folds.
 There end your toils, and there your fates provide
 A quiet kingdom and a royal bride: *
 There fortune shall the *Trojan* line restore;
 And you for lost *Creüsa* weep no more.
 Fear not that I shall watch with servile shame, †
 Th' imperious looks of some proud *Grecian*
 dame;
 Or stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace
 My Goddess-mother, or my royal race.
 And now, farewell: the parent of the Gods
 Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes:

NOTES.

* *Æneas* relating this prophecy of his wife to *Dido*, thereby informs her, that he was reserved by destiny for the bed of *Lavinia*: and so inforces the reasons of his obligations to quit *Carthage*. *Dido* therefore betrays herself by an indiscreet passion, and is not betrayed by any perfidy of *Æneas*.

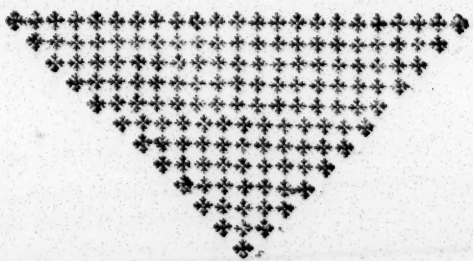
† Slavery was deemed the greatest of miseries by the ancients. *Andromache*, to persuade *Hector* from going to the field of battle in the *Iliad*, tells him that, if he should be slain, she should be made a captive by the *Grecians*; as the most powerful motive she could think of to detain him in the city.

I trust our common issue to your care.
 She said: and gliding pass'd unseen in air.
 I strove to speak, but horror ty'd my tongue,
 And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,
 And thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.
 Light as an empty dream at break of day,
 Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away.

Thus, having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,
 I, to my longing friends, return again.
 Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
 Of men, and matrons mix'd, of young and old:
 A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
 With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught. ‡
 Resolv'd, and willing under my command,
 To run all hazards both of sea and land.
 The morn began, from *Ida*, to display
 Her rosy cheeks, and *Phosphor* led the day:
 Before the gates the *Grecians* took their post,
 And all pretence of late relief was lost.
 I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,
 And loaded, up the hill convey my fire.

NOTES.

‡ It was necessary that *Æneas* should have a considerable force to attend him, besides his own family: and to tell this in general, to slide it in by the bye, without a particular account how they came thither, which would have been needless, and tedious, is another instance of *Virgil's* elegant and judicious brevity. The poet by this circumstance signifies how greatly *Æneas* was beloved by the *Trojans*, and the weight and importance of his character.



The THIRD BOOK of the ÆNEID.*

A R G U M E N T.

Æneas preceeds in his relation; he gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the Gods had appointed for his habitation? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete; his household Gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy: he is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands in Sicily; where his father Anchises dies. This is the place he was sailing from, when the tempest rose and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

WHEN heav'n had overturn'd the Trojan state,
And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate:
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians prey,
And Ilium's lofty tow'rs in ashes lay:

Warn'd by celestial omens; we retreat,
To seek in foreign isles a happier seat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
The timber of the sacred groves we cut,

And

NOTES.

* This book is thought to be the fullest of matter of any in the whole *Æneid*, and that it contains almost the whole *Odyssey*. What *Æneas* here relates, contains the space of seven years: whereas (except the fourth book, which describes all that passed after *Æneas* arrived at *Carthage* till he left that city) each of all the other books contains but a few days. This book is very learned for it's geography, and for the description of the manners of the people, in which *Virgil* shews great knowledge and exactness. Those different nations where he makes his hero land, the adventure of the *Harpies*, which is an allegory of bad women, or as some say, of the remorse of conscience succeeding bad actions; the adventure of the *Cyclops*, which is an image of men whom cruelty, gluttony, and drunkenness, have brutalized; all these serve excellently to teach us how a wise man ought to conduct himself in the dangers and perils to which human life is exposed. This great abundance of matter is adorned and set off with great eloquence, and there are as many fine passages as in any other book. It is one of those, and we believe the very one of the whole *Æneid*, which is least read

NOTES.

and admired. This neglect, we believe, is as much owing to the disadvantage of it's situation as to any other reason; for the second book, which immediately precedes it, containing the destruction and burning of *Troy*, presents so great an object to the reader, that he disdains the third: and the fourth is so charming and interesting by the tenderness and passion which it contains, that one has naturally an impatience to read it. Thus, as it is enough to know, that after the taking of *Troy*, *Æneas* arrived at *Carthage*; this third book is often passed over intirely, or if the reader runs over it's argument and contents cursorily, yet he disdains to study it so attentively as the others; nevertheless, it is in this book, (next to the sixth) that there is more to be learnt than in the whole *Æneid*, as well from this ancient chart, which is very exact, as from the different pictures of civil life, and from those fine monuments of the ancient religious customs, which are not to be found elsewhere. Thus, what appears to be admirable in this great work, is, that every thing in it is beautiful, but nothing alike.

And build our fleet: uncertain yet to find *
 What place the Gods for our repose assign'd.
 Friends daily flock, and scarce the kindly spring
 Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing,
 When old *Anchises* summon'd all to sea;
 The crew my father and the fates obey.
 With sighs and tears I leave my native shore,
 And empty fields, where *Ilium* stood before.
 My fire, my son, our less and greater Gods,
 All fail at once; and cleave the briny floods.

Against our coast appears a spacious land,
 Which once the fierce *Lycurgus* did command:
Thracia the name; the people bold in war;
 Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care.
 A hospitable realm, while fate was kind;
 With *Troy* in friendship and religion join'd.
 I land, with luckless omens; then adore
 Their Gods, and draw a line along the shore:
 I lay the deep foundations of a wall:
 And *Enos*, nam'd from me, the city call.
 To *Dionæan Venus* vows are paid,
 And all the pow'rs that rising labours aid;
 A bull on *Jove's* imperial altar laid.
 Not far, a rising hillock stood in view;
 Sharp myrtles on the sides and cornels grew.

NOTES.

* Notwithstanding it was in a retired and private place that they built their fleet, and under the covert of woods and mountains; the *Grecians* must have been supposed to have discovered them, had not the decrees of fate, and a peculiar providence protected them.

† The circumstance of *Æneas* tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood, is thought by Mr. *Addison* to have the marvellous without the probable, without the interposition of any God, or rather supernatural power, capable of producing it. But this objection is obviated when we consider, that these kinds of omens were always supposed to be produced by the intervention of a supernatural power; as was the raining of blood so frequently related by the *Roman* annalists. And the poet was certainly within the bounds of the probable, while he told no more than what the gravest historians recorded in every page of their annals. But this was not done to make us stare. He is, as we observed, in a legislative capacity, and writes to possess the people of the interposition of the Gods, in omens and prodigies; which was in the method of the old law-givers. So *Plutarch* tells us, that with divinations and omens, *Lycurgus* sanctified the *Lacedæmonians*, *Numa* the *Romans*, *Ion* the *Athenians*, and *Deucalion* all the *Greeks* in general; and by hopes and fears kept up

There, while I went to crop the silvan scenes,
 And shade our altar with their leafy greens,
 I pull'd a plant; (with horror I relate
 A prodigy so strange, and full of fate)
 The rooted fibres rose; and from the wound
 Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.†
 Mute and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood;
 Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood.
 Man'd once again, another plant I try,
 That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.
 Then, fearing guilt, for some offence unknown,
 With pray'rs and vows the *Dryads* I atone;
 With all the sisters of the woods, and most
 The God of arms, who rules the *Thracian* coast:
 That they, or he, these omens would avert,
 Release our fears, and better signs impart.
 Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length
 To learn the cause, I tugg'd with all my strength:
 I bent my knees against the ground; once more
 The violated myrtle ran with gore.
 Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb
 Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
 A groan, as of a troubled ghost, renew'd ‡
 My fright, and then these dreadful words ensu'd.

Why

NOTES.

in them the awe and reverence of religion. The scene of this adventure is laid, with the utmost propriety, on the uncivilized inhospitable shores of *Thrace*, to inspire horror for barbarous manners, and an inclination and appetite for civil policy. This marvellous story was particularly pleasing to the wild imaginations of the *Italian* poets: *Tasso* has closely imitated it, book xiii stanza 41, &c. And *Ariosto*, in the transformation of *Astolfo*; from whom their disciple *Spenser* had copied it, canto ii. stanza 30. of the fairy queen.

‡ The only way to judge truly of the ancients, in points that are purely ancient, is to imagine ourselves in their places, with the same sort of ideas they had, and the same circumstances of things about us. As we can very seldom do this, we are very often mistaken about them. They stocked every thing with divinities and intelligencies: there was not a river, a grot, or a grove without them. These were not poetical ornaments, but the real objects of the common people, and the professed religion of the great. When they believed every grove, and every turf of trees, to have some particular divinities belonging to it; it was but one step further to entertain the notion of intelligences vitally annexed to a tree, which was their received notion of the *Hamadryades*. These stories of *Daphne*, *Phaeton's* sisters,

Why dost thou thus my bury'd body rend?
 O spare the corps of thy unhappy friend!
 Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:
 The tears distil not from the wounded wood;
 But ev'ry drop this living tree contains
 Is kindred blood, and ran in *Trojan* veins:
 O fly from this unospitable shore,
 Warn'd by my fate; for I am *Polydore*!
 Here loads of lances, in my blood embu'd,
 Again shoot upwards, by my blood renew'd.
 My falt'ring tongue and thiv'ring limbs declare
 My horror, and in bristles rose my hair.
 When *Troy* with *Grecian* arms was closely pent,
 Old *Priam* fearful of the war's event,
 'This hapless *Polydore* to *Thracia* sent.
 Loaded with gold, he sent his darling far
 From noise and tumults, and destructive war:
 Committed to the faithless tyrant's care:
 Who, when he saw the pow'r of *Troy* decline,
 Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join.
 Broke ev'ry bond of nature, and of truth;
 And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
 O sacred hunger of pernicious gold,*
 What bands of faith can impious lucre hold!
 Now when my soul had shaken off her fears,
 I call my father, and the *Trojan* peers:
 Relate the prodigies of heav'n, require
 What he commands, and their advice desire.
 All vote to leave that execrable shore,
 Polluted with the blood of *Polydore*.

NOTES.

ters, &c. were known stories too, and tolerably well believed by the most believing part of mankind, the vulgar. There is even an ambassador in *Livy*, that treats a consecrated tree in general, as an intelligent being, and as a deity.

* This sententious acclamation is very judiciously placed by the poet. *Virgil* is indeed admirable in the art and propriety of introducing what the critics call sentences, or moral reflections on life and manners: they should be but sparingly introduced in an epic poem; and require great delicacy and judgment, in the management of them. The absurdities of *Lucan* in his *Pharsalia*, and of *Seneca* in his tragedies, are innumerable in this particular; they are perpetually declaiming; and drag in philosophical reflections, without any propriety, decorum, or regard to the character of the person speaking. *Hecuba*, overwhelmed with various misfortunes, utters a great many grave and calm sentences, and fine moral reflections on the instability of all human grandeur and honours, whom the poet had just before represented as utterly distracted

But ere we fail, his fun'ral rites prepare;
 Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.
 In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round;
 With baleful cypresses and blue fillets crown'd,
 With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.
 Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
 And thrice invoke the soul of *Polydore*.

Now when the raging storms no longer reign,
 But southern gales invite us to the main;
 We launch our vessels, with a prosperous wind,
 And leave the cities and the shores behind.

An island in th' *Ægean* main appears;
Neptune and wat'ry *Doris* claim it their's.
 It floated once, till *Phæbus* fix'd the fides
 Of rooted earth, and now it braves the tides.
 Here borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,
 With needful ease our weary limbs restore,
 And the sun's temple, and his town adore.

Anius the priest and king, with laurel crown'd,
 His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
 Who saw my fire the *Delian* shore ascend,
 Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend;
 Invites him to his palace; and in sign
 Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.
 Then to the temple of the God I went,
 And thus before the shrine my vows present.
 Give, O *Thymbraeus*, give a resting place†
 To the sad relics of the *Trojan* race:
 A seat secure, a region of their own;
 A lasting empire, and a happier town.

Where

NOTES.

with grief, and as having almost lost her reason and understanding. The best remedy to cure these indecencies and improprieties is, to imagine we hear the true persons talking naturally together; and to suppose ourselves in their place, and see what we ourselves would say on such and such an occasion. By this means a man will learn to use sentences seldom, and to retrench those that being not necessary to raise the idea of what he would represent, are only dressed up for a show. He will likewise learn to strip a great many thoughts of that pompous air, which forms a general precept out of a trifle. And he will say upon these occasions; I command you to speak; do you obey: and not, like *Seneca*, he that does not speak when commanded, does not do as we commanded him. Some modern writers that may be named might profit if they considered this remark, especially the generality of our tragedy writers.

† The poet makes here no mention of sacrifices or immolations. The reason is, because they never killed any animals on the altars of *Delos*. *Pythagoras*, who held the *Metempsychosis*, made his vows only, says,

Where shall we fix, where shall our labours end,
Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?
Let not my pray'rs a doubtful answer find,
But in clear auguries unveil thy mind.
Scarce had I said, he shook the holy ground,
The laurels, and the lofty hills around;
And from the *Tripes* rull'd a bellowing sound. }
Prostrate we fell, confess'd the present God,
Who gave this answer from his dark abode:
Undaunted youths, go seek that mother earth
From which your ancestors derive their birth,
The soil that sent you forth, her ancient race,
In her old bosom, shall again embrace.
Through the wide world th' *Ænean* house shall reign,
And children's children shall the crown sustain.
Thus *Phæbus* did our future fates disclose:
A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.

All are concern'd to know what place the God
Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode.
My father, long revolving in his mind
The race and lineage of the *Trojan* kind,
Thus answer'd their demands: Ye princes, hear
Your pleasing fortune, and dispel your fear.
The fruitful isle of *Crete*, well known to fame,
Sacred of old to *Jove's* imperial name,
In the mid ocean lies with large command;
And on it's plains a hundred cities stand.
Another *Ida* rises there, and we
From thence derive our *Trojan* ancestry.
From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,
To the *Rhætean* shores old *Teucer* came.
There fix'd, and there the feat of empire chose,
Ere *Ilium* and the *Trojan* tow'rs arose.
In humble vales they built their soft abodes:
Till *Cybele*, the mother of the Gods, }
With tinkling cymbals charm'd th' *Idean* woods.
She secret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the savage lions brought.
Let us the land, which Heav'n appoints, explore:
Appease the winds, and seek the *Gnæssian* shore.
If *Jove* assist the passage of our fleet,
The third propitious dawn discovers *Crete*.
Thus having said, the sacrifices laid
On smoking altars, to the Gods he paid.
A bull, to *Neptune* an oblation due,
Another bull to bright *Apello* slew:
A milk-white ewe the western winds to please;
And one coal black to calm the stormy seas.

NOTES.

says *Tully*, at the altars of *Delos*, as these were never stained with blood.

* The progress of this contagion is marked out No. 3.

Ere this, a flying rumour had been spread,
That fierce *Idomeneus* from *Crete* was fled,
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coast was free
From foreign or domestic enemy:
We leave the *Delian* ports, and put to sea.
By *Naxos*, fam'd for vintage, make our way:
Then green *Donyssa* pass; and sail in sight
Of *Paros* isle, with marble quarries white.
We pass the scatter'd isles of *Cyclades*,
That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the seas.
The shouts of sailors double near the shores:
They stretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.
All hands aloft, for *Crete*, for *Crete* they cry,
And swiftly through the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promis'd land at length we bore,
With joy descending on the *Cretan* shore.
With eager haste a rising town I frame,
Which from the *Trojan Pergamus* I name:
The name itself was grateful; I exhort
To found their houses, and erect a fort.
Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow strand.
The youth begin to till the labour'd land.
And I myself new marriages promote,
Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot.
When rising vapours choke the wholesome air,*
And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year:
The trees devouring caterpillars burn:
Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn.
Nor 'scape the beasts: for *Sirius* from on high }
With pestilential heat infects the sky;
My men, some fall, the rest in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me seek the shore
Of sacred *Delos*, and the God implore:
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary course direct.
'Twas night, when ev'ry creature, void of cares,
The common gift of balmy slumber shares:
The statues of my Gods, (for such they seem'd)
Those Gods whom I from flaming *Troy* redeem'd;
Before me stood majestically bright,
Full in the beams of *Phæbe's* ent'ring light.
Then thus they spoke, and eas'd my troubled
mind:

What from the *Delian* God thou go'st to find,
He tells thee here; and sends us to relate:
Those pow'rs are we, companions of thy fate,
Who from the burning town by thee were brought;
Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.

Through

NOTES.

according to the best philosophical and physical notions.

N

Through seas and lands, as we thy steps attend,
 So shall our care thy glorious race befriend.
 An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain;
 A town, that o'er the conquer'd world shall reign.
 Thou mighty wall for mighty nations build;
 Nor let the weary mind to labours yield:
 But change thy seat; for 't is the *Delian* God,
 Nor we, have given thee *Crete* for our abode.
 A land there is, *Hesperia* call'd of old,
 The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold.
 Th' *Oenotrians* held it once; by later fame,
 Now call'd *Italia* from the leader's name.
Jasius there, and *Dardanus* were born:
 From thence we came, and thither must return.
 Rise, and thy fire with these glad tidings greet;
 Search *Italy*, for *Jove* denies thee *Crete*.

Altonish'd at their voices, and their sight,
 (Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night;
 I saw, I knew their faces, and descri'd
 In perfect view their hair with fillets ty'd;)
 I started from my couch, and clammy sweat
 On all my limbs and shiv'ring body fat.
 To heav'n I lift my hands with pious haste,
 And sacred incense in the flames I cast.
 Thus to the Gods their perfect honours done,
 More cheerful to my good old fire I run;
 And tell the pleasing news; in little space
 He found his error of the double race.
 Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from *Crete*;
 No more deluded by the doubtful seat.
 Then said, O son, turmoil'd in *Trojan* fate,
 Such things as these *Cassandra* did relate;
 This day revives within my mind what she
 Foretold of *Troy* renew'd in *Italy*,
 And *Latian* lands, but who could then have thought
 That *Phrygian* Gods to *Latium* should be brought;
 Or who believ'd what mad *Cassandra* taught?

NOTES.

* We understand this of those who were dead by the pestilence: for to what purpose any of the living should be left behind, is not to be imagined. Suppose them to have been ever so useless, or insignificant; it would have been barbarous to leave them in a foreign country, without any provision made for them: of which here is no account.

† We have here a description of a second tempest. It is to be observed, that it is entirely different from that in the first book. By describing the same subject with new circumstances, the poet admirably displays the fruitfulness of his invention.

‡ *Phineas* was a king of *Thrace*; or, as some say, of *Arcadia*. He ordered the eyes of his two sons to be torn out, to satisfy their mother-in-law. The

Now let us go, where *Phæbus* leads the way:
 He said, and we with glad consent obey,
 Forsake the seat; and leaving few behind,*
 We spread our sails before the willing wind.
 Now from the sight of land our gallies move,
 With only seas around, and skies above.
 When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain; †
 And night with sable clouds involves the main:
 The rustling winds the foamy billows raise:
 The scatter'd fleet is forc'd to several ways:
 The face of heav'n is ravish'd from our eyes,
 And in redoubled peals the roaring thunder flies.
 Cast from our course, we wander in the dark;
 No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
 Ev'n *Palinurus* no distinction found
 Betwixt the night and day; such darkness reign'd
 around.

Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays
 Without distinction, and three sunless days.
 The fourth renews the light, and from our throwds
 We view the rising land like distant clouds:
 The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight;
 And curling smoke ascending from their height.
 The canvass falls; their oars the sailors ply;
 From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly:
 At length I land upon the *Strophades*,
 Safe from the danger of the stormy seas:
 Those isles are compass'd by th' *Ionian* main;
 The dire abode where the foul harpies reign: ‡
 Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair
 To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.
 Monsters more fierce offended heav'n ne'er sent
 From hell's abyss, for human punishment. §
 With virgin-faces, but with wombs obscene,
 Foul paunces, and with ordure still unclean:
 With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.

We

NOTES.

Gods punished his cruelty; they struck him with blindness, and sent the *Harpies* to him, which took the meat from his mouth. The *Argonauts* arrived in his country, and amongst them *Zetes* and *Calais*, the sons of *Boreas*. These two winged princes delivered *Phineas* from the *Harpies*, who had almost starved him; and pursued them to the *Strophades*, where they gave over the pursuit. *Appollonius* has finely enlarged on this fable in his *Argonautics*, book ii. These *Harpies* were called out of hell, and seemed to have been of the number of the *Furies*, a permission was given them to dwell on earth, to punish the wicked; by which the poets would represent to us the remorse of a bad conscience.

§ The greatest part of the events included in the *Æneid*,

We landed at the port, and soon beheld
 Fat herds of oxen graze the flow'ry field:
 And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd;
 With weapons we the welcome prey invade.
 Then call the Gods for partners of our feast;*
 And *Jove* himself the chief invited guest.
 We spread the tables on the green sward ground:
 We feed with hunger, and the bowls go round:
 When from the mountain tops, with hideous cry,
 And clatt'ring wings, the hungry harpies fly:
 They snatch the meat, defiling all they find;
 And parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.
 Close by a hollow rock again we sit;
 New dress the dinner, and the beds refit;
 Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,
 Where tufted trees a native arbour made.
 Again the holy fires on altars burn:
 And once again the rav'nous birds return:
 Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
 Or from another quarter of the sky.
 With filthy claws their odious meal repeat,
 And mix their loathsome ordures with their meat.
 I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
 And with the hellish nation wage the war.
 They, as commanded, for the fight provide;
 And in the grass their glitt'ring weapons hide:
 Then, when along the crooked shore we hear
 Their clatt'ring wings, and saw the foes appear;
Misenus sounds a charge: we take th' alarm,
 And our strong hands with swords and bucklers
 arm.
 In this new kind of combat all employ
 Their utmost force, the monsters to destroy.
 In vain; the fated skin is proof to wounds:
 And from their plumes the shining sword rebounds.
 At length rebuff'd, they leave their mangl'd prey,
 And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display.

NOTES.

Æneid, are to be found in *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*. He mentions with accuracy the course of the navigation of *Æneas*. He does not omit the fable of the *Harpies*, the predictions uttered by *Celæus*, the eating up of the cakes, &c. As to the metamorphoses of the ships into nymphs, if *Dionysius* does not mention it, *Virgil* himself takes care to justify such an absurdity, by telling us, that it was an ancient tradition. It seems that *Virgil*, ashamed of such a fairy tale, hath a mind to excuse it by the common belief. Many passages in *Virgil* considered in this view, are entirely vindicated against his critics, whose good sense was misled in that particular, by their inattention.

* Many instances there are of this figure in the

Yet one remain'd, the messenger of fate,
 High on a craggy cliff *Celæus* sat,
 And thus her dismal errand did relate:
 What, not contented with our oxen slain,
 Dare you with heav'n an impious war maintain,
 And drive the harpies from their native reign?
 Heed therefore what I say; and keep in mind
 What *Jove* decrees, what *Phæbus* has design'd;
 And I, the harpy's queen, from both relate:
 You seek th' *Italian* shores, foredoom'd by fate:
 Th' *Italian* shores are granted you to find,
 And a safe passage to the port assign'd.
 But know, that ere your promis'd walls you build,
 My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.
 Fierce famine is your lot for this misdeed,
 Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.†
 She said: and to the neighb'ring forest flew:
 Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
 Hopeless to win by war, to pray'rs we fall,
 And on th' offended harpies humbly call.
 And whether Gods, or birds obscene they were,
 Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer.
 But old *Anchises*, oft'ring sacrifice,
 And lifting up to heav'n his hands and eyes;
 Ador'd the greater Gods: Avert, said he,
 These omens, render vain this prophecy:
 And from th' impending curse a pious people free.
 Thus having said, he bids us put to sea;
 We loose from shore our haulsers, and obey:
 And soon with swelling sails pursue our wat'ry
 way.
 Amidst our course *Zacynthian* woods appear;
 And next by rocky *Neritos* we steer:
 We fly from *Ithaca's* detested shore,‡
 And curse the land which dire *Ulysses* bore.
 At length *Leucate's* cloudy top appears;
 And the sun's temple, which the sailor fears.

Resolv'd

NOTES.

ancient writings; and in none more than in the Holy Scriptures.

† This seeming odd passage is taken from history. *Strabo* relates it at large in his twelfth book; as he is quoted by *De la Cerda*. The ingenious and pleasant use which *Virgil* has made of it, by cloathing and diversifying it with fiction, is admirable. It here makes a fine episode. We shall see by and by the completion of this prophecy, which now detains the mind of the reader in suspense.

‡ To express his contempt of the barrenness of *Ithaca*, *Æneas* calls it *Scopulos Ithacæ*, the rocks of *Ithaca*; and adds *Laërtia regna*, as if those fruitless rocks were the boundaries of this kingdom. The terms he makes use of are very properly applied by the

Resolv'd to breathe awhile from labour past,
 Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast;
 And joyful to the little city halle.
 Here safe beyond our hopes, our vows we pay
 To *Jove*, the guide and patron of our way.
 The customs of our country we pursue;
 And *Trojan* games on *Actian* shores renew.
 Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,
 And exercise the wrestlers noble toil.
 Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the wind,
 And left so many *Grecian* towns behind.
 The sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,
 And *Boreas* on the seas display'd his force:
 I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
 The brazen shield which vanquish'd *Abas* bore: *
 The verse beneath my name and action speaks,
 These arms *Aeneas* took from conqu'ring *Greeks*.
 Then I command to weigh; the seamen ply
 Their sweeping oars, the smoking billows fly.
 The fight of high *Phæacia* soon we lost;
 And skim'd along *Epirus*' rocky coast.
 Then to *Chaonia*'s port our course we bend,
 And landed, to *Buthrotus*' heights ascend.
 Here wond'rous things were loudly blaz'd by fame;
 How *Helenus* reviv'd the *Trojan* name;

NOTES.

the poet, to intimate his hero's detestation of so great an enemy to the *Trojans* as *Ulysses*.

* It is difficult to guess who this *Abas* might be. He seems however to have been a *Grecian* slain by *Aeneas* in combat, from whom he took his buckler. *Aeneas* fixed it to the gate of *Apollo*'s temple, with an inscription; and that even in a *Grecian* city. This was to let the *Grecians* understand, that there still remained revengers of *Troy*. We should observe that this inscription, which is only one line, is (after the manner of ancient inscriptions) the most simple and short imaginable.

† This unexpected meeting with *Andromache* has an infinite beauty, and must be very pleasing to the reader: her inexpressible surprize at the sight of the *Trojan* arms is naturally painted.

‡ The account which *Andromache* afterwards gives of her own, and *Helenus*'s adventures, of *Pyrrhus*, *Hermion*, and *Orestes*, all comprised in twelve lines, appeared so considerable to Monsieur *Racine*, that a part of it only has given him the plan of an excellent tragedy; which is very well fitted for our theatre under the title of *The Distressed Mother*. But what scene is there in that, or almost any other tragedy, at once so moving, and surprizing, and therefore so truly tragical, as this wonderful meeting of *Aeneas* and *Andromache*? She is, as it were, a

And reign'd in *Greece*: that *Priam*'s captive son
 Succeeded *Pyrrhus* in his bed and throne.
 And fair *Andromache*, restor'd by fate,
 Once more was happy in a *Trojan* mate.
 I leave my gallies riding in the port,
 And long to see the new *Dardanian* court.
 By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate, †
 Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate.
 Green altars rais'd of turf with gifts she crown'd;
 And sacred priests in order stand around;
 And thrice the name of hapless *Hector* sound. ‡ }
 The grove itself resembles *Ida*'s wood,
 And *Simois* seem'd the well-dissembled flood. §
 But when, at nearer distance, she beheld
 My shining armour, and my *Trojan* shield;
 Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
 Forfeats her limbs, her veins no longer beat:
 She faints, she falls, and scarce recover'ing strength,
 Thus, with a falt'ring tongue, she speaks at length.
 Are you alive, O goddess-born! she said,
 Or if a ghost, then where is *Hector*'s shade?
 At this she cast a loud and frightful cry:
 With broken words I made this brief reply:
 All of me that remains appears in fight;
 I live, if living be to loath the light.

No

NOTES.

foreigner in her own kingdom; and, though a wife, is performing the office of a widow. It is at some distance from the city, in a wood, near a river, where she is paying the funeral ceremonies to the memory of *Hector* her first husband. This is an image of the coolest sadness, and the sudden turn from this to the surprize which follows, is to the last degree affecting; and will be so, as long as human nature, and *Virgil*'s works are in being. For while her soul is in this melancholy situation, she sees a prince of her own country and family, whom she thought long since dead, advancing towards her. Had she even thought he had been living, she could scarce have expected to see him any where; but least of all there: what then is the effect of this strange rencontre? She doubts whether it be he, or his ghost; she faints, she sinks, she dies for a time: at last half recovering, she inquires where *Hector* is. This is nature indeed; this is passion. That man, surely, can have no idea of friendship, nor of human nature itself, who is not sensibly touched with this whole passage; which is one of the most affecting in all the *Aeneid*.

§ *Helenus* and *Andromache* comforted themselves for the loss of *Troy*, in giving to a river of *Epirus*, the name of a *Trojan* river.

No phantom, but I drag a wretched life;
My fear resembling that of *Hector's* wife.
What have you suffer'd since you lost your lord,
By what strange blessings are you now restor'd!
Still are you *Hector's*, or is *Hector* fled,
And his remembrance lost in *Pyrrhus's* bed? *
With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
After a modest pause, she thus begun.

Oh only happy maid of *Priam's* race,
Whom death deliver'd from the foes embrace! †
Commanded on *Achilles* tomb to die,
Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity,
Or in a haughty master's arms to lie.
In *Grecian* ships unhappy we were born:
Endur'd the victor's lust, sustain'd the scorn:
Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
Of *Pyrrhus*, more a handmaid than a bride.
Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
And *Helen's* lovely daughter sought to wed.
Then me to *Trojan Helenus* resign'd;
And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd.
Till young *Orestes*, pierc'd with deep despair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
Before *Apollo's* altar slew the ravisher. ‡
By *Pyrrhus's* death the kingdom we regain'd:
At least one half with *Helenus* remain'd:
Our part, from *Chaon*, he *Chaonia* calls;
And names, from *Pergamus*, his rising walls.
But you, what fates have landed on our coast,
What Gods have sent you, or what storms have tost?

NOTES.

* These words of *Aeneas* would have been a severe reproach, if *Andromache* had been mistress of her own fortune. Her slavery rendered her marriage with *Pyrrhus* excusable; notwithstanding which she is still confus'd, modestly casts her eyes to the ground, and replies with a low voice; not answering his question directly, but breaking out into that passionate exclamation, Oh only happy maid, &c. meaning *Polyxena*, who was sacrificed by the *Grecians* to appease the ghost of *Achilles*.

† *Polyxena*, the daughter of *Priam* and *Hecuba*, was beloved by *Achilles*; who, when he came to marry her in the temple of *Apollo*, was treacherously murdered by *Paris* during the ceremony of the nuptials. After the sacking of *Troy*, *Achilles's* ghost appeared, and demanded that *Polyxena* should be sacrificed to him: she was accordingly slain upon his tomb by *Pyrrhus* the son of *Achilles*. The *Hecuba* of *Euripides* is founded on this subject; and the description of *Polyxena's* manner of dying, related by the herald *Talthybius* in the third act, is very noble.

‡ Upon these lines of *Virgil*, *Racine* has built the
No. 3.

Does young *Ascanius* life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy *Troy*?
O tell me how his mother's loss he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming }
years,
How much of *Hector* in his face appears?
She spoke: and mix'd her speech with mournful }
cries:

And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.
At length her lord descends upon the plain, §
In pomp attended with a num'rous train;
Receives his friends, and to the city leads;
And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
Proceeding on, another *Troy* I see;
Or, in less compass, *Troy's* epitome,
A riv'let by the name of *Xanthus* ran;
And I embrace the *Scæan* gate again. ||
My friends in porticos were entertain'd,
And feasts and pleasures thro' the city reign'd.
The tables fill'd the spacious hall around;
And golden bowls with sparkling wine were crown'd.
Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
Blown from the south, supply'd our swelling sails.
Then to the royal seat I thus began:
O thou who know'st beyond the reach of man
The laws of heav'n, and what the stars decree, }
Whom *Phæbus* taught unerring prophecy,
From his own tripod, and his holy tree:
Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
What auspices their notes and flights declare,

O say;

NOTES.

story of one of his best tragedies called *Andromache*; of which we have a translation, with the addition of some original beauties, in the *Distress Mother*; written by Mr. *Amb. Phillips*. *Seneca* has a tragedy on the death of *Astyanax*, stuffed with bombast and unnatural thoughts.

§ The reader of a poem is offended, when that is related to him which he already perfectly knows. This was not so great a fault in *Homer's* time. *Virgil* is more exact in this particular. *Venus* in the first book would not hear *Aeneas* make a recital of his misfortunes; she interrupts it to comfort him. And in the third book, when good manners obliged *Aeneas* to relate his story to *Andromache*, *Helenus* comes in very opportunely, and so hinders him from going on with his discourse.

|| Those who were going out to banishment, or about to travel into some distant country, were wont to embrace the pillars and thresholds of their houses. This they also did at their return. This custom they practis'd likewise in the colonies, dependent upon their respective countries.

O

O say; for all religious rites portend
 A happy voyage, and a prosp'rous end;
 And ev'ry pow'r and omen of the sky
 Direct my course for destin'd *Italy*.
 But only dire *Celano*, from the Gods,
 A dismal famine fatally forebodes:
 O say what dangers I am first to shun;
 What toils to vanquish, and what course to run.
 The prophet first with sacrifice adores
 The greater Gods; their pardon then implores;
 Unbinds the fillet from his holy head;
 To *Phœbus* next my trembling steps he led,
 Full of religious doubts, and awful dread. }
 Then with his God possess'd, before the shrine,
 These words proceeded from his mouth divine.
 O Goddess-born (for heav'n's appointed will,
 With greater auspices of good than ill,
 Foreshows thy voyage, and thy course directs;
 Thy fates conspire, and *Jove* himself protects:)
 Of many things, some few I shall explain, }
 Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main,
 And how at length the promis'd shore to gain.
 The rest the *Fates* from *Helenus* conceal,
 And *Juno*'s angry pow'r forbids to tell.
 First then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh, }
 Will far from your deluded wishes fly:
 Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from *Italy*. }
 For you must cruise along *Sicilian* shores;
 And stem the currents with your struggling oars:

NOTES.

* This circumstance of finding a white sow and her thirty young ones was founded, according to *Varro*, upon an ancient historical tradition. On their account, *Alba*, which *Ascanius* built, had it's name and origin. There is no fiction either in the geography, or in the antiquity, and origin of the nations mentioned in this third book. *Virgil* had seen with his own eyes, the seas, the islands, the countries, ports, and cities, through which his hero passed. For he himself made the very same voyage, that he describes *Æneas* to have made, on purpose that he might be more exact in his account.

† *Philoctetes* was the son of *Pæan*, and the companion and friend of *Hercules*, who gave him in his last moments the famous poisoned arrows; but *Philoctetes* being unfortunately bit by a serpent in his foot, the wound became very offensive to the camp, and the *Grecian* army thinking the bite was a punishment from the Gods, agreed to send *Philoctetes* into the solitary island of *Lemnos*. But the oracle afterwards declaring that *Troy* could not be taken without the arrows of *Hercules*, he was brought back again by *Ulysses* and *Neoptolemus*; and hearing

Then round th' *Italian* coast your navy steer;
 And after this to *Circe*'s island veer.
 And last, before your new foundations rise,
 Must pass the *Stygian* lake, and view the nether skies.
 Now mark the signs of future ease and rest,
 And bear them safely treasur'd in thy breast.
 When in the shady shelter of a wood,
 And near the margin of a gentle flood,
 Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,*
 With thirty sucking young encompass'd round;
 The dam and offspring white as falling snow:
 These on thy city shall their name bestow:
 And there shall end thy labour and thy woe. }
 Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind,
 For *Phœbus* will assist, and fate the way will find.
 Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,
 Which fronts from far th' *Epirian* continent;
 Those parts are all by *Grecian* foes possess'd:
 The savage *Locrians* here the shores infest.
 There fierce *Idomeneus* his city builds,
 And guards with arms the *Salentinian* fields.
 And on the mountain's brow *Petilia* stands,
 Which *Philoctetes* with his troops commands.†
 Ev'n when the fleet is landed on the shore,
 And priests with holy vows the Gods adore;
 Then with a purple veil involve your eyes,‡
 Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice.§
 These rites and customs to the rest commend,
 That to your pious race they may descend.

Where

NOTES.

after *Troy* was taken, of an insurrection, or rather rebellion, of the *Melibœi*, he came into *Italy*, and either built, or fortified, *Petilia* with walls. There is a most beautiful tragedy of *Sophocles* on the subject of *Philoctetes*'s being brought back to the *Grecian* army by *Ulysses*: the substance and capital beauties of which, have been translated by *Fenelon*, and inserted into the fifteenth book of his *Telemachus*. The last speech of *Philoctetes* in this tragedy, where he takes leave of his cave and solitary island, is extremely poetical.

‡ This veil with which the head was to be covered during sacrifice, was a piece of history of which *Virgil* hath made a poetical use. *Aurelius Victor* relates, that *Æneas* sacrificing on the shores of *Italy*, suddenly perceived *Ulysses* and his fleet approaching; and for fear of being known, covered his face with a purple veil. From this adventure, *Virgil* makes *Helenus* give *Æneas* a ceremonial precept, for all his posterity. Such use does the poet make of the least historical circumstances in the life of his hero.

§ It is not to be supposed that the covering of their faces could secure them from danger, if any enemy

When parted hence, the wind that ready waits
 For *Sicily*, shall bear you to the straits:
 Where proud *Pelorus* opes a wider way,
 Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea:
 Veer starboard sea and land. Th' *Italian* shore,
 And fair *Sicilia's* coast were one, before
 An earthquake caus'd the flaw, the roaring tides
 The passage broke that land from land divides;
 And where the lands retir'd the rushing ocean rides.
 Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,
 Now rising cities in long order stand,
 And fruitful fields; (so much can time invade
 The mould'ring work that beauteous nature made.)
 Far on the right her dogs foul *Scylla* hides;
Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
 And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides;*
 Then spouts them from below; with fury driv'n,
 The waves mount up, and wash the face of heav'n.
 But *Scylla* from her den, with open jaws,
 The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,
 Then dashes on the rocks: a human face,
 And virgin bosom, hides her tail's disgrace.
 Her parts obscene below the waves descend,
 With dogs inclos'd, and in a dolphin end.
 'Tis safer than to bear aloof to sea,
 And coast *Pachynus*, tho' with more delay;
 Than once to view mishapen *Scylla* near,
 And the loud yell of wat'ry wolves to hear.
 Besides, if faith to *Helenus* be due,
 And if prophetic *Phæbus* tell me true,
 Do not this precept of your friend forget:
 Which therefore more than once I must repeat.
 Above the rest, great *Juno's* name adore:
 Pay vows to *Juno*; *Juno's* aid implore.
 Let gifts be to the mighty queen design'd;
 And mollify with pray'rs her haughty mind;
 Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,
 And you shall safe descend on *Italy*.

NOTES.

enemy should approach: but they were rather to abide that danger, than suffer their devotions to be disturbed by such a sight.

* *Virgil* has copied this description from the twelfth book of the *Odyssey*: and it is thought to excel *Homer*. The connoisseurs in painting are curious in observing how different masters acquit themselves in working upon the same subjects.

† *Virgil* represents the prophet *Helenus*, as restrained in his discoveries of what was to happen to *Aeneas*, in his going from *Italy*. The great point in which he was thus restrained, was *Aeneas's* delay at *Carthage*; and the danger that arose from it, of his

Arriv'd at *Cumæ*, when you view the flood
 Of black *Avernus*, and the sounding wood,
 The mad prophetic *Sibyl* you shall find,
 Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.
 She sings the fates, and in her frantic fits,
 The notes and names inscrib'd to leaves commits.
 What she commits to leaves, in order laid,
 Before the cavern's entrance are display'd:
 Unmov'd they lie: but if a blast of wind
 Without, or vapours issue from behind,
 The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air,
 And she resumes no more her museful care;
 Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse,
 Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.
 Thus, many not succeeding, must upbraid
 The madness of the visionary maid;
 And with loud curses leave the mystic shade.

Think it not loss of time a while to stay;
 Though thy companions chide thy long delay:
 Tho' summon'd to the seas, tho' pleasing gales
 Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails.
 But beg the sacred priestess to relate
 With swelling words, and not to write thy fate.
 The fierce *Italian* people she will show;
 And all thy wars, and all thy future woe;
 And what thou may'st avoid, and what must un-
 dergo.

She shall direct thy course, instruct thy mind;
 And teach thee how the happy shores to find.
 This is what heav'n allows me to relate: †
 Now part in peace; pursue thy better fate,
 And raise by strength of arms the *Trojan* state.

This when the priest with friendly voice declar'd,
 He gave me licence, and rich gifts prepar'd:
 Bounteous of treasure, he supply'd my want
 With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant.
 Then *Dodonaean* caldrons put on board,
 And ev'ry ship with sums of silver stor'd.

A trusty

NOTES.

quite breaking off his voyage, and settling in that city. Hence he says afterwards, "If *Juno* does not prevent it, you shall go from *Sicily* to *Italy*." And it is true he did so; but that was after the second time of his being at *Sicily*: and the whole affair of his being driven to the coast of *Afric*, and his staying so long at *Carthage* (which happened after his first leaving *Sicily*) is totally dropt by *Helenus*. All he tells him is, how he may escape the other dangers in his voyage; and what he is to do, and where to fix, when he has got to *Italy*. Prophecies should be rarely introduced into a poem, because they forestall the events of the action.

A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
 Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and ornament:
 The helm of *Pyrrhus* added to the rest,
 Then flourish'd with a plume and waving crest.
 Nor was my fire forgotten, nor my friends;
 And large recruits he to my navy sends;
 Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores;
 Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars.
 Mean time my fire commands to hoist our sails,
 Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.
 The prophet blest the parting crew; and last,
 With words like these his ancient friend embrac'd:

Old happy man, the care of Gods above,
 Whom heav'nly *Venus* honour'd with her love,*
 And twice preserv'd thy life when *Troy* was lost,
 Behold from far the with'd *Ausonian* coast:
 There land; but take a larger compass round,
 For that before is all forbidden ground.
 The shore that *Phæbus* has design'd for you
 At farther distance lies, conceal'd from view.
 Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes;
 Blest'd in a son, and favour'd by the Gods:
 For I with useless words prolong your stay,
 When southern gales have summon'd you away.

Nor less the queen our parting thence deplor'd,
 Nor was less bounteous than her *Trojan* lord.
 A noble present to my son she brought,
 A robe with flow'rs on golden tissue wrought;
 A *Phrygian* vest; and loads with gifts beside
 Of precious texture, and of *Asian* pride.

NOTES.

* Among other gallantries of *Venus*, it was said she had an affair with *Anchises*, as he was keeping his sheep on mount *Ida*. This adventure is described at large, and in the most glowing colours, in *Homer's* hymn to *Venus*. The fable was probably invented (says the *Abbe Banier*,) to cloak some piece of gallantry, and to calm the jealousy of *Anchises's* wife, who saw him too often frequent the banks of the river *Simois*, where he was probably smitten with the charms of some shepherdess, who was perhaps denominated *Venus* on account of her beauty. It would seem that it was that *Venus* whom *Homer* makes to have been the daughter of *Dione*, *Il. ix.* and who is mentioned by *Cicero*, *De Nat. Deor. l. iii.* The poets add, that *Venus* enjoined her gallant not to speak of this adventure, but that he not being able to keep the secret, was struck with thunder, by which *Servius* says, he lost his sight; others say, the wound he received thereby, could never be closed up.

† This reflection of *Andromache* is delicate and moving. It is the very voice of nature; the mother appears in it. It suggests to one, the delight she

Accept, she said, these monuments of love,
 Which in my youth with happier hands I wove:
 Regard these trifles for the giver's sake;
 'Tis the last present *Hector's* wife can make.
 Thou call'st my lost *Astyanax* to mind:†
 In thee his features and his form I find.
 His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame;
 Such were his motions, such was all his frame;
 And ah! had heav'n so pleas'd, his years had been }
 the same.‡

With tears I took my last adieu, and said,
 Your fortune, happy fair, already made,
 Leaves you no farther wish; my diff'rent state,
 Avoiding one, incurs another fate.
 To you a quiet seat the Gods allow,
 You have no shores to search, no seas to plow,
 Nor fields of flying *Italy* to chase;
 (Deluding visions, and a vain embrace!)
 You see another *Simois*, and enjoy
 The labour of your hands, another *Troy*;
 With better auspice than her ancient tow'rs,
 And less obnoxious to the *Grecian* pow'rs.
 If e'er the Gods, whom I with vows adore,
 Conduct my steps to *Tyber's* happy shore;
 If ever I ascend the *Latian* throne,
 And build a city I may call my own,
 As both of us our birth from *Troy* derive,
 So let our kindred lines in concord live,
 And both in acts of equal friendship strive. }
 Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same,§
 The double *Troy* shall differ but in name;

That

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would have felt to have seen *Iulus* and *Astyanax* together, engaged in friendship, and fond of the same pursuits! After the destruction of *Troy*, the *Grecian* priest *Calchas* declared that the Gods, to send them a favourable wind for their return, demanded that the son of *Hector* and *Andromache* must perish. His mother concealed *Astyanax*, but *Ulysses* discovered him; and he was thrown from the battlements of a very high tower.

‡ Here we may remark the propriety of behaviour and the decorum which *Virgil* observes, with relation to the characters of *Helenus* and *Andromache*. She is intirely taken up with *Ascanius*, and the remembrance of her lost *Astyanax*. She makes no presents but to that young prince. Those which *Helenus* gives are to *Anchises* and *Æneas*.

§ The adventures of *Æneas* and *Helenus* had a great resemblance. They were both the issue of *Dardanus*; both fugitives from *Troy*; one had founded a colony in *Epirus*, the other was going to do the same in *Italy*.

That what we now begin may never end,
But long to late posterity descend.*

Near the *Ceraunian* rocks our course we bore,
(The shortest passage to th' *Italian* shore.)
Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,
And hills were hid in dusky shades of night;
We land; and on the bosom of the ground
A safe retreat, and a bare lodging found.

Cloſe by the ſhore we lay; the ſailors keep
Their watches, and the reſt ſecurely ſleep.
The night proceeding on with ſilent pace
Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
Her ſleepy riſe, and her declining race.
Then wakeful *Palinurus* roſe to ſpy
The face of heav'n, and the nocturnal ſky,
And liſten'd ev'ry breath of air to try;
Obſerves the ſtars, and notes their ſliding courſe,
The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and their wat'ry force;
And both the *Bears* is careful to behold;
And bright *Orion* arm'd with burniſh'd gold.
Then when he ſaw no threat'ning tempeſt nigh,
But a ſure promiſe of a ſettled ſky,
He gave the ſign to weigh: we break our ſleep,
Forſake the pleaſing ſhore, and plow the deep.
And now the riſing morn with roſy light
Adorns the ſkies, and puts the ſtars to flight,
When we from far, like bluifh miſts, deſcry
The hills, and then the plains of *Italy*.

Achates firſt pronounc'd the joyful ſound;
Then *Italy* the chearful crew rebound.
My ſire *Anchiſes* crown'd a cup with wine,
And offering, thus implor'd the pow'rs divine:
Ye Gods, preſiding over lands and ſeas,
And you who raging winds and waves appeaſe,
Breathe on our ſwelling ſails a proſp'rous wind,
And ſmooth our paſſage to the port aſſign'd.
The gentle gales their flagging force renew;
And now the happy harbour is in view.

NOTES.

* *De la Cerda*, from *Nannius*, is particular in ſhewing the frienſhip between theſe nations in after times; by which this prophecy (as they call it) was fulfilled: but ſure they forgot *Pyrrhus* king of *Epirus*, who was no great friend to the *Romans*. But hiſtory is not our buſineſs; what *Æneas* ſays may be regarded as his own reſolution, and as a wiſh to poſterity, and that is ſufficient.

† The character of *Anchiſes* is well ſupported to the laſt, throughout that ſhort part which he acts in the poem. *Virgil* repreſents him ſkilful in divination; before his departure from *Troy*, he foretold that *Iulus* ſhould be a king from the fire which ſurrounded his hair, b. ii. in this paſſage he foretells

No. 3.

Minerva's temple then ſalutes our ſight,
Plac'd as a landmark on the mountain's height;
We furl our ſails, and turn the prows to ſhore;
The curling waters round the gallies roar;
The land lies open to the raging eaſt,
Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compreſs'd,
Shuts out the ſtorms; the winds and waves complain,

And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.
The port lies hid within; on either ſide
Two tow'ring rocks the narrow mouth divide.
The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To diſtance flies, and ſeems to ſhun the ſhore.
Scarce landed, the firſt omens I beheld
Were four white ſteeds that cropp'd the flow'ry field.
War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground,†
(My father cry'd) where warlike ſteeds are found.
Yet, ſince reclaim'd, to chariots they ſubmit,
And bend to ſtubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
Peace may ſucceed to war. Our way we bend,
To *Pallas*, and the ſacred hill aſcend:
There proſtrate to the fierce virago pray,
Whoſe temple was the land-mark of our way.
Each with a *Phrygian* mantle veil'd his head,
And all commands of *Helenus* obey'd,
And pious rites to *Grecian Juno* paid.
Theſe dues perform'd, we ſtretch our ſails and ſtand
To ſea, forſaking that ſuſpected land.
From hence *Tarentum's* bay appears in view,
For *Hercules* renown'd, if fame be true.
Juſt oppoſite, *Lacinian Juno* ſtands;
Caulonian tow'rs, and *Scyllacean* ſtrands
For ſhipwrecks fear'd: mount *Ætna* thence we ſpy,
Known by the ſmoky flames which cloud the ſky.
Far off we hear the waves with ſurly ſound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.
The billows break upon the founding ſtrand,
And roll the riſing tide, impure with ſand.

Then

NOTES.

the arrival of the *Trojans* in *Italy*, from the ſight of theſe white horſes. The poet has painted him likewiſe with the natural infirmities of old age. Hence his weak memory makes him miſtake the import of the *Delphic* oracle: he thought that they were directed to ſail to *Crete*, becauſe *Teucer*, one of the founders of *Troy*, was a *Cretan*; and had forgotten that *Dardanus*, who was another founder of *Troy*, came from *Italy*. At the ſame time, *Virgil* has given him all the virtues of an old hero: he is reſolved to perſiſh with his country; he makes his old age a reaſon for his deſpising death; nothing but a prodigy could induce him to leave the city of *Troy*, though in flames.

P

Then thus *Anchises*, in experience old,
 'Tis that *Charybdis* which the seer foretold,
 And those the promis'd rocks; bear off to sea:
 With haste the frighted mariners obey.
 First *Palinurus* to the larboard veer'd;
 Then all the fleet by his example steer'd.
 To heav'n aloft on ridgy waves we ride,
 Then down to hell descend, when they divide.
 And thrice our gallies knock'd the stony ground,
 And thrice the hollow rocks return the sound,
 And thrice we saw the stars, that stood with dews
 around.
 The flagging winds forsook us with the sun,
 And weary'd, on *Cyclopean* shores we run.
 The port capacious, and secure from wind,
 Is to the foot of thund'ring *Ætna* join'd.*
 By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high;
 By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,
 And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the sky.
 Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
 And shiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.
 Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
 Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.
Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by *Jove*,
 With blasted limbs came trembling from above;

NOTES.

* This description is worked up with great spirit and sublimity. It seems to have been copied from a very sublime one of *Pindar*, which Mr. *West* hath nobly translated, too curious to be omitted in this place.

Now under sulph'rous *Cuma's* sea-bound coast,
 And vast *Sicilia* lies his shaggy breast;
 By snowy *Ætna*, nurse of endless frost,
 The pillar'd prop of heav'n, for ever prest:
 Forth from whose nitrous caverns issuing rise
 Pure liquid fountains of tempestuous fire,
 And veil in ruddy mists the noon day skies,
 While wrapt in smoke the eddying flames
 aspire,
 Or gleaming thro' the night with hideous roar
 Far o'er the red'ning main huge rocky fragments
 pour.

Thucydides, at the end of this third book, makes mention of three eruptions of mount *Ætna*, the last of which he says, happened, in the third year of the 88th *Olymp.* the former about fifty years before, that is, in the last year of the 76th, or the first year of the 77th *Olymp.* Of the date of the first eruption he makes no mention. Probably no more was known in his time about it, than that it was the first, and the only one, besides the two above mentioned, that had happened from the time of the *Greeks*

And where he fell th' avenging Father drew
 This flaming hill, and on his body threw:
 As often as he turns his weary sides,
 He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the heavens hides.
 In shady woods we pass the tedious night,†
 Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls af-
 fright,
 Of which no cause is offer'd to the fight.
 For not one star was kindled in the sky,
 Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply;
 For misty clouds involv'd the firmament,
 The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.
 Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd;
 Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd;
 When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,
 Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a spright,
 So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
 So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.
 This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t'implore
 Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore.
 We look behind, then view his shaggy beard,
 His cloaths all tagg'd with thorns, and filth his
 limbs besmear'd;
 The rest in mien, in habit, and in face,
 Appear'd a *Greek*, and such indeed he was.

He

NOTES.

first settling in *Sicily*, as he expressly tells us. *Pindar* is the first poet, that has given us a description of these fiery eruptions of mount *Ætna*; which from *Homer's* having taken no notice of so extraordinary a phænomenon, is supposed not to have burned before his time.

† Nothing can more strongly strike the imagination, than these circumstances of the wandering *Trojans*, sheltered in a wood, upon an unknown coast, and hearing strange, and terrible noises, during the whole night, which was extremely dark and moonless, and not knowing from whence these dreadful sounds came, or by what they might be occasioned: and at day-break being suddenly surprized at the ghastly figure of a man, who at first runs towards them with great precipitation, seemingly to beg some assistance, but suddenly stops and starts back at the sight of *Trojan* arms and habits; at last recovering himself a little, resolves to fling himself into their hands, let what will be the consequence: who, when they have received him into a vessel, gives them that dreadful narration of *Polypheme*, and informs them that this was the *Cyclops* island, and begs them therefore to leave it instantly, concluding most pathetically, that it would be some comfort to him, if he must die, to perish by the hands of men, and not of monsters.

He cast on us from far a frightful view,
Whom soon for *Trojans* and for foes he knew,
Stood still, and paus'd; thence all at once began
To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus with tears and sighs for pity calls.
Now by the pow'rs above, and what we share
From nature's common gift, this vital air,
O *Trojans*, take me hence; I beg no more,
But bear me far from this unhappy shore.
'Tis true, I am a *Greek*, and farther own,
Among your foes besieg'd th' imperial town;
For such demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I sue;
This only favour let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid main;
Since nothing more than death my crime de-
mands,

I die content to die by human hands.
He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
I bad him boldly tell his fortune past;
His present state, his lineage, and his name;
Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.
The good *Anchises* rais'd him with his hand,
Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our demand:
From *Ithaca*, my native soil, I came
To *Troy*, and *Achaemenides* my name.
Me my poor father with *Ulysses* sent;
(O had I stay'd, with poverty content!)
But fearful for themselves, my countrymen
Left me forsaken in the *Cyclops* den.
The cave, tho' large, was dark, the dismal floor
Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
Our monstrous host, of more than human size,
Erects his head, and stares within the skies.
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.
Ye Gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food,
And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.
These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand
He seiz'd two captives of our *Grecian* band;*
Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones
Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:

NOTES.

* This episode of the companions of *Ulysses* massacred and devoured by *Polyphe* is drawn from the *Odyssey*, book ix. The *Roman* poet relates the story in terms more majestic and heroic than those of the *Greek*. Besides, *Virgil* tells us that only two *Grecians* were devoured by the *Cyclops*, but *Homer* speaks of four; so that the *Roman* poet exaggerated less than the *Grecian*.

† This break in *Achaemenides*'s speech is of ex-

With spouting blood the purple pavement swims,
While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
Not unreveng'd *Ulysses* bore their fate,
Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state;
For gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with human
wine,

While fast asleep the giant lay supine;
Snoaring aloud, and belching from his maw
His indigested foam, and morsels raw:
We pray, we cast the lots, and then surround
The monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground;
Each as he could approach him, lends a hand
To bore his eyeball with a flaming brand:
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye,
(For only one did the vast frame supply;)
But that a globe so large, his front is fill'd,
Like the sun's disk, or like a *Grecian* shield.
The stroke succeeds, and down the pupil bends;
This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd friends.
But haste, unhappy wretches, haste to fly; †
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely.
Such, and so vast as *Polyphe* appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him in caves they cut their woolly sheep,
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from
sleep to sleep.

And now three moons their sharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus in woods and wilds, obscure from view,
I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright,
And in deserted caverns lodge by night.
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see
Of the huge *Cyclops*, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thund'ring voice resound,
And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.
Cornels and savage berries of the wood,
And roots and herbs have been my meagre food.

While all along my longing eyes are cast,
I saw your happy ships appear at last.
On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I run,
'Tis all I ask, this cruel race to shun,
What other death you please yourselves bestow.
Scarce had he said, when on the mountain's brow

We

NOTES.

quisite beauty. In the midst of his narration, the fear of the *Cyclops* and the dangers he had just escaped, break in upon his mind, and stop him for a moment from finishing his account, to give the *Trojans* advice to fly immediately. The circumstances that follow of his hearing the giant's footsteps, and loud voices, while he lay hid in dens and caves, are strongly imagined.

We saw the giant shepherd stalk before
 His following flock, and leading to the shore,
 A monstrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of sight,
 His staff a trunk of pine to guide his steps aright.
 His pond'rous whistle from his neck descends;
 His woolly care their pensive lord attends;
 This only solace his hard fortune sends.
 Soon as he reach'd the shore, and touch'd the waves,
 From his bor'd eye the gutt'ring blood he laves;
 He gnash'd his teeth and groan'd; thro' seas he
 strides,
 And scarce the topmost billows touch'd his sides.
 Seiz'd with a sudden fear, we run to sea,
 The cables cut, and silent haste away:
 The well-deserving stranger entertain;
 Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the
 main.
 The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound;
 But when our vessel out of reach he found,
 He strided onward, and in vain essay'd
 Th' *Ionian* deep, and durst no farther wade.
 With that he roar'd aloud; the dreadful cry
 Shakes earth, and air, and seas; the billows fly
 Before the bellowing noise to distant *Italy*.
 The neighb'ring *Æna* trembling all around;
 The winding caverns echo to the sound.*
 His brother *Cyclops* hear the yelling roar;
 And, rushing down the mountains, crowd the shore.
 We saw their stern, distorted looks from far,
 And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threaten'd war.
 A dreadful council, with their heads on high;
 The misty clouds about their foreheads fly:
 Not yielding to the tow'ring tree of *Jove*,
 Or tallest cypress of *Diana's* grove.
 New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail,
 We tug at ev'ry oar, and hoist up ev'ry sail;
 And take th' advantage of the friendly gale.
 Forewarn'd by *Helenus*, we strive to shun
Charybdis' gulph, nor dare to *Scylla* run.
 An equal fate on either side appears;
 We, tacking to the left, are free from fears.
 For, from *Pelorus'* point the north arose,
 And drove us back where swift *Pantagias* flows.

NOTES.

* This is a most noble hyperbole, and by no means too bold, as some will have it; they forget not only the prerogative of poetry, but the real nature of fear; which always swells and heightens it's object.

† The oracle forbid the inhabitants to drain this marsh, they neglected to observe it, and their enemies entering through the part that was drained, committed a great slaughter.

His rocky mouth we pass; and make our way
 By *Thapsus*, and *Megara's* winding bay;
 This passage *Achæmenides* had shewn,
 Tracing the course which he before had run.
 Right o'er against *Plemmyrium's* wat'ry strand
 There lies an isle, once call'd th' *Ortygian* land:
Alpheus, as old fame reports, has found
 From *Greece* a secret passage under-ground;
 By love to beauteous *Arethusa* led,
 And mingling here, they roll in the same sacred bed.
 As *Helenus* enjoin'd, we next adore
Diana's name protectress of the shore.
 With prosp'rous gales we pass the quiet sounds
 Of still *Elorus*, and his fruitful bounds.
 Then doubling cape *Pachynus*, we survey
 The rocky shore extended to the sea.
 The town of *Camarine* from far we see,
 And fenny lake undrain'd by fates decree. †
 In sight of the *Gela* fields we pass,
 And the large walls where mighty *Gela* was:
 Then *Agragas* with lofty summits crown'd,
 Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd;
 We pass'd *Selinus*, and the palmy land,
 And widely shun the *Lilybean* strand,
 Unsafe for secret rocks and moving sand.
 At length on shore the weary fleet arriv'd,
 Which *Drepanum's* unhappy port receiv'd. ‡
 Here, after endless labours, often tofs'd
 By raging storms, and driv'n on ev'ry coast,
 My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost. §
 Ease of my cares, and solace of my pain,
 Sav'd thro' a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain.
 The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
 Yet this the greatest and the worst, conceal'd.
 And dire *Celæno*, whose foreboding skill
 Denounc'd all else, was silent of this ill:
 This my last labour was. Some friendly God
 From thence convey'd us to your blest'd abode.
 Thus to the list'ning queen the royal guest
 His wand'ring course, and all his toils express'd;
 And here concluding, he retir'd to rest.

NOTES.

† This is a city in *Sicily*, called at present *Trepano*, where they still shew the tomb of *Anchises*.

§ It is an instance of our poet's exquisite judgment, that he does not minutely and at length describe the illness and death of *Anchises*: which would have too much retarded the action of the poem, and not have interested the reader in any extraordinary manner.

The FOURTH BOOK of the ÆNEID.*

A R G U M E N T.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage: Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage: Dido finds out his design, and to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's intreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing would prevail on him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
 She fed within her veins a flame unseen:
 The hero's valour, acts, and birth inspire
 Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.†
 His words, his looks imprinted in her heart,
 Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
 Now when the purple morn had chac'd away
 The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
 Her sister first with early care she fought,
 And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought:
 My dearest *Anna*, what new dreams affright‡
 My lab'ring soul; what visions of the night
 Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast,
 With strange ideas of our *Trojan* guest?
 His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
 A man descended from the gods declare.

NOTES.

* In the third book, *Virgil* seems to have displayed his skill in descriptive poetry; but this fourth book is entirely devoted to the pathetic. And indeed he hath exhausted the subject; no author ever moved the passions of pity and terror in so great a degree. The origin and progress of the passion of love, it's various effects on the mind, it's doubts, and hopes, and fears, and jealousies, it's pleasures and pains, till it ends in the deepest despair, were never so forcibly, so elegantly, or naturally described.

No. 4.

Fear ever argues a degenerate kind,
 His birth is well asserted by his mind.
 Then what he suffer'd when by fate betray'd,
 What brave attempts for falling *Troy* he made!
 Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
 That were I not resolv'd against the yoke
 Of hapless marriage never to be curs'd
 With second love, so fatal was my first,
 To this one error I might yield again:
 For since *Sichæus* was untimely slain,
 This only man is able to subvert
 The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
 And to confess my frailty, to my shame,
 Somewhat I find within, if not the same,
 Too like the sparkles of my former flame.

}
 But

NOTES.

† *Dido* endeavours to persuade herself, that it was the exalted merit and virtue of the hero, not his person that she was fond of: the usual and natural artifice of this insinuating passion of love!

‡ Admirable is the art and nature of this speech, in the mouth of a woman; expressing both her love and her modesty; arguing against what she passionately desires, and wanting to be advised to do that which she already half (if not quite) resolves to do, whether she be advised, or no.

Q

But first let yawning earth a passage rend,*
 And let me thro' the dark abyfs descend ;
 First let avenging *Jove*, with flames from high,
 Drive down this body to the nether sky,
 Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie. }
 Before I break the plighted faith I gave ; }
 No ; he who had my vows shall ever have ; }
 For whom I lov'd on earth I worship in the grave. }
 She said ; the tears ran gushing from her eyes,
 And stopp'd her speech ; her sister thus replies :
 O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
 Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath ?
 Condemn'd to waste in wees your lonely life,
 Without the joys of mother or of wife.
 Think you these tears, this pompous train of
 woe,
 Are known or valu'd by the ghost below ?
 I grant, that while your sorrows yet were green,
 It well became a woman and a queen,
 The vows of *Tyrian* princes to neglect,
 To scorn *Iarbas*, and his love reject,
 With all the *Lybian* lords of mighty name,
 But will you fight against a pleasing flame !
 This little spot of land, which heav'n bestows,
 On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike foes :
Getulian cities here are spread around,
 And fierce *Numidians* there your frontiers bound ;

NOTES.

* There are some delicate strokes of nature in the cautious manner in which *Dido* reveals her new-born passion to her sister. But what follows in the solemn protestations she makes, that she was immoveably resolved never to marry again, is inimitably just and natural ; and the true picture of a widow's resolutions. The reader of taste will likewise be charmed with the arguments her sister uses to persuade her to indulge her passion, and marry again : it is impossible to think of more strong and weighty ones ; especially where she puts *Dido* in mind, that she is surrounded with enemies, that nothing could give her kingdom more strength than a confederacy with the *Trojans* ; that even prudence would direct her to take a husband, if for no other reason, yet that he might be a kind of protector of her infant kingdom, against her brother's anger ; and lastly, that the very gods seemed to have interested themselves in this affair, and that for her part she could not help believing that *Juno* herself had driven the *Trojan* fleet on purpose to her coasts. The excuses she suggests to *Dido*, and the causes of delay she would have her make use of to *Aeneas* are likewise admirable : " Tell him that it is utterly impossible to undertake so dangerous a voyage in

Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
 And there the *Syrtes* raise the moving sand :
Barcean troops besiege the narrow shore,
 And from the sea *Pygmalion* threatens more.
 Propitious Heav'n, and gracious *Juno*, lead
 This wand'ring navy to your needful aid ;
 How will your empire spread, your city rise
 From such an union, and with such allies !
 Implore the favours of the pow'rs above,
 And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
 Continue still your hospitable way,
 And still invent occasions of their stay,
 Till storms and winter winds shall cease to
 threat,
 And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet.
 These words, which from a friend and sister
 came,
 With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame ;
 And added fury to the kindled flame.†
 Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue,
 On ev'ry altar sacrifice renew ;
 A chosen ewe of two years old they pay,
 To *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and the God of day :
 Preferring *Juno's* power, for *Juno* ties
 The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage joys.
 The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
 And holds the golden goblet in her hands.

A milk-

NOTES.

the wintry season, and that his fleet wants refitting."

† Let us observe the progress of *Dido's* passion and guilt. This princess at first entertains *Aeneas* with vows and prayers which she puts up to the gods with a sincere piety, because then she was innocent and at quiet. She begins to love *Aeneas* contrary to the vow she had made to the manes of her first husband, which to her were a kind of deity. She begins at the same time to suppose, that these manes are no longer concerned about her, and lay no obligation upon her to keep her vows. Last of all, being more corrupted, she becomes guilty of impiety against the gods ; and seeing that *Aeneas* was about to leave her by their order, she would persuade him that they are quite ignorant and unconcerned at what is done here on earth. Not that she was really and absolutely persuaded of so impious a maxim : the poet was too judicious to make so great and so strange an alteration in the manners of this queen, in so short a time. It is her passion which makes her speak thus. This, in short, is the beginning of impiety, which naturally happens to those whose vices and passions are violent ; and which at last leads them into downright atheism.

A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And whilst the priests with pray'r the Gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with *Sabaan* smoke;
With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.
What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart!
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft God secure in silence reigns.

Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From street to street the raving *Dido* roves.
So when the watchful shepherd from the blind
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind;
Distracted with her pain, she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods;
With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.
And now she leads the *Trojan* chief along*
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
Displays her *Tyrian* wealth, and rising town,
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
This pomp she shews to tempt her wand'ring
guest;

Her falt'ring tongue forbids to speak the rest.
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight:

She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures, and the *Trojan* fate:
He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain;
For still she begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends;
And thus the tragic story never ends.

Then when they part, when *Phæbe's* paler light
Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
She last remains, when ev'ry guest is gone,
Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
Absent, her absent hero sees and hears;
Or in her bosom young *Ascanius* bears,
And seeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.

Mean time the rising tow'rs are at a stand,†
No labours exercise the youthful band;
Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms they know;
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe.
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height, that seem'd to threat
the sky.

But when imperial *Juno*, from above,‡
Saw *Dido* fetter'd in the chains of love;
Hot with the venom, which her veins inflam'd,
And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd;
With soothing words to *Venus* she begun:
High praises, endless honours you have won,

And

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* If the reader be not void of all taste and sensibility, pity and humanity, he must be inexpressibly moved by the following circumstances of *Dido's* behaviour: by her carrying *Aeneas* through the town, and tempting him to settle in a city already begun to be built; by her beginning to speak and suddenly stopping short and faltering; by her still making new feasts and entertainments for her lover; by her desiring to hear his story again and again; by her attention to every syllable he spoke; by her remaining in the hall after the guests were gone, and lying upon the couch where he sat; by her thinking she still hears his voice, and still sees his person, and by her fondly playing with *Ascanius*.

† The moral here is equally just and noble: nothing can more strongly represent the pernicious consequences of this violent passion; the neglect it occasions of all useful and necessary affairs; the indolence and stupor into which it casts all the faculties of mind and body; and how it damps and destroys all the noble and worthy pursuits and aims of mankind. What a change of conduct has this passion suddenly wrought upon our unfortunate queen! The imperial works in which she was engaged with such earnestness are all at a stand! she, who

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was so busy and intent upon finishing her city, and bent her whole thoughts and soul upon that glorious design, now thinks of nothing but fresh parties of pleasure with her lover, and by what kinds of diversions and amusements she may best detain her beloved stranger!

‡ The *Juno* of the *Æneid* is formed upon the *Juno* of the *Iliad*. This is visible. But see what *Virgil* in imitating hath added of his own. *Juno*, besides her hatred against the *Trojans*, excited by the judgment of *Paris*, and the rape of *Ganymede* (both so injurious to her beauty) appears particularly animated against *Aeneas* for special reasons, which rendered her character proper for the *Æneid*; and which raised *Virgil* far above the rank of those servile copiers, who can only follow their author, step by step. *Juno* knew, says he, that the *Roman* power was to become fatal to *Carthage*, her favourite city, which she would gladly have made mistress of the world. This makes a new incentive to her against a people she had already so many other reasons to hate; and this gives *Virgil* an opportunity of exalting the glory of his country, by recalling into the minds of his readers, the greatest events to be found in history.

And mighty trophies with your worthy son:
 Two Gods a silly woman have undone.
 Nor am I ignorant you both suspect
 This rising city, which my hands erect:
 But shall celestial discord never cease;
 'Tis better ended in a lasting peace.
 You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd;
 Poor *Dido* with consuming love is fir'd:
 Your *Trojan* with my *Tyrian* let us join,
 So *Dido* shall be your's, *Aeneas* mine;
 One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza shall a *Dardan* lord obey,
 And lofty *Carthage* for a dow'r convey.
 Then *Venus*, who her hidden fraud descry'd,
 (Which would the sceptre of the world misguide
 To *Lybian* shores,) thus artfully reply'd: *
 Who but a fool would wars with *Juno* chuse,
 And such alliance and such gifts refuse?
 If fortune with our joint desires comply:
 The doubt is all from *Jove* and destiny,
 Lest he forbid, with absolute command,
 To mix the people in one common land.
 Or will the *Trojan*, and the *Tyrian* line,
 In lasting leagues and sure succession join?
 But you the partner of his bed and throne,
 May move his mind; my wishes are your own.
 Mine, said imperial *Juno*, be the care;
 Time urges now to perfect this affair:
 Attend my counsel, and the secret share.
 When next the sun his rising light displays,
 And gilds the world below with purple rays,
 The queen, *Aeneas*, and the *Tyrian* court,
 Shall to the shady woods for silvan game resort:
 There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
 And chearful horns from side to side resound,
 A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain
 With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain,

NOTES.

* These lines contain a direct and most indisputable proof, that *Virgil* introduced this episode of *Dido*, with a view to the rivalry that existed between *Carthage* and *Rome*.

† *Venus* in this and the foregoing passage, is represented as a compleat mistress of cunning, and possessed of the keenest discernment. Whether the poet has concealed any allegory, by giving the queen of beauty these qualities, the ladies, to whom we leave it, must determine.

‡ She was spending a great deal of time to adorn herself to the utmost of her power, that she might appear more charmingly beautiful to *Aeneas*. And at last when she does actually make her appearance after this delay, our expectations are fully answer-

The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
 Dispers'd and all involv'd in gloomy night;
 One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
 To the fair princess and the *Trojan* lord:
 I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
 If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there;
 So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
 And *Hymen* shall be present at the rites.
 The queen of love consents, and closely smiles
 At her vain project, and discover'd wiles. †
 The rosy morn was risen from the main,
 And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
 They issue early through the city gate,
 Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,
 With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
 Of *Spartan* dogs, and swift *Massylian* horse.
 The *Tyrian* peers, and officers of state,
 For the slow queen in anti-chambers wait: ‡
 Her lofty courser, in the court below,
 (Who his majestic rider seems to know)
 Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
 And champs the golden bitt, and spreads the foam
 around.

The queen at length appears: on either hand
 The brawny guards in martial order stand.
 A flower'd cymarr with golden fringe she wore,
 And at her back a golden quiver bore:
 Her flowing hair a golden cawl restrains; §
 A golden clasp the *Tyrian* robe sustains.
 Then young *Ascanius*, with a sprightly grace,
 Leads on the *Trojan* youth to view the chace.
 But far above the rest in beauty shines
 The great *Aeneas*, when the troop he joins:
 Like fair *Apollo*, when he leaves the frost
 Of wint'ry *Xanthus*, and the *Lycian* coast; ||
 When to his native *Delos* he resorts,
 Ordains the dances, and renews the sports;

Where

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ed, and she comes forth as lovely a figure as we can conceive.

§ If modern fine ladies, who are apt to think the dresses worn at present, more elegantly fancied, and becoming, than any that can be imagined, would not be offended at the liberty we take; we would observe, that this hunting-dress of *Dido* is far more graceful and becoming to the person than any dress which ever appeared in a chace on *Windsor* forest.

|| This comparison is of an exquisite beauty; and might give a full idea of the gracefulness of *Apollo* to a statuary or painter; there is something very elegant in the image presented before us. A painter might execute in colours every part of this description, except the circumstance of the sounding quiver.

Where painted *Scythians*, mix'd with *Cretan* bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands.
Himself, on *Cynthus* walking, sees below
The merry madness of the sacred show.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair inclose,
A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
His quiver sounds: not less the prince is seen
In manly presence, or in lofty mien.

Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the
feat

Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat:
The cry pursues the mountain-goats; they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train,
In herds unsingled scour the dusty plain,
And a long chace, in open view maintain. }
The glad *Ascanius*, as his courser guides,
Spurs through the vale, and these and those outrides.
His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel
The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way.

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quiver. This adds life to the whole figure, and is one of the reasons of the superiority of poetry to painting. It must be observed likewise, that there is a secret beauty in this comparison, which a passage in *Suetonius* suggests. *Augustus*, it seems, affected to be thought like *Apollo*; there is therefore a peculiar propriety and address in the poet, in his comparing *Aeneas* (by whom *Augustus* was undoubtedly meant) to that God. And it seems to have been an usual piece of flattery in the courtly writers of that time to compare the emperor (who was in reality beautiful) to *Apollo*. We do not assert that *Virgil* had the famous figure of the *Apollo Belvidere* in his eye, in writing this comparison; but thus much is plain, that they both relate to the *Apollo Venator*, set off more than he is usually in that character; that both in the poet, and in the marble, this God is represented as the standard of beauty; that this divine beauty of his, and his motion, are the two principal points aimed at by *Virgil* in this similitude, and the two chief things that strike one in viewing the *Apollo Belvidere*; and on the whole, that if the one was not copied from the other, they are at least so much alike, that they may very well serve to give a mutual light to each other.

* This circumstance is natural; *Virgil* for ever suits the manners to the age of the persons he introduces.

† If ever *Virgil* shewed his address in making things understood only by glancing at and lightly
No. 4.

And rather would the tusked boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend.

Mean time the gath'ring clouds obscure the skies:
From pole to pole the forked light'ning flies;
The rattling thunder rolls; and *Juno* pours
A wintry deluge down, and founding thow'rs.
The company dispers'd to coverts ride,
And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side.
The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,*
One common cavern in her bosom hides.
Then first the trembling earth the signal gave,
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave:
Hell from below, and *Juno* from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious to their love.†
From this ill-omen'd hour in time arose
Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.

The queen, whom sense of honour could not move,
No longer made a secret of her love,
But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame.‡

The

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touching upon them; it is doubtless in this passage, at which it was so easy to make a false step. All the commentators praise his modesty and his delicacy.

‡ The love with which *Dido* is seized for *Aeneas*, and that of *Calypso* for *Ulysses*, are at bottom much the same thing; as are also the orders that *Jupiter* sends to *Aeneas* to leave *Carthage*, and that sent to *Ulysses* to leave *Calypso*: But whoever takes the trouble to compare these passages together exactly, will find what may be expected from a great genius, when he comes after one of the same character; all the difference there necessarily is between an inventor and one who improves upon an invention. In fact, *Calypso* is enamoured of *Ulysses*. She loves him passionately; for though immortal, yet she is not proof against the passions of mortals: she gives way to her inclinations, and does not even observe the laws of modesty. *Dido's* love to *Aeneas* is quite otherwise managed. It is love himself, it is *Cupid*, who at the desire of his mother *Venus*, assumes the form of *Ascanius*, in order to deceive *Dido* more easily. Two divinities are employed to efface out of her mind the memory of her first spouse, and to blow up afresh the sentiments in her heart, which she thought she had buried in the grave of *Sichæus*. *Ulysses*, by the order of the Gods, abandons *Calypso*. She pines with regret, she addresses her complaints to heaven; but all her complaining and her grief is but for the loss of a man, and being deprived of her pleasure.
R. sure.

The loud report through *Lybian* cities goes;
 Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows,
 Swift from the first; and ev'ry moment brings
 New vigour to her flight, new pinions to her wings.
 Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;
 Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies:
 Enrag'd against the Gods, revengeful earth
 Produc'd her last of the *Titanian* birth.

Swift in her walk, more swift her winged haste:
 A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast;
 As many plumes, as raise her lofty flight,
 So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:
 Millions of opening mouths to fame belong,
 And ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a tongue,
 And round with list'ning ears the flying plague is }
 hung.

She fills the peaceful universe with cries;
 No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes.
 By day from lofty tow'rs her head she shews,
 And spreads through trembling crowds disastrous
 news.

With court informers haunts, and royal spies,
 Things done relates, not done she feigns; and ming-
 les truth with lies.

Talk is her business; and her chief delight
 To tell of prodigies, and cause affright,
 She fills the people's ears with *Dido's* name,
 Who, lost to honour and the sense of shame,
 Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
 A wand'ring guest, who from his country fled:

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sure. The character *Homer* gives to *Calypso*, by becoming so easily enamoured of *Ulysses*, gives his hero no personal pre-eminence over *Aeneas*. *Dido's* complaints are in another strain; she deplores her stained glory, her having sullied that reputation which had formerly exalted her name to heaven. She thinks of the contempt with which neighbouring princes must look upon her, having so often despised them. The image of *Sichæus*, that moving, tender image, is ever present to her mind, and in the miserable condition she is now in, she has nothing left to desire but death. She dies, and the recital of her death presents us with such natural beauties and touching images, that we must have recourse to the most pathetic among the *Greek* tragedies, to find any thing to be compared with the end of the fourth book of the *Aeneid*. What art, what dexterity is there in marking out by the rage of *Dido* the source of the implacable hatred between the *Carthaginians* and *Romans*.

* *Jupiter Ammon* was the only God whom the *Garamantians* adored, and the *Garamantians* were the

Whole days with him she passes in delights,
 And wastes in luxury long winter nights;
 Forgetful of her fame and royal trust,
 Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust.

The Goddess widely spreads the loud report,
 And flies at length to king *Hiarbas's* court,
 When first possess'd with this unwelcome news,
 Whom did he not of men and Gods accuse?
 This prince, from ravish'd *Garamantis* born,
 An hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
 In *Ammon's* honour, his celestial fire,
 A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;*
 And through this vast dominions priests ordain'd,
 Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.†
 The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
 And blood of victim beasts enrich the ground.

He, when he heard a fugitive could move
 The *Tyrian* princess, who disdain'd his love,
 His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire;
 Mad with despair, impatient with desire.
 Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
 He thus with pray'rs implor'd his fire divine:
 Great *Jove*, propitious to the *Moorish* race,‡
 Who feast on painted beds, with off'rings grace
 Thy temples, and adore thy pow'r divine
 With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine,
 Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
 Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign?
 Do thy broad hands the forked light'nings lance,
 Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance?

A wand-

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people who bordered nearest on *Æthiopia*. Their situation was on the eastern side of that country which is now called *Zaara*. The famous temple of *Jupiter Ammon* was very much frequented on account of the oracles that were given out there. *Lucan* and *Quintus Curtius* have written very different descriptions of it, the one in the ninth book of his *Pharsalia*, the other in the fourth book of his history.

† *Plutarch* mentions, as an historical fact, this lamp that was for ever burning before the altar of *Jupiter Ammon*. *Virgil* takes care to borrow from history every thing that can adorn and enrich his poem. Here is one instance of his great learning.

‡ There is a noble fire and fierceness in this bold speech of *Iarbas*: the taunts and revilings he throws even upon *Jupiter* himself, are quite in the spirit of an enraged *African*, a haughty prince, and abandoned lover. The contempt with which he speaks of *Aeneas* is admirably expressed; especially what relates to his dress and habit, which it is natural to imagine this rough *Moorish* king must hold in great disdain.

A wand'ring woman builds within our state
A little town, bought at an easy rate;
She pays me homage, and my grants allow
A narrow space of *Libyan* lands to plough:
Yet scorning me, by passion blindly led,
Admits a banish'd *Trojan* to her bed:
And now this other *Paris*, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, must in *Afric* reign!
(Whom, what they are their looks and garb confess:
Their locks with oil perfum'd, their *Lybian* dress:)
He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame,
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name.

His vows in haughty terms he thus preferr'd,
And held his altar's horns; the mighty Thund'rer
heard;

Then cast his eyes on *Carthage*, where he found
The lustful pair, in lawless pleasure drown'd.
Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
And both forgetful of their better fame.
He calls *Cyllenius*, and the God attends,
By whom his menacing command he sends:
Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky:
Then with a swift descent to *Carthage* fly;
There find the *Trojan* chief, who wastes his days
In slothful riot and inglorious ease.
Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate;
To him this message from my mouth relate.
Not so fair *Venus* hop'd, when twice she won
Thy life with pray'rs, nor promis'd such a son.
Her's was a hero, destin'd to command
A martial race, and rule the *Latian* land.
Who should his ancient line from *Teucer* draw,
And on the conquer'd world impose the law.*
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,
And grudge the *Romans* their immortal name!
What are his vain designs! what hopes he more,
From his long ling'ring on a hostile shore?
Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
And for his race to gain th' *Ausonian* coast!
Bid him with speed the *Tyrian* court forsake;
With this command the slumb'ring warrior wake.

NOTES.

* In the time of *Augustus*, *Rome* was the mistress of almost all those countries and regions which compose the empires of the *Babylonians*, the *Medes*, the *Persians*, and the *Greeks*.

† This description of *Atlas*, as a person, is very sublime and picturesque. There is a famous statue of *Atlas*, in the *Fernese* palace at *Rome*, supporting the globe of the heavens. From this description in *Virgil*, one might form a very good idea for a foun-

Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds;
And whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
But first he grasps within his awful hand
The mark of sov'reign pow'r, his magic wand:
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves;
With this he drives them down the *Stygian* waves;
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,
And eyes, though clos'd in death, restores to light.
Thus arm'd, the God begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid
space.

Now sees the tops of *Atlas* as he flies,
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies; †
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapours bound.
Snows hide his shoulders; from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breast depends:
Here pois'd upon his wings, the God descends:
Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring height
Plung'd downward with precipitated flight;
Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood:
As water-fowl, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show,
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
And near the surface of the water flies;
Till having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
He clos'd his wings, and sloop'd on *Libyan* lands:
Where shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds,
Now tow'rs within the clouds advance their heads.
Arriving there, he found the *Trojan* prince
New ramparts raising for the town's defence:
A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er,
(Queen *Dido's* gift) about his waist he wore;
A sword with glitt'ring gems diversify'd,
For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
Then thus, with winged words, the God began, ‡
(Resuming his own shape:) Degen'rate man,
Thou woman's property, what mak'st thou here,
These foreign walls and *Tyrian* towers to rear?

Forgetful

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tain-statue; as perhaps it was, originally, taken from one.

‡ This machine of introducing *Mercury* to oblige *Æneas* to pursue his voyage to *Italy*, seems particularly easy and obvious, and very well adapted. What the vulgar believed to be brought about by the will of their Gods, the poets described as carried on by a visible interposition of those Gods; and this is the whole mystery of the machinery of the ancients. It was a sup-

Forgetful of thy own? All pow'ful *Jove*,
 Who sways the world below, and heav'n above,
 Has sent me down with this severe command:
 What means thy ling'ring in the *Libyan* land?
 If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
 Nor future praise from flitting pleasure wean,
 Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir:
 The promis'd crown let young *Ascanius* wear.
 To whom th' *Ausonian* sceptre and the state
 Of *Rome's* imperial name is ow'd by fate.
 So spoke the God, and speaking took his flight,
 Involv'd in clouds, and vanish'd out of sight.
 The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear;
 Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his heir;
 Revolving in his mind the stern command,
 He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
 What should he say, or how should he begin,
 What course, alas! remains, to steer between
 Th' offended lover and the pow'ful queen!
 This way and that he turns his anxious mind,
 And all expedients tries, and none can find:
 Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means,
 After long thought to this advice he leans.
 Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
 The fleet, and ship their men with silent care:
 Some plausible pretence he bids them find,
 To colour what in secret he design'd.
 Himself, mean time, the softest hours would choose,
 Before the love-sick lady heard the news,
 And move her tender mind by slow degrees,
 To suffer what the sov'reign pow'r decrees:
Jove will inspire him when and what to say:
 They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.
 But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise:
 (What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes!)
 She was the first to find the secret fraud,
 Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.

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a supposed fact, among the *Romans*, that *Aeneas* came into *Italy* in consequence of the will of heaven, and the express order of the Gods, declared in oracles and prophecies. What they thus supposed, *Virgil* realizes. The fates, or will of heaven, in *Virgil*, is *Jupiter* giving his orders; and the declaration of it to *Aeneas* is expressed by *Mercury* (the usual messenger of the will of heaven) coming down to him, and giving him the orders he had from *Jupiter*. This machinery could not be better timed, than when *Aeneas* was at the greatest stop he met with in his whole voyage to *Italy*, and when he was most in danger of quitting his design.

* She begins with bitter revilings, but soon softens

Love the first motions of the lover hears,
 Quick to presage, and ev'n safety fears.
 Nor impious *Fame* was wanting to report
 The ships repair'd; the *Trojans* thick resort,
 And purpose to forsake the *Tyrian* court.
 Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
 And impotent of mind, she roves the city round:
 Less wild the *Bacchanalian* dames appear,
 When from afar their nightly God they hear,
 And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy
 spear.

At length she finds the dear perfidious man,
 Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began:
 Base and ungrateful, could you hope to fly,
 And undiscover'd 'scape a lover's eye! *
 Nor could my kindness your compassion move,
 Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love!
 Or is the death of a despairing queen
 Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?
 Ev'n when the wintry winds command your stay,
 You dare the tempest, and defy the sea.
 False as you are, suppose you were not bound
 To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;
 Were *Troy* restor'd, and *Priam's* happy reign,
 Now durst you tempt for *Troy* the raging main?
 See whom you fly; am I the foe you shun?
 Now by those holy vows, so late begun,
 By this right hand, (since I have nothing more
 To challenge, but the faith you gave before;
 I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
 By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
 If ever *Dido*, when you most were kind,
 Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
 By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have place,
 Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
 For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
 Incens'd the *Libyan* and the *Tyrian* state;

For

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her tone, and falls into the most tender expostulations; begging him at least not to depart in the wintry season; reminding him of all their former fondness, and the vows they had made to each other; of the danger she exposed herself to, for his sake; of the loss of her fame and reputation on his account; of the destruction that will befall her kingdom, by *Pygmalion*; of her being forced to *Iarbas's* bed; concluding, that if notwithstanding all these moving considerations he is resolved to go, yet she begs him to stay at least,

Till in my regal hall I may survey
 Some princely boy, some young *Aeneas* play.

For you alone I suffer in my fame,
 Bereft of honour, and expos'd to shame:
 Whom have I now to trust, (ungrateful guest,)
 That only name remains of all the rest!
 What have I left, or whither can I fly;
 Must I attend *Pygmalion's* cruelty!
 Or till *Hiarbas* shall in triumph lead
 A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?
 Had you defer'd at least your hasty flight,
 And left behind some pledge of our delight,
 Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight;
 Some young *Aeneas* to supply your place,*
 Whose features might express his father's face;
 I should not then complain to live bereft
 Of all my husband, or be wholly left.

Here paus'd the queen; unmov'd he holds his
 eyes,
 By *Jove's* command, nor suffer'd love to rise,
 Tho' heaving in his heart, and thus at length re-
 plies:

Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
 Your boundless favours, or I own my debt;
 Nor can my mind forget *Eliza's* name,
 While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
 This only let me speak in my defence:
 I never hop'd a secret flight from hence;
 Much less pretended to the lawful claim
 Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.
 For if indulgent Heav'n would leave me free,
 And not submit my life to fate's decree,
 My choice would lead me to the *Trojan* shore,
 Those relics to review, their dust adore,
 And *Priam's* ruin'd palace to restore.
 But now the *Delphian* oracle commands,
 And fate invites me to the *Latian* lands.

NOTES.

* Mr. Bayle says, he believes, that countesses and marchionesses would think they expressed themselves too much like city dames, should they say as the queen of *Carthage* does in *Virgil*. This is spoken in the spirit of the *French* critics, whose fastidious delicacy and false refinements render them incapable of relishing the lovely simplicity of the ancients, and make them despise the faithful paintings of nature. They would have every thing exactly conformable to modern manners and customs. Most of the complaints of *de la Motte*, *Perrault*, *Fontenelle*, and other unjust censures of the ancients, are entirely occasioned by their making no allowances for the very different practices and customs of different ages and nations.

† *Aeneas's* reason for leaving *Dido* is the very strongest that could have been given to an heathen:
 No. 4.

That is the promis'd place to which I steer,
 And all my vows are terminated there.†
 If you, a *Tyrian*, and a stranger born,
 With walls and tow'rs a *Libyan* town adorn;
 Why may not we, like you, a foreign race,
 Like you seek shelter in a foreign place?
 As often as the night obscures the skies
 With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
 Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears:
 And young *Ascanius* justly may complain
 Of his defrauded fate, and destin'd reign.
 Ev'n now the herald of the Gods appear'd,
 Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
 From *Jove* he came commission'd, heav'nly bright
 With radiant beams, and manifest to sight.
 The sender and the sent, I both attest,
 These walls he enter'd, and these words express'd.
 Fair queen, oppose not what the Gods command;
 Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land.

Thus, while he spoke, already she began
 With sparkling eyes to view the guilty man:
 From head to foot survey'd his person o'er,
 No longer these outrageous threats forbore.
 False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn,
 Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess born,
 But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock,
 And rough *Hyrcanian* tigers gave thee suck.
 Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
 Did he once look, or lend a list'ning ear,
 Sigh'd when I sob'd, or shed one kindly tear?‡
 All symptoms of a base, ungrateful mind,
 So foul, that which is worse 'tis hard to find.
 Of man's injustice why should I complain?
 The Gods, and *Jove* himself behold in vain.

Triumphant

NOTES.

“He had repeated commands from heaven to leave her, and therefore could not stay.”—The reason why it sounds so weak to many of the modern critics must be, either from those who were then looked upon as Gods, being now seen in a ridiculous light, or from our critics not having so strong a notion of the interposition of Providence, as the heathens had.

‡ Here is a charming instance of the poet's exquisite art: he makes *Dido* in the height of her passion, turn suddenly from addressing *Aeneas* in the second person, to speak of him in the third, as if he were absent. Afterwards she turns to him again.—After her passion is worked up to the greatest height imaginable, and becoming too violent for her to support, the poet very naturally describes her fainting away, and carried off by her attendants.

S

Triumphant reason, yet no thunder flies,
 Nor *Juno* views my wrongs with equal eyes;
 Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
 Justice is fled, and truth is now no more;
 I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore;
 With needful food his hungry *Trojans* fed;
 I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
 Fool that I was—'tis little to repeat
 The rest; I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
 I rave: I rave: a God's command he pleads,
 And makes Heav'n accessary to his deeds.
 Now *Lycian* lots, and now the *Delian* God,
 Now *Hermes* is employ'd from *Jove's* abode,
 To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
 Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!
 But go; thy flight no longer I detain;
 Go, seek thy promis'd kingdom thro' the main:
 Yet if the heav'ns will hear my pious vow,
 The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
 Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
 To thy proud vessels, and their perjurd lord.
 Then shalt thou call on injur'd *Dido's* name:
Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry flame,
 When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame.
 Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep,
 Her angry ghost arising from the deep
 Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
 At least my shade thy punishment shall know,
 And fame shall spread the pleasing news below.

Abruptly here she stops: then turns away
 Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
 Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
 What speech to frame, and what excuse to find;
 Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led,
 And softly laid her on her iv'ry bed.

But good *Aeneas*, though he much desir'd
 To give that pity which her grief requir'd;
 Tho' much he mourn'd and labour'd with his love,
 Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of *Jove*:
 Reviews his forces; they with early care
 Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
 The fleet is soon afloat, in all it's pride;
 And well caulk'd galleys in the harbour ride.
 Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or as they stood,
 Of it's green arms despoil'd the growing wood.

NOTES.

* Here is a fine turn of passion. *Dido's* last speech was full of rage, anger, and indignation at her discovery of *Aeneas's* design to leave her: now she softens her style, and falls into all the humble and supplicating arguments she could invent. The poet artfully makes the reader take notice of the change. How moving is that part of this speech,

Studious of flight, the beach is cover'd o'er
 With *Trojan* bands that blacken all the shore:
 On ev'ry side are seen, descending down,
 Thick swarms of soldiers loaden from the town.
 Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
 Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
 T'invade the corn, and to their cells convey
 The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
 The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
 Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
 Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain,
 Some guard the spoil, some lash the lagging train;
 All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain.
 What pangs the tender breast of *Dido* tore,
 When from the tow'r she saw the cover'd shore,
 And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
 Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war?
 All pow'ful love, what changes canst thou cause
 In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
 Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends;
 To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends.
 No female arts or aids she left untry'd,
 Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she dy'd.
 Look, *Anna*, look, the *Trojans* croud to sea,*
 They spread their canvass, and their anchors weigh.
 The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,
 Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind.
 Could I have thought this threat'ning blow so
 near,

My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
 But do not you my last request deny,
 With yon perfidious man your int'rest try,
 And bring me news if I must live or die.
 You are his fav'rite, you alone can find
 The dark recesses of his inmost mind:
 In all his trusty secrets you have part,
 And know the soft approaches to his heart,
 Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
 Tell him, I did not with the *Greeks* go;
 Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
 Nor swore the ruin of unhappy *Troy*,
 Nor mov'd with hands prophane his father's dust;
 Why should he then reject a suit so just!
 Whom does he shun, and whither would he fly?
 Can he this last, this only pray'r deny?

Let

NOTES.

where she desires her sister to tell *Aeneas*, that she now does not presume to detain his voyage, and keep him from his destined settlement, but that she only begs him to stay a little longer at *Carthage*, till she had learnt in some measure to subdue her grief, and overcome the unexpected blow; and till her bad fortune was grown more familiar to her mind,

Let him at least his dang'rous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more;
Let him pursue the promis'd *Latian* shore.
A short delay is all I ask him now,
A pause of grief, an interval from woe:
Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one request,
My death shall glut the hatred of his breast.
This mournful message pious *Anna* bears,
And seconds with her own her sister's tears:
But all her arts are still employ'd in vain;
Again she comes, and is refus'd again.
His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor threat'nings move,
Fate and the Gods had stopp'd his ears to love.

As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Jostling from ev'ry quarter of the sky;*
This way and that the mountain oak they bend,
His bows they shatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground,
The hollow vallies echo to the sound:
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or shaken, clings more closely to the rocks:
Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
No less a storm the *Trojan* hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandy'd words still beating on his ears.
Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward
pains,

But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, pursu'd by cruel fate,
Begins at length the light of heav'n to hate,

NOTES.

* Few similes, if any at all, even in *Virgil* himself, are more noble and beautiful than this. It gives us a perfect image of the great and deep impressions which are made upon the hero, and yet of his steadfastness in not being subdued by them. The ideas are entirely correspondent, and the expressions altogether admirable.

† If it be possible to determine which passage in the *Æneid* is the best, perhaps it is this. The dreadful and the wonderful, joined with the pathological, reign through the whole to a degree unutterable. The secrecy likewise is such an image of cool horror, as can be no secret to any one that has the least notion of human nature.

‡ These prodigies of the wine turned into blood, which *Dido* secretly observed, (a very striking circumstance) and of *Sichæus's* voice, of the screams of the owl, the ancient predictions, and her melan-

And loaths to live: then dire portents she sees,
To hasten on the death her soul decrees,
Strange to relate: for when before the shrine
She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,†
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,‡
From all and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.
A marble temple stood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
That honour'd chapel she had hung around
With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issu'd from her husband's tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding note
The solitary screech-owl strains his throat:
And on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the
night.

Besides, old prophecies augment her fears,
And stern *Æneas* in her dreams appears,
Disdainful as by day: she seems alone
To wander in her sleep, thro' ways unknown,
Guideless and dark; or in a desert plain
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain.
Like *Pentheus*, when distracted with his fear,§
He saw two suns, and double *Thebes* appear:
Or mad *Orestes*, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches tost,
And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight,
Flies o'er the stage, surpriz'd with mortal fright;
The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.
Now,

NOTES.

choly dreams, are all admirably calculated to raise terror and pity, and must deeply affect every reader that has a feeling heart. The circumstance of the voice has been finely imitated by Mr. *Pope*, where *Elisfa* says—

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound:
Come, sister, come, it said, or seem'd to say,
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!

§ *Euripides*, the most pathetic of all tragic writers whatever, seems particularly to have excelled in painting madness: *Virgil* has copied this simile from two of his tragedies. The description of the *Bacchanalian* women tearing *Pentheus* in pieces, for secretly inspecting their mysteries, is worked up with the greatest fire, and the truest poetical enthusiasm.

Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
 From death alone she seeks her last relief:
 The time and means resolv'd within her breast,
 She to her mournful sister thus address'd.
 (Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
 And a false vigour in her eyes appears.)
 Rejoice, she said, instructed from above,
 My lover I shall gain, or lose my love,
 Nigh rising *Atlas*, next the falling sun,
 Long tracts of *Æthiopian* climates run:
 There a *Massylian* priestess I have found,
 Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd;*
 Th' *Hesperian* temple was her trusted care;
 'Twas she supply'd the wakeful dragon's fare.
 She poppy-feeds in honey taught to sleep;
 Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.
 She watch'd the golden fruit; her charms unbind
 The chains of love, or fix them on the mind.
 She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry;
 Repels the stars, and backwards bears the sky.
 The yawning earth rebellows to her call;
 Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.
 Witness, ye Gods, and thou my better part,
 How loth I am to try this impious art!
 Within the secret court, with silent care,
 Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:
 Hang on the topmast part the *Trojan* vest,
 Spoils, arms, and presents of my faithless guest.
 Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
 Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd:
 All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire;
 For so the priestess and her charms require.
 Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears;
 A mortal paleness in her face appears:
 Yet the mistrustless *Anna* could not find
 The secret fun'ral in these rites design'd;
 Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.

NOTES.

* That no circumstance of horror might be wanting to introduce the fate of this unhappy princess, to prodigies succeeds magic; the dismal solemnity and infernal religion of which exceedingly heightens the terror in the catastrophe of this tragedy: and that doubtless was the only reason which moved the poet to insert it: but then he takes care to keep that reason concealed, by amusing his readers with another. By a pretence of endeavouring to bring back *Aeneas*, or to cure her own love, the queen imposes upon her sister; and by the same pretence the poet imposes upon his reader. The description of the magic ceremony, and funeral preparation, is of a piece with the rest; that is, in full perfection, and never enough to be commended.

† One may here observe the great superiority

Unknowing of a train, conceal'd so well,
 She fear'd no worse than when *Sichæus* fell;
 Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear,
 Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
 The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high,
 And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
 Sad cypresses, vervain, eugh, compose the wreath,
 And ev'ry baleful green denoting death.
 The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
 The spoils and sword he left in order spread,
 And the man's image on the nuptial bed.
 And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)
 The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,
 And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the ground.†
 Night, *Erebus* and *Chaos* she proclaims,
 And threefold *Hecat*, with her hundred names,
 And three *Dianas*: next she sprinkles round
 With feign'd *Avernian* drops, the hallow'd ground:
 Culls hoary simples, found by *Phæbe's* light,
 With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night.
 Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
 And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal,
 Robbing the mother's love. The destin'd queen
 Observes, assisting at the rites obscene:
 A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
 She holds, and next the highest altar stands:
 One tender foot was shod, her other bare;
 Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
 Thus dress'd, she summon'd with her dying
 breath
 The heav'ns and planets, conscious of her death;
 And ev'ry power, if any rules above,
 Who minds, or who revenges injur'd love.
 'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies
 close ‡
 Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose:

The

NOTES.

of *Virgil's* judgment to that of *Lucan*, who, in his dreadful description of the incantations of *Eričko*, has given full scope to the wildness of his extravagant imagination, exciting horror instead of terror.

‡ This exquisite description can never be sufficiently admired. *Virgil* describes minutely and at length the profound calm, quiet, and stillness of the night, in order to render the cruel disturbances and agonies of the restless queen more affecting by such a contrast. *Virgil* never makes a description for the sake of the fine verses it may contain, or to shew his talent of painting well, but always in order to heighten some passion, and further the action of the poem.

The winds no longer whisper thro' the woods,
Nor murmur'ing tides disturb the gentle floods.*
The stars in silent order mov'd around,
And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the
ground.

The flocks and herds, and parti-colour'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, and swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth securely lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of nature's common gift partake;
Unhappy *Dido* was alone awake.
Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find.
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart;
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.

Then thus she said within her secret mind:
What shall I do, what succour can I find! †
Become a suppliant to *Hiarbas'* pride,
And take my turn to court and be deny'd!
Shall I with this ungrateful *Trojan* go,
Forake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd;
'Tis true; but am I sure to be receiv'd?
Can gratitude in *Trojan* souls have place?
Lamedon still lives in all his race!

Then shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
And with my fleet their flying sails pursue?
What force have I but those, whom scarce before
I drew reluctant to their native shore?
Will they again embark at my desire,
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second
Tyre?

Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,
Or seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
Had I continu'd free, and still my own;
Avoiding love, I had not found despair,
But shar'd with savage beasts the common air;
Like them a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast,
On board, the *Trojan* found more easy rest.
Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night,
And order'd all things for his early flight.

To whom once more the winged God appears: ‡
His former youthful shape and mien he wears,
And with this new alarm invades his ears:
Sleep! it

NOTES.

* This description is so celebrated, that we need not enlarge upon its particular beauties. It will rather be proper to take notice of an objection, or two, which some have urged against it. How comes sleep to be attributed to inanimate things, such as trees, fields, and seas? The answer commonly given by annotators, is not satisfactory. Rest and silence may be attributed to woods, fields, and seas; if sleep may not. Admitting this, says another set of objectors, how come the woods and the seas to be so very silent by night? They are more noisy by night than by day; the silence of other things contributing to it. Yes, if they are noisy at all; but cannot woods and seas be quiet and at rest, as well as animals? And are they not actually so, if there be no wind stirring? This therefore is not a description of the night in general (as it is commonly thought) any more than of a stormy one in particular, but of a still, quiet night: as it was most proper to suppose this to be; because such an antithesis of ideas heightens the horror, and the pathos of the queen's outrageous passion; every thing being at rest, but herself. For *Virgil* has taken care to make that opposition which cannot but be admired.

† The image of this unhappy princess, reasoning
No. 4.

NOTES.

with herself in the dead of night, is deeply moving. She turns her thoughts on every side to try if she can meet with succour or redress, but finds it impossible. She first thinks of applying to her former lovers, but soon rejects that expedient as absurd. Next she talks of accompanying the *Trojans*, but finds this every jot as unreasonable; and one reflection which awakens her pride, is extremely natural—she says the haughty sailors would but mock her woe. Neither, continues she, could I possibly persuade the *Tyrians* to pursue them as enemies.—Nothing can be done! no expedient can avail me! Her endeavouring afterwards to lay the fault on her sister is a fine touch of nature. And her concluding that all her misfortunes are owing to the breach of her vows, is beyond expression charming. This soliloquy, though pretty long, is yet extremely natural. How different from the generality of soliloquies introduced by the modern writers of tragedy! the management of which kind of speeches requires the utmost caution and care to make them appear natural; and surely they should be introduced as seldom as possible.

‡ To justify *Aeneas's* departure still more, another messenger is sent from heaven to hurry him away, who tells him that if he does not set out immediately

Sleep'st thou, O Goddess-born! and can'st thou
drown

Thy needful cares so near a hostile town?
Beset with foes; nor hear'st the western gales
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
She harbours in her heart a furious hate,
And thou shalt find the dire effects too late;
Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die:
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.
The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies,
And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful thing.
Thus *Hermes* in the dream; then took his flight,
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.

Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear:
Then rous'd his drowfy train without delay.
Haste to your banks; your crooked anchors weigh;
And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea.* }
A God commands; he stood before my fight,
And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred pow'r, what pow'r foe'er thou art,
To thy blest'd orders I resign my heart:
Lead thou the way; protect thy *Trojan* bands,
And prosper the design thy will commands.
He said, and drawing forth his flaming sword,
His thund'ring arm divides the many-twisted cord:
An emulating zeal inspires his train;
They run, they snatch, they rush into the main.

NOTES.

ly while the wind is favourable, he, and his whole fleet, will be destroyed by the *Tyrians*, whom *Dido* is animating to revenge.

* In the first book of *Virgil*, *Aeneas* appears to be very pious, and more forward to execute the will of the Gods, than any other thing whatever. In the fourth book a very difficult choice is proposed to him; on one side, gratitude, love, natural tenderness, and several weighty considerations, engage him not to part from *Dido*; on the other side, an express order of the Gods commands him to *Italy*. Before any one sees what side he will adhere to, and on what he will resolve, that which he has said ought to have demonstrated what his will, and what his inclinations are, and to what he will determine his conduct. His former speeches which discover his future resolutions are the poetical manners; these make one foresee that he would leave *Dido* and obey the Gods; he does so; the manners then are good, and duly and justly ordered.

With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed,†
And beams of early light the heav'n o'erspread,
When from a tow'r the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies:
She look'd to seaward, but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descry'd;
Stung with despight, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.‡
And shall th' ungrateful traitor go, she said,
My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm, not rush from ev'ry street,
To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd fleet?
Haste, haul my gallies out, pursue the foe;
Bring flaming brands, set sail, and swiftly row.
What have I said? Where am I? Fury turns
My brain, and my destemper'd bosom burns.
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing thro' the flame,
Preserv'd his Gods, and to the *Phrygian* shore
The burthen of his feeble father bore!
I should have torn him piece-meal; strow'd in floods
His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods;
Destroy'd his friends and son; and from the fire
Have set the reeking boy before the fire.
Events are doubtful which on battle wait;
Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate!
My *Tyrians*, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toss'd their fires amid the *Trojan* band:

At

NOTES.

† Let us admire this fine stroke of nature. The queen who had spent the night in disquietude, possessed with a thousand alarming fears that her lover would leave her, rises at the very first glimpse of day-light, and ascends a high watch-tower to view whether her fears were well grounded or not, and the first thing that struck her eye was the navy in full sail.

‡ This action of the unhappy queen is exceedingly moving and pathetic; and is a most proper introduction to the passionate speech that follows. That which is so rare among the orators is common among the poets: they abound in instances of this kind, where one may see the passion prepared; and kept up by the actions. *Dido* begins her speech, "O *Jupiter*! what shall this stranger go off? &c." This is no surprize to the hearers; they were so well prepared for it, that they would have wondered if the beginning of this speech had been less passionate.

At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;
 And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
 Had fall'n upon the pile to mend the fun'ral flame.
 Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below,*
 Thou *Juno*, guardian of the nuptial vow,
 Thou *Hecat*, hearken from thy dark abodes;
 Ye furies, fiends, and violated Gods;
 All pow'rs invoc'd with *Dido's* dying breath,
 Attend her curses, and avenge her death.
 If so the *Fates* ordain, and *Jove* commands,
 Th' ungrateful wretch should find the *Latian* lands,
 Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
 His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
 Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
 His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
 Let him for succour sue from place to place,
 Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace:
 First let him see his friends in battle slain,
 And their untimely fate lament in vain:
 And when at length the cruel war shall cease;
 On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
 Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
 But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
 And lie unbury'd on the barren sand.
 These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will;
 And you, my *Tyrians*, ev'ry curse fulfil;
 Perpetual hate, and mortal wars proclaim,
 Against the prince, the people, and the name.

NOTES.

* After all the foregoing rage and madness, and variety of passion, expressed in the most rapid style, with short quick sentences, questions, &c. in the very next words, between which and the following she must be imagined to have paused, and panted, and taken breath; she cools and settles, falls into the long and slow style, and prays for plagues upon the head of her false lover, with such religious formality, and solemnity of horror, as is enough to chill one's blood, while one reads it. And so she goes on cursing and imprecating to the end of the speech. It is an usual practice in the ancient tragedians, to make their heroes call upon the sun just before they died. There is a very sublime instance of this in the *Ajax* of *Sophocles*, the speech that hero makes to the sun just before he falls upon his sword is worth the perusal of the reader of taste; especially where he bids the sun stop in his career, when he comes over his country, and relate his calamities to his aged father and mother.

† This plainly points out *Annibal*.

‡ To paint, is not only to describe things, but to represent the circumstances of them, in such a lively sensible manner, that the hearer shall fancy he almost

These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow;
 Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know:
 Now, and from hence in ev'ry future age,
 When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies
 the rage,

Rise some avenger of our *Libyan* blood,†
 With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood:
 Our arms, our seas, our shores oppos'd to their's,
 And the same hate descend on all our heirs.

This, said, within her anxious mind she weighs
 The means of cutting short her odious days.
 Then to *Sichæus'* nurse she briefly said,
 (For when she left her country her's was dead)
 Go *Barce*, call my sister; let her care
 The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare:
 The sheep, and all th' atoning off'rings bring,
 Sprinkling her body from the chrystal spring,
 With living drops; then let her come, and thou
 With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.

Thus will I pay my vows to *Stygian Jove*,
 And end the cares of my disastrous love;
 Then cast the *Trojan* image on the fire,
 And as that burns my passion shall expire.

The nurse moves onward with officious care,
 And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
 But furious *Dido*, with dark thoughts involv'd,
 Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.‡

With

NOTES.

sees them with his eyes. For instance: if a dry historian were to give an account of *Dido's* death, he would only say; she was overwhelmed with sorrow after the departure of *Aeneas*; and that she grew weary of her life: so she went up to the top of her palace; and lying down on her funeral pile, she stabbed herself. Now these words would inform you of the fact; but you do not see it. When you read the story in *Virgil*, he sets it before your eyes. When he represents all the circumstances of *Dido's* despair; describes her wild rage; and death already staring in her aspect: when he makes her speak at the sight of the picture and sword that *Aeneas* left, your imagination transports you to *Carthage*, where you see the *Trojan* fleet leaving the shore, and the queen quite inconsolable. You enter into all her passions, and into the sentiments of the supposed spectators. It is not *Virgil* you then hear: you are too attentive to the last words of unhappy *Dido*, to think of him. The poet disappears: and we see only what he describes; and hear those only whom he makes to speak. Such is the force of a natural imitation, and of painting in language. Hence it comes that the painters and the poets are so nearly related:

With livid spots distinguish'd was her face,
 Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her face:
 Ghastly she gaz'd, with pain she drew her breath,
 And nature shiver'd at approaching death.
 Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
 And mounts the fun'ral pile with furious haste;
 Unsheaths the sword the *Trojan* left behind,
 (Not for so dire an enterprize design'd.)
 But when she view'd the garments loosely spread
 Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
 She paus'd, and with a sigh the robes embrac'd;
 Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
 Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last. }
 Dear pledges of my love, while heav'n so pleas'd,
 Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd:
 My fatal course is finish'd, and I go
 A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
 A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.
 What could my fortune have afforded more,
 Had the false *Trojan* never touch'd my shore?
 Then kiss'd the couch; and must I die, she said,
 And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
 Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive,
 On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
 These flames from far may the false *Trojan* view;
 The boding omens his base flight pursue.
 She said, and struck: deep enter'd in her side
 The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy'd:
 Clog'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
 The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
 Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
 And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
 Distracted, from the fatal sight they fled,
 And thro' the town the dismal rumour spread.
 First from the frighted court the yell began.
 Redoubl'd thence from house to house it ran:
 The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
 Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
 Not less the clamours, than if ancient *Tyre*,
 Or the new *Carthage*, set by foes on fire,
 The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
 Involv'd the blazing temples of their Gods.
 Her sister hears, and furious with despair,
 She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair;

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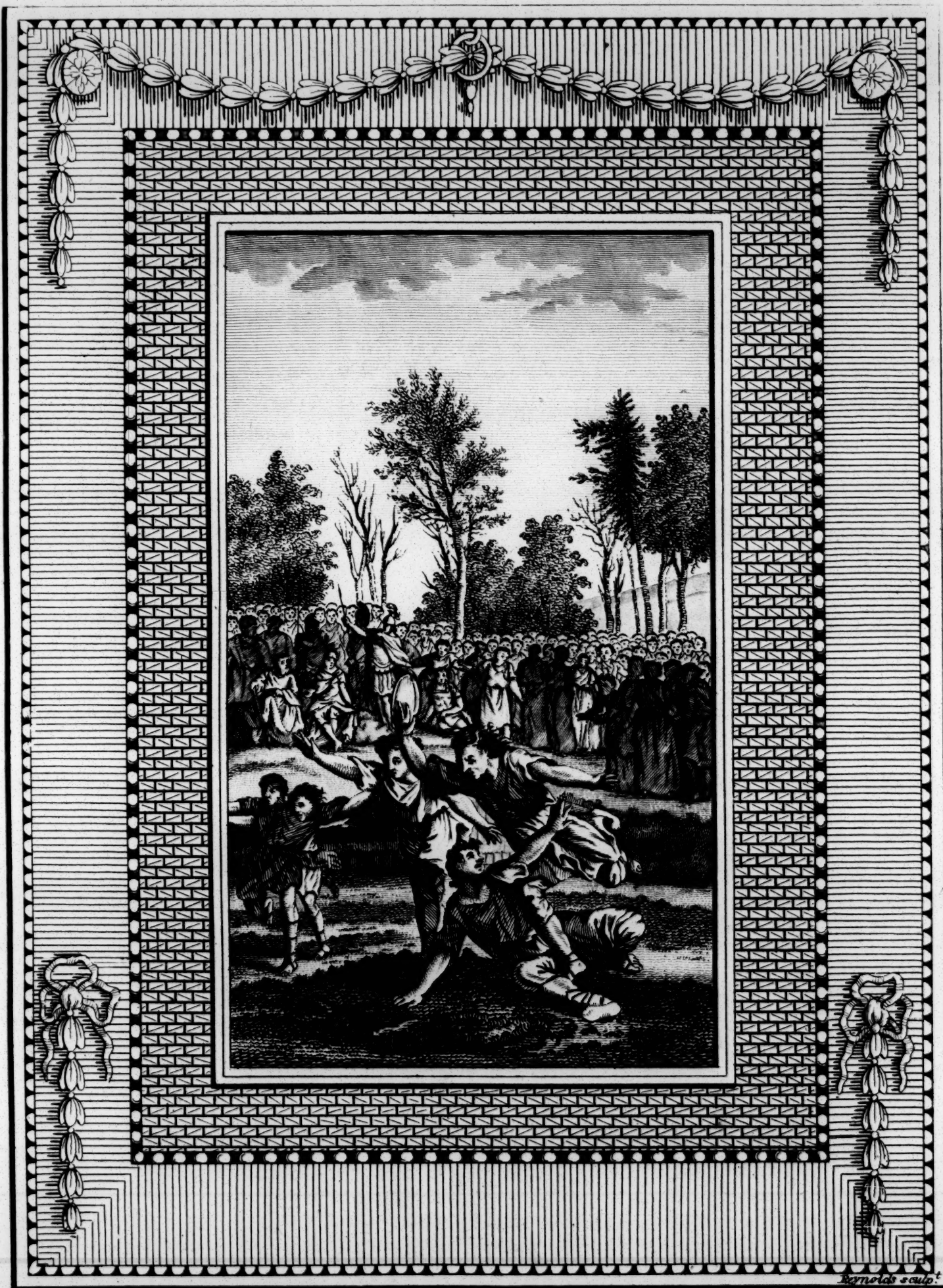
related: the one paints for the eyes, and the other for the ears: but both of them ought to convey the liveliest pictures to the imagination. Poets paint in a stronger manner than orators. Indeed the main thing in which poetry differs from eloquence is, that the poet paints with enthusiasm, and gives bolder touches than the orator. But prose allows of paint-

And calling on *Eliza's* name aloud,
 Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
 Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd,
 These fires, this fun'ral pile, these altars rear'd;
 Was all this train of plots contriv'd, said she,
 All only to deceive unhappy me?
 Which is the worst? didst thou in death pretend
 To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend!
 Thy summon'd sister, and thy friend had come;
 One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb.
 Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invoke,
 Not to be present at the fatal stroke:
 At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me;
 Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
 Bring water, bathe the wound; while I in death
 Lay close my lips to her's, and catch the flying breath.
 This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,
 And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd:
 Her temples chaf'd, and her own garments tore
 To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.
 Thrice *Dido* try'd to raise her drooping head,
 And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the bed.
 Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light, }
 But having found it, sicken'd at the sight;
 And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.
 Then *Juno*, grieving that she should sustain
 A death so ling'ring, and so full of pain,
 Sent *Iris* down, to free her from the strife
 Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.
 For since she dy'd, not doom'd by heav'n's decree,
 Or her own crime, but human casualty,
 And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,
 The Sisters had not cut the topmast hair,
 Which *Proserpine* and they can only know,
 Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
 Downward the various Goddesses took her flight,
 And drew a thousand colours from the light;
 Then stood above the dying lover's head,
 And said, I thus devote thee to the dead.
 This off'ring to th' infernal Gods I bear: }
 Thus while she spoke she cut the fatal hair:
 The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd in }
 air.

NOTES.

ing in a moderate degree: for, without lively descriptions it is impossible to warm the hearer's fancy, or to stir his passions. A plain narrative does not move people: we must not only inform them of facts; but strike their senses, by a lively moving representation of the manner and circumstances of the facts we relate.





Æneas, being kindly received by Acestes in Italy, celebrates the memory of his Father, & institutes Funeral Games, &c.

Published by Alex. Hogg, at the Kings Arms, N^o. 16. Paternoster Row.

The FIFTH BOOK of the ÆNEID.*

A R G U M E N T.

Æneas setting sail from Afric is driven by a storm on the coast of Sicily; where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours: and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships, who upon her instigation set fire to them, which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter by a miraculous shower extinguished it. Upon this Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sails for Italy; Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

MEAN time the Trojan cuts his wat'ry way,
Fix'd on his voyage, thro' the curling sea:
Then, casting back his eyes with dire amaze,
Sees on the Punic shore the mounting blaze.

The cause unknown: yet his prefaging mind
The fate of *Dido* from the fire divin'd:
He knew the stormy souls of woman-kind:

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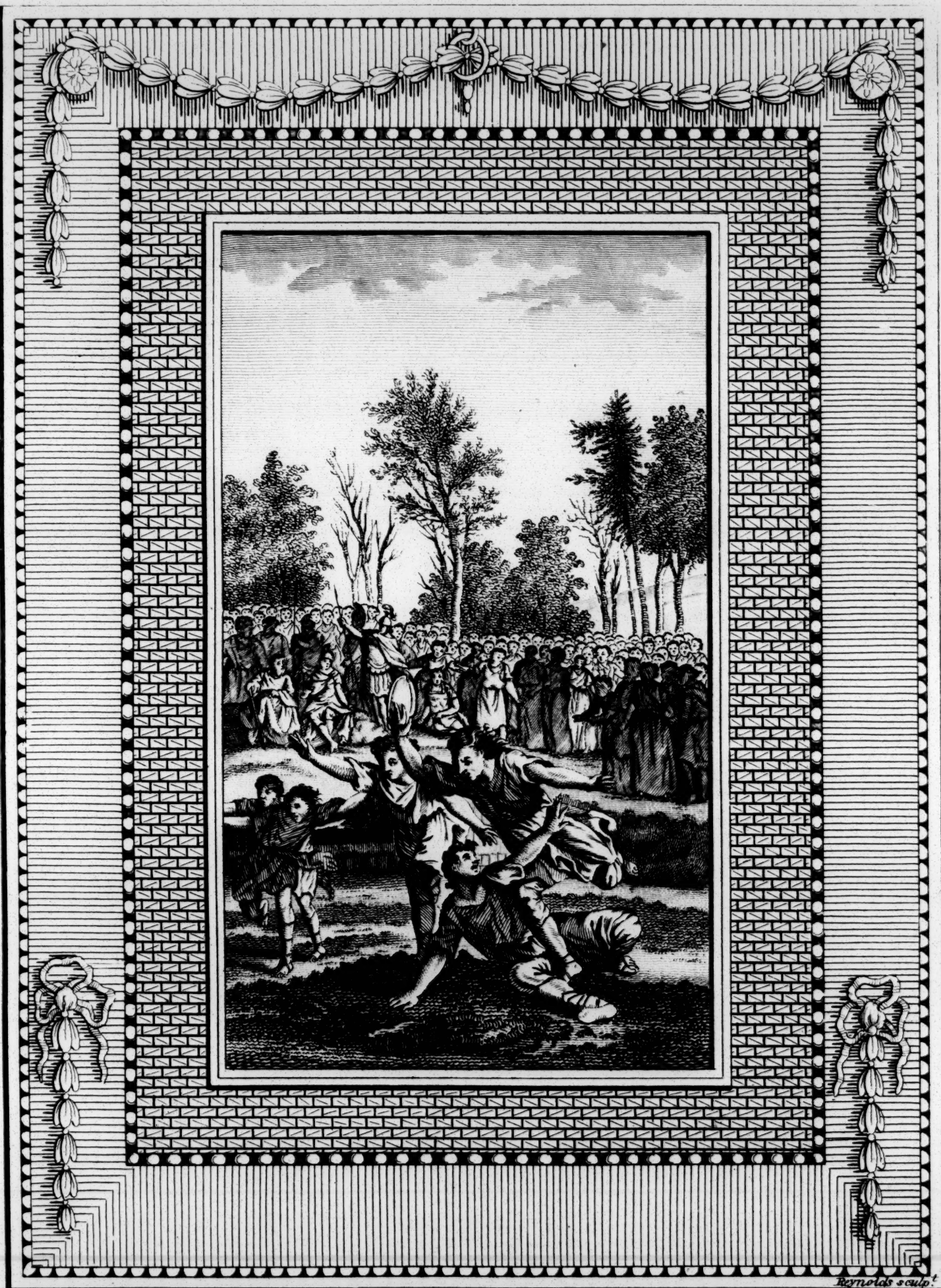
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No. 4.

NOTES.

manner of relating them, by the different scene, and the different success, and by the rewards proportioned exactly to the dignity of the contention, and the quality of the contenders. The actions of the hero are conducted with no less judgment. The poet considered, that the person whom he would propose as a pattern to others, ought not to be regarded in the most sublime and important actions only: he thought fit, after the example of *Homer*, to humanize his hero a little; and to shew him as well in sports and diversions, as in other more striking occurrences of civil life. Let any one then consider the equity, and humanity, which accompanies all his actions; and all the decencies which he is made to observe. Though these recreations are diverting, yet there is nothing in them light or trifling: he is a hero even in sports, and his very mirth majestic.

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U

What secret springs their eager passions move,
 How capable of death for injur'd love.
 Dire auguries from hence the *Trojans* draw,
 Till neither fires nor shining shores they saw.
 Now seas and skies their prospect only bound;
 An empty space above, a floating field around.
 But soon the heav'n's with shadows were o'erspread;
 A swelling cloud hung hov'ring o'er their head:
 Livid it look'd, the threat'ning of a storm;
 The night and horror ocean's face deform.
 The pilot, *Palinurus*, cry'd aloud,
 What gusts of weather from that gath'ring cloud!
 My thoughts presage; ere yet the tempest roars
 Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch your oars;
 Contract your swelling sails, and luff to wind:
 The frightened crew perform the task assign'd.
 Then, to his fearless chief, Not heav'n, said he,
 Tho' *Jove* himself should promise *Italy*,
 Can stem the torrent of this raging sea. }
 Mark how the shifting winds from west arise,
 And what collected night involves the skies!
 Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea,
 Much less against the tempest force their way; }
 'Tis fate diverts our course, and fate we must obey.
 Not far from hence, if I observ'd aright
 The fouth'ing of the stars, and polar light,
Sicilia lies, whose hospitable shores
 In safety we may reach with struggling oars.

Aeneas then reply'd, Too sure I find,
 We strive in vain against the seas and wind:
 Now shift your sails: what place can please me
 more

Than what you promise, the *Sicilian* shore;
 Whose hallow'd earth *Anchises'* bones contains,
 And where a prince of *Trojan* lineage reigns?
 The course resolv'd, before the western wind
 They scud amain, and make the port assign'd.

Mean time *Acestes*, from a lofty stand,*
 Beheld the fleet descending on the land;
 And not unmindful of his ancient race,
 Down from the cliff he ran with eager pace:
 And held the hero in a strict embrace. }
 Of a rough *Lybian* bear the spoils he wore,
 And either hand a pointed javelin bore. †
 His mother was a dame of *Dardan* blood;
 His sire *Criniseus*, a *Sicilian* flood;
 He welcomes his returning friends ashore
 With plenteous country cates, and homely store.

Now, when the following morn had chac'd away
 The flying stars, and light restor'd the day,
Aeneas call'd the *Trojan* troops around;
 And thus bespoke them from a rising ground.
 Offspring of heav'n, divine *Dardanian* race,
 The sun revolving thro' th' ethereal space,
 The shining circle of the year has fill'd, ‡
 Since first this isle my father's ashes held:

And

NOTES.

* The very dress and appearance of this monarch, prepare the reader for his character and behaviour.

† This would be a strange dress for a modern monarch; and may seem so for any monarch to some modern readers. But to those who have a genius for antiquity, this antique habit gives a most agreeable idea.

‡ It is the opinion of critics that the action of the *Aeneid* is comprized in one year, according to the following calculation: 1. It is a point founded on history, that *Troy* was sacked in the month of *May*; or, at farthest, in the month of *June*. 2. *Aeneas* stayed two months, or thereabouts, at *Antandros*, to build his fleet; and he did not go from thence till the month of *March*, in the year which followed the taking of *Troy*. 3. We will suppose moreover, that *Aeneas* was four years and some months in passing the seas, and in making his unsuccessful settlements in *Thrace* and *Crete*. The hero spends one lustrum in his voyages from *Antandros*: this lustrum contains full four years. The *Trojan* fleet left *Antandros* in the month of *March*: the *Aetian* games are celebrated about the dog-days in the month of *August*. Thus the four years and

NOTES.

some months are exactly made out. The *Trojans* did not leave *Epirus* till *August*; and indeed, at their departure from this last place, *Virgil* tells us, that the sea gave marks of the approaching winter. This cannot be said of any other month than *October* or *November* at least. 5. *Aeneas* could hardly arrive at *Drepanum* before *January*: the vessels took up not more than two months in sailing into the *Adriatic* gulf; and, after that, in coasting all the *Italian* shore, and in searching for *Drepanum* in the *Tyrrhene* sea. 6. It may lastly be fairly supposed, that *Aeneas* was in *Sicily* the eleven months remaining, till the month of *November*, with which the *Aeneid* opens. According to the foregoing computation, *January* was the month in which *Aeneas* arrived at the port of *Sicily*, where he lost his father. It very evidently appears, from the poet's own narration, that *Anchises* died in *February*; and that his anniversary was kept in the same month; which may be thus proved. *Aeneas* parted from *Carthage* in the winter: this is what *Dido* reproaches him with: this certainly could mean no other time than the end of *January*. According to this supposition *Aeneas* stayed but three months at *Carthage*; that is, from *November* to the end

And now the rising day renews the year,
(A day for ever sad, for ever dear,)*
This would I celebrate with annual games,
With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy flames,
Tho' banish'd to *Getulia's* barren sands,
Caught on the *Grecian* seas, or hostile lands:
But since this happy storm our fleet has driv'n
(Not, as I deem, without the will of heav'n,)
Upon these friendly shores and flow'ry plains,
Which hide *Anchises* and his blest remains;
Let us with joy perform his honours due,
And pray for prosp'rous winds, our voyage to re-
new.

Pray, that in towns, and temples of our own,
The name of great *Anchises* may be known,
And yearly games may spread the God's renown. }
Our sports *Acestes*, of the *Trojan* race,
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
Two steers on ev'ry ship the king bestows;
His Gods and our's shall share your equal vows.
Besides, if nine days hence the rosy morn
Shall with unclouded light the skies adorn,
That day with solemn sports I mean to grace;
Light galleys on the seas shall run a wat'ry race.
Some shall in swiftness for the goal contend,
And others try the twanging bow to bend:

NOTES.

end of *January*. As to what remains, we cannot possibly prove, that his stay was longer; and nothing can induce us to believe that it was. So that when he arrives in *Sicily*, that is to say, at the beginning of *February*, he declares that very day to be the anniversary of his father: it therefore follows, that his father died in *February*. *Aeneas* afterwards spends one month in the celebration of the games, after leaving *Sicily* a second time to sail for *Italy*, whither he arrives at the beginning of the spring. This last point is plain, from the singing of the birds, and the serenity of the sky, which began to look clear. For the rest, the wars of *Aeneas* in *Italy* till the death of *Turnus*, lasted from the beginning of the *April*, when he came into *Italy*, to the *November* following. According to this plan, we may determine the *Æneid* to be comprized within the course of one solar year.

* This image of filial piety is extremely affecting; and gives us a very sensible melancholy pleasure: a good son, even all the days of his life, never reflecting upon the death of his father (especially of a good father) without grief for his loss, and honour for his memory. And it is proportionably the same with regard to all other relations, and friends, as well as parents, though not in the same degree.

The strong with iron gauntlets arm'd shall stand,
Oppos'd in combat on the yellow sand.
Let all be present at the games prepar'd,
And joyful victors wait the just reward.
But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'd;
He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.
Then *Helymus*, by his example led,
And old *Acestes*, each adorn'd his head;
Thus young *Ascanius*, with a sprightly grace,
His temples ty'd, and all the *Trojan* race.

Aeneas then advanc'd amidst the train,
By thousands follow'd thro' the flow'ry plain,†
To great *Anchises'* tomb; which when he found,
He pour'd to *Bacchus* on the hallow'd ground
Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,
And two from offer'd bulls of purple gore.
With roses then the sepulchre he strew'd,
And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud.
Hail, O ye holy manes; hail again
Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!
The Gods permitted not that you with me
Should reach the promis'd shores of *Italy*,
Or *Tyber's* flood; what flood so'er it be. }
Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,
A serpent from the tomb began to glide ;

His

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† It is astonishing, that not one of the critics and commentators have perceived the design which the poet undoubtedly had, in this episode of the apotheosis of *Anchises*, and in the description of the games which are celebrated at his tomb. It is *Augustus* that *Virgil* represents here under the character of *Aeneas*. The pious *Augustus*, by the apotheosis (or deification) with which he honoured *Julius Cæsar* his father, and by the games which he caused to be performed to celebrate this new God, gave *Virgil* an occasion of inventing this episode, and of making these games and honours the subject of one entire book. This appears very charming, even to us at present; although the commentators have taken no notice of the relation it bore to *Augustus*. But how much more interesting and delightful must it have been to *Augustus* himself, and the *Romans* of that age, who remembered that they themselves performed the same things for *Julius Cæsar*, which the poet makes *Aeneas* perform in honour of *Anchises*.

‡ No animal whatsoever has been the subject of so many poetical descriptions, similes, and allusions, as a snake; none indeed being upon all accounts so fertile of poetical images. *Virgil* especially, both in his *Georgics* and *Æneid*, has made the utmost use of it: he has represented it under a great variety of appearances,

His huge bulk on seven high volumes roll'd;
Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with
scaly gold:

Thus riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass
A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.
More various colours thro' his body run,
Than *Iris* when her bow imbibes the sun;
Betwixt the rising altars, and around,
The sacred monster shot along the ground;
With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass'd,
And with his lolling tongue assay'd the taste:
Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous guest
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.
The pious prince, surpriz'd at what he view'd,
The fun'ral honours with more zeal renew'd:
Doubtful if this the place's genius were,
Or guardian of his father's sepulchre.
Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew,
As many swine, and fleers of fable hue:
Now gen'rous wine he from the goblets pour'd,
And call'd his father's ghost, from hell restor'd.

NOTES.

appearances, and given it all the turns of which it is capable. This creature is generally represented as noxious, and an idea of terror is attached to it; but it is sometimes otherwise. To pass over many instances, *Ovid* paints the serpents into which *Cadmus*, and his wife, and *Æsculapius* were transformed, in very delightful colours: and this, which is here described by *Virgil*, is not only innocent, but amiable.—Under this head it would be unpardonable to omit *Milton's* description of the tempting serpent, which is exquisitely beautiful.

—— Not with indented wave
Prone on the ground, as since; but in his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that tow'r'd
Fold above fold, a rising maze; his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes:
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amid his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant: ——

* Though these sports are calculated for pleasing the imagination, rather than moving the passions, yet even the latter of these effects is in some measure produced by them. The subject of them is not important enough to move the passions, as the expression is commonly used; but notwithstanding that, they are moved in some degree, whether we know it and consider it, or no. Here is nothing indeed of the pathetic, but here is a great deal of emotion; and our spirits, if not our passions, are exceedingly agitated. Here is the height of expectation and suspense, of admiration and surprize;

The glad attendants in long order come,
Off'ring their gifts at great *Anchises'* tomb;
Some add more oxen, some divide the spoil,
Some place the chargers on the grassy foil;
Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil.

Now came the day desir'd; the skies were bright
With rosy lustre of the rising light:
The bounding people, rous'd by sounding fame
Of *Trojan* feasts, and great *Acestes'* name,
The crowded shore with acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.
And first the gifts in public view they place,
Green laurel wreaths, and palm, (the victor's grace.)
Within the circle arms and tripods lie,
Ingots of gold and silver heap'd on high,
And vests embroider'd of the *Tyrian* dye.
The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims,
And all prepare for their appointed games.
Four galleys first which equal rowers bear,*
Advancing, in the wat'ry lists appear.

The

NOTES.

a hurry of thought, a rapidity of action; from which, together with the elegance and beauty of the description, results great pleasure. Every one of the games has a complete action by itself; with a kind of protasis, epistasis, and catastrophe. They all have (as they ought to have) some peculiar incidents; as the first, those of *Menætes* being thrown overboard, and *Sergestus* stuck in the rocks: the second, that of *Nisus*; the third, that of *Entellus* falling to the ground, (these two last with quite different circumstances;) but they are all differenced from each other by separate characters and marks of distinction: the first, by the various turns, traverses, and doubtfulness of the event, till the end of the strife: the second, by the dubious claim of the rivals, and a kind of a point of law to be argued, even after the race is over: the third, by the admirable opposition of characters between *Dares* and *Entellus*; the one being young and nimble, but of an ordinary stature; the other old and stiff, but of a gigantic bulk; and also by the insolent confidence of the former, so agreeably rebuked by the strength and courage of the latter: the fourth, by that climax of performances, if we may so call it; every adventurer still doing something more than him who went before him. That of the *Trojan* boys is of a nature totally distinct from all the rest; there being no particular opposition or contention between particular persons; that among boys being beneath the dignity of heroic poetry, though some particular names and characters are given: but it is
a fine

The speedy dolphin, that outstrips the wind,
Bore *Mnestheus*, author of the *Memnian* kind :*
Gyas the vast *Chimæra*'s bulk commands,
Which rising like a tow'ring city stands :
Three *Trojans* tug at ev'ry lab'ring oar ;
Three banks in three degrees the failors bore,
Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar.
Sergestbus, who began the *Sergian* race,
In the great *Centaur* took the leading place ;
Cloanthus on the sea-green *Scylla* stood,
From whom *Cluentius* draws his *Trojan* blood.

Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
There stands a rock ; the raging billows roar
Above his head in storms ; but when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot ap-
pear.

In peace below the gentle waters run ;
The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.
On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight,
The mark to guide the mariners aright.
To bear with this the seamen stretch their oars ;
Then round the rock they steer, and seek the former
shores.

The lots decide their place ; above the rest,
Each leader shining in his *Tyrian* vest ;
The common crew with wreaths of poplar boughs
Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty
brows.

Befmear'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine ;
All take their seats, and wait the founding sign.
They gripe their oars, and ev'ry panting breast
Is rais'd by turns with hopes, by turns with fears
depress'd.

The clangor of the trumpet gives the sign ;
At once they start, advancing in a line :
With shouts the failors rend the starry skies ;
Lash'd with their oars, the smoaky billows rise ;
Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.
Exact in time, with equal strokes they row ;
At once the brushing oars and brazen prow
Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths
below.

Not fiery courfers in a chariot race
Invade the field with half so swift a pace.

NOTES.

a fine show or parade, and therefore most elegantly
and judiciously chosen to close the whole.

* Observe the judgment of the poet in taking this
seemingly little occasion to derive the pedigree of the
most illustrious families among the *Romans* : thus on
the one hand, doing honour to his country ; and on
the other, giving an air of grandeur to the sports
which follow.

No. 5

Not the fierce driver with more fury lends
The founding lash, and ere the stroke descends,
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.
The partial croud their hopes and fears divide,
And hail with eager shouts the favour'd side.
Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,
From woods to woods, from hills to hills rebound.

Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,
Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung before ;
Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursu'd him fast,
But his o'er-masted galley check'd his haste.
The *Centaur* and the *Dolphin* brush the brine
With equal oars, advancing in a line :
And now the mighty *Centaur* seems to lead,
And now the speedy *Dolphin* gets a-head :
Now board to board the rival vessels row ;
The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans
below.

They reach the mark ; proud *Gyas* and his train
In triumph rode, the victors of the main :†
But steering round, he charg'd his pilot stand
More close to shore, and skim along the sand.
Let others bear to sea. *Menætes* heard,
But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd,
And fearing, sought the deep ; and still aloof he
steer'd.

With louder cries the captain call'd again ;
Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main.
He spoke, and speaking, at his stern he saw
The bold *Cloanthus* near the shelves draw ;
Betwixt the mark and him the *Scylla* stood,
And in a closer compass plow'd the flood.
He pass'd the mark, and wheeling got before ;
Gyas blasphem'd the Gods, devoutly swore,
Cry'd out for anger, and his hair he tore.
Mindless of others' lives, (so high was grown
His rising rage) and careless of his own,
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoisted up, and overboard he threw :
This done he seiz'd the helm, his fellows cheer'd,
Turn'd short upon the shelves, and madly steer'd.

Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his
years :

Now

NOTES.

† The *English* reader will be apt to think that if
they reached the gaol, as the word is used among
us, the contention was over. But he is to know,
that among the ancients, the *meta*, or gaol, was not
the end of the race ; but the contenders were to go
round it.

X

Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain ;
 The crowd that saw him fall, and float again,
 Shout from the distant shore, and loudly laught,
 To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny draught.*
 The following *Centaur*, and the *Dolphin's* crew,
 Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew ;
 While *Gyas* lags, they kindle in the race,
 To reach the mark ; *Sergesthus* takes the place :
Mnestheus pursues ; and while around they wind,
 Comes up, not half his galley's length behind.
 Then on the deck amidst his mates appear'd,
 And thus their drooping courages he cheer'd :
 My friends, and *Hector's* followers heretofore ;
 Exert your vigour, tug the lab'ring oar ;
 Stretch to your strokes, my still unconquer'd crew,
 Whom from the flaming walls of *Troy* I drew.
 In this, our common int'rest, let me find
 That strength of hand, that courage of the mind,
 As when you stemm'd the strong *Malean* flood,
 And o'er the *Syrtes'* broken billows row'd.
 I seek not now the foremost palm to gain ;
 Tho' yet—but ah, that haughty wish is vain !
 Let those enjoy it whom the Gods ordain !
 But to be last, the lags of all the race,
 Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace.
 Now one and all they tug amain ; they row
 At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow.
 The sea beneath 'em sinks ; their lab'ring sides
 Are swell'd, and sweat run gutt'ring down in
 tides.

Chance aids their daring with unhop'd success ;
Sergesthus, eager with his beak to preſt
 Betwixt the rival gally and the rock,
 Shuts up th' unwieldy *Centaur* in the lock.

NOTES.

* It is observed that pleafantry, or ridiculous images, are in general below the dignity of epic poetry. There is but one laugh in the whole *Æneid*, and that is on this paſſage. But this piece of mirth is ſo well timed, that the ſevereſt critic can have nothing to ſay againſt it: for it is in the book of games, where the reader's mind may be ſuppoſed to be ſufficiently relaxed for ſuch an entertainment.

† We know nothing in all the *Æneid* ſo particular as this incident of *Sergesthus* ; which is judiciously dropped, and reſum'd in the courſe of the narration. *Virgil* makes himſelf merry with this ſame unfortunate *Sergesthus* : but (which is his exquisite art) though there is an air of mirth through the whole, there is nothing little or ludicrous. Here is no jeſt, and yet here is a great deal of pleaſant wit, ariſing from the deſcription, which is perfectly natural. After the whole game is over, and the ſe-

The veſſel ſtruck, and with the dreadful ſhock
 Her oars ſhe ſhiver'd, and her head ſhe broke.
 The trembling rowers from their banks ariſe,
 And, anxious for themſelves, renounce the prize.
 With iron poles they heave her off the ſhores,
 And gather from the ſea their floating oars.
 The crew of *Mneſtheus*, with elated minds,
 Urge their ſucceſs, and call the willing winds ;
 Then ply their oars, and cut the liquid way
 In larger compaſs on the roomy ſea. ‡
 As when the dove her rocky hold forſakes,
 Rouz'd in a fright, her ſounding wings ſhe ſhakes,
 The cavern rings with clatt'ring ; out ſhe flies,
 And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the ſkies ;
 At firſt ſhe flutters ; but at length ſhe ſprings
 To ſmoother flight, and ſhoots upon her wings :
 So *Mneſtheus* in the *Dolphin* cuts the ſea,
 And flying with a force, that force aſſiſts his way.
Sergesthus in the *Centaur* ſoon he paſſ'd,
 Wedg'd in the rocky ſhoals, and ſticking faſt.
 In vain the victor he with cries implores,
 And praetiſes to row with ſhatter'd oars.
 Then *Mneſtheus* bears with *Gyas*, and out-flies :
 The ſhip without a pilot yields the prize.
 Unvanquiſh'd *Scylla* now alone remains ;
 Her he purſues, and all his vigour ſtrains.
 Shouts from the fav'ring multitude ariſe,
 Applauding echo to the ſhouts replies ;
 Shouts, wiſhes, and applauſe run rattling thro'
 the ſkies.

Theſe clamours with diſdain the *Scylla* heard ;
 Much grudg'd the praiſe, but more the rob'd reward :
 Reſolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace,
 All obſtinate to die, or gain the race.

Rais'd

NOTES.

ral antagoniſts rewarded according to their deſerts ; when we have quite forgotten poor *Sergesthus*, and think to hear no more of him ; this unfortunate adventurer comes lagging at laſt, wriggling his veſſel ſide-ways, and edging in as well as he can. And then follows that incomparable ſimilitude, comparing his maimed galley to a battered and half-demoliſhed ſnake. It is the opinion of ſome, that *Virgil* makes *Sergesthus* thus inglorious, becauſe the *Sergian* family (deſcended from him (as he before tells us) was of no good reputation in *Rome* ; *Catiline* being a branch of it : a conjecture by no means improbable.

‡ After the embarrassment of the ſhip ſticking in the rock, in the foregoing verſes, how agreeable is the change of ideas to that of another ſhip, ſmoothly and ſwiftly ſhooting along by her.

Rais'd with success, the *Dolphin* swiftly ran,
 (For they can conquer who believe they can :)
 Both urge their oars, and fortune both supplies;
 And both perhaps had shar'd an equal prize;
 When to the seas *Cleanthus* holds his hands,
 And succour from the watry pow'rs demands:
 Gods of the liquid realms on which I row,
 If giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
 Assist to make me guilty of my vow.
 A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain,
 His offer'd entrails cast into the main;
 And rudely wine from golden goblets thrown,
 Your graceful gift, and my return shall own.
 The quire of nymphs, and *Phorcus* from below,*
 With virgin *Panopea*, heard his vow;
 And old *Portunos*, with his breadth of hand,
 Push'd on, and sped the galley to the land.
 Swift as a shaft or winged wind she flies,
 And darting to the port, obtains the prize.

The herald summons all, and then proclaims
Cleanthus conqueror of the naval games.
 The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head,
 And three fat steers are to his vessel led,
 The ship's reward; with gen'rous wine beside,
 And sums of silver, which the crew divide.
 The leaders are distinguish'd from the rest:
 The victor honour'd with a nobler vest:
 Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,
 And needle-work it's happy art bestows.
 There *Ganymede* is wrought with living art,†
 Chasing thro' *Ida's* groves the trembling hart;
 Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue:
 When from aloft descends, in open view,
 The bird of *Jove*; and fousing on his prey,
 With crooked talons bears the boy away.
 In vain with lifted hands, and gazing eyes,
 His guards behold him soaring thro' the skies;
 And dogs pursue his flight with imitated cries.

NOTES.

* The *Nereids* were the daughters of *Phorcus*, who was the son of *Neptune* by *Thetis*. *Portunos*, who is sometimes called *Palemon*; or *Melicertes*, was the God who presided over havens.

† The description of this beautiful piece of tapestry is extremely picturesque. The circumstances of the boys panting, the old men lifting up their hands, and above all, the dogs looking up and barking after him, are painted in the liveliest manner imaginable. There is a very fine painting by *Michael Angelo* on this subject, who has exactly copied *Virgil's* description, except that he hath omitted the circumstance of the dogs.

‡ There never was a finer simile than this. It will be objected perhaps, that a ship is not like a

Mnestheus the second victor was declar'd,
 And summon'd there, the second prize he shar'd.
 A coat of mail, which brave *Demoleus* bore,
 More brave *Aeneas* from his shoulders tore;
 In single combat on the *Trojan* shore.
 This was ordain'd for *Mnestheus* to possess;
 In war for his defence, for ornament in peace.
 Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold;
 But yet so pond'rous with it's plates of gold,
 That scarce two servants could the weight sustain:
 Yet, loaded thus, *Demoleus* o'er the plain
 Pursu'd, and lightly seiz'd the *Trojan* train.
 The third succeeding to the last reward,
 Two goodly bowls of massy silver shar'd;
 With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
 And two brass caldrons from *Dodona* brought.

Thus, all rewarded by the hero's hands,
 Their conqu'ring temples bound with purple bands,

And now *Sergesthus*, clearing from the rock,
 Brought back his gally shatter'd with the shock.
 Forlorn she look'd without an aiding oar,
 And hooted by the vulgar, made to shore.
 As when a snake, surpriz'd upon the road,‡
 Is crush'd athwart her body by the load
 Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
 Her belly bruise'd, and trodden to the ground;
 In vain with loosen'd curls she crawls along,
 Yet fierce above, she brandishes her tongue;
 Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales,
 But grov'ling in the dust, her parts unsound she trails.

So slowly to the port the *Centaur* tends.
 But what she wants in oars, with sails amends:
 Yet for his gally sav'd, the grateful prince
 Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompence.
Pholoe, the *Cretan* slave, rewards his care, §
 Beauteous herself, with lovely twins as fair.

From

NOTES.

snake; we own it is not, any more than it is like a dove, to which another ship is compared a little before. But the comparisons are so far from being faulty upon this account, that for this very reason they are the more beautiful; considering that the particular circumstances, upon which the similitudes turn, do so very nearly resemble. In the one, imagine a ship struggling and with difficulty getting out from a narrow passage, and then swiftly flying away into the open ocean; how properly is it compared to a dove, which first flutters in her covert, and then glides as in those incomparably smooth verses of the original, expressing the thing by their very sound.

§ A female slave, especially a fruitful one, was deemed

From thence his way the *Trojan* hero bent
 Into the neighb'ring plain, with mountains pent;
 Whose sides were shaded with furrounding wood:
 Full in the midst of this fair valley stood
 A native theatre, which rising flow,
 By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
 High, on a sylvan throne the hero sat;
 A num'rous train attend in solemn state:
 Here those that in the rapid course delight,*
 Desire of honour, and the prize invite.
 The rival runners without order stand;
 The *Trojans*, mix'd with the *Sicilian* band.
 First *Nisus* with *Euryalus* appears,†
Euryalus a boy of blooming years;
 With sprightly grace, and equal beauty crown'd;
Nisus, for friendship to the youth renown'd.
Diores next, of *Priam's* royal race,
 Then *Salius*, join'd with *Patron*, took their place:
 But *Patron* in *Arcadia* had his birth,
 And *Salius* his from *Acarnanian* earth.
 Then two *Sicilian* youths, the names of these
 Swift *Helymus*, and lovely *Panopes*:
 Both jolly huntsmen, both in forest bred,
 And owning old *Acestes* for their head.
 With sev'ral others of ignobler name,
 Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.

To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd,
 In words which gen'ral approbation gain'd.
 One common largess is for all design'd:
 The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd.
 Two darts of polish'd steel, and *Gnosian* wood,
 A silver studded axe alike bestow'd.
 The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed;
 The first of these obtains a stately steed
 Adorn'd with trappings; and the next in fame,
 The quiver of an *Amazonian* dame,
 With feather'd *Thracian* arrows well supply'd;
 A golden belt shall gird his manly side,
 Which with a sparkling diamond shall be ty'd:
 The third this *Grecian* helmet shall content.
 He said; to their appointed base they went;
 With beating hearts th' expected sign receive,
 And starting all at once, the barrier leave.

NOTES.

deemed no mean present by the ancients: *Sergesthus* was very well rewarded; nay, rather better than his adversary. This was to comfort him in his misfortune. A fine stroke of character in *Aeneas*!

* The foot race was a military exercise: the young *Roman* soldiers were instructed in it, according to *Vegetius*; agility being of great use in war.

† The introducing these two youths in this place,

Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,
 And seiz'd the distant goal, with greedy view.
 Shot from the crowd, swift *Nisus* all o'erpass'd;
 Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.
 The next, but tho' the next, yet far disjoin'd,
 Came *Salius*, and *Euryalus* behind;
 Then *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
 Step after step, and almost side by side:
 His shoulders pressing, and in longer space
 Had won, or left at least a dubious race.

Now spent, the goal they almost reach at last;
 When eager *Nisus*, hapless in his haste,
 Slipp'd first, and slipping, fell upon the plain,
 Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly slain:
 The careless victor had not mark'd his way;
 But treading where the treach'rous puddle lay,
 His heels flew up, and on the grassy floor
 He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.
 Not mindless then, *Euryalus*, of thee,
 Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,
 He strove th' immediate rival's hope to cross,
 And caught the foot of *Salius* as he rose:‡
 So *Salius* lay extended on the plain;
Euryalus springs out the prize to gain,
 And leaves the crowd; applauding peals attend
 The victor to the goal, who vanquish'd by his friend.

Next *Helymus*, and then *Diores* came,
 By two misfortunes made the third in fame.

But *Salius* enters, and exclaiming loud
 For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd;
 Urges his cause may in the court be heard,
 And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
 But favour for *Euryalus* appears;
 His blooming beauty, with his tender years,
 Had brib'd the judges for the promis'd prize;
 Besides *Diores* fills the court with cries,
 Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
 If the first palm on *Salius* be conferr'd.
 Then thus the prince: Let no disputes arise:
 Where fortune plac'd it, I award the prize.
 But fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
 At least to pity my deserving friend.

He

NOTES.

is very judicious in the poet, as it in some measure prepares the reader for the important part they are to act in the beautiful episode in the ninth book.

‡ One cannot but be charmed at the manner with which *Virgil* keeps up the characters of all the persons he introduces. Of which this action of *Nisus* in striving to be as serviceable to his friend as he possibly could, is a beautiful instance.

He said, and from among the spoils he draws,
 (Pond'rous with shaggy main and golden paws)
 A lion's hide: to *Salus* this he gives:
Nisus with envy sees the gift, and grieves.
 If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due,
 He said, and falling is to rise by you,
 What prize may *Nisus* from your bounty claim,
 Who merited the first rewards and fame?
 In falling both an equal fortune try'd;
 Would fortune for my fall so well provide!
 With this he pointed to his face, and show'd
 His hands and all his habit smear'd with blood.
 Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd;
 And caus'd to be produc'd an ample shield;
 Of wond'rous art, by *Didymaon* wrought,
 Long since from *Neptune's* bars in triumph brought.
 This giv'n to *Nisus*, he divides the rest,
 And equal justice in his gifts express'd.
 The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd,
 Once more the prince bespeaks th' attentive crowd.
 If there be here whose dauntless courage dare
 In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,*
 His opposite sustain in open view,
 Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.
 Two prizes I propose, and thus divide:
 A bull with gilded horns, and fillets ty'd,
 Shall be the portion of the conqu'ring chief;
 A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief.

NOTES.

* The naval race, being a subject of the widest extent, is by far the longest of all the games, and contains the greatest variety of particulars. The foot-race, which immediately follows the other, is of all the subjects the most single, and narrow; yet it is so varied by the poet, that it is very surprizing. Not only the fall of *Nisus*, but that of *Salus* upon him, and the success of *Euryalus* purely by the assistance and artifice of his friends, are circumstances which give this sport as much variety as it is capable of receiving. And yet it is chiefly distinguished by the doubtful claim of the antagonists, after the contention is over: which is perfectly new, and very entertaining. But after all, there is none of these games, not even the first, which strikes us more than this third. It is distinguished from all the rest by this, that here is not only contending, but fighting; and that too with danger of death to the combatants. Then the nature, and kind of the combat is such, that it exceedingly engages the attention. But while they are actually engaged; we see their motions, and hear the clashing of their gauntlets: we seem to be within the wind of their leaden fists, and are in some concern for our own jaws. The description.

No. 5.

Then haughty *Dares* in the lists appears;
 Stalking he strides, his head erected bears:
 His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield,
 And loud applauses echo thro' the field.
Dares alone in combat us'd to stand.
 The match of mighty *Paris* hand to hand,†
 The same at *Hector's* fun'ral undertook
 Gigantic *Brutes*, of th' *Amician* stock;
 And by the stroke of his resistless hand,
 Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand.
 Such *Dares* was; and such he strode along,
 And drew the wonder of the gazing throng,
 His brawny back and ample breast he shows;
 His lifted arms around his head he throws,
 And deals in whistling air his empty blows. }
 His match is fought; but thro' the trembling band
 Not one dares answer to the proud demand.
 Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes,
 Already he devours the promis'd prize.
 He claims the bull with awless insolence;
 And having seiz'd his horns, accosts the prince:
 If none my matchless valour dares oppose,
 How long shall *Dares* wait his dastard foe?
 Permit me, chief, permit without delay,
 To lead this uncontended gift away.
 The crowd assents, and with redoubled cries,
 For the proud challenger demands the prize.

Accosts

NOTES.

criptive part is in perfection throughout; as it is always in this book especially. *Entellus's* knocking down the bull at last, when we thought all the entertainment had been over, and so making the prize of his conquest the object of a new one, is extremely surprizing, and delightful; and closes the whole with the noblest and fullest period imaginable. But the greatest beauty of all is not yet mentioned. Since neither of the champions is killed, we are glad to see the vain confidence of the young challenger so well mortified by a brave old man; whose interest we immediately espouse, as soon as he appears. Nothing can be more natural and heroic, than all his speeches; or than the description of his person. All which makes as deep an impression upon human fancy, as words and ideas are capable of making. Nor is it with small judgment, that *Virgil* here gives the prize to a *Sicilian*; that his *Trojans* might not carry off all the honour of that day's transactions.

† It may seem surprizing, that *Paris*, who is looked upon by most people as an effeminate person, and distinguished as being merely *Helen's* gallant, should in this place be mentioned as a hero, expert

Y

is

Aceſtes fir'd with juſt diſdain to ſee
 The palm uſurp'd without a victory,
 Reproach'd *Entellus* thus, who ſat beſide,
 And heard and ſaw unmov'd the *Trojan's* pride:
 Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
 So tamely can you bear the raviſh'd crown?
 A prize in triumph borne before your fight,
 And ſhun for fear the danger of the fight?
 Where is our *Eryx* now, the boated name,
 The God who taught your thund'ring arm the
 game;
 Where now your baffled honour, where the ſpoil
 That fill'd your houſe, and fame that fill'd our iſle?
Entellus thus: My ſoul is ſtill the ſame;
 Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame;
 But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
 And ſcarce the ſhadow of a man remains.
 Oh, could I turn to that fair prime again,
 That prime, of which this boafter is ſo vain,
 The brave who this decrepid age deſies,
 Should feel my force, without the promis'd prize.
 He ſaid, and riſing at the word, he threw
 Two pond'rous gauntlets down, in open view;
 Gauntlets which *Eryx* wont in fight to wield,
 And ſheath his hands within the liſted field.
 With fear and wonder ſeiz'd, the crowd beholds
 The gloves of death, with ſev'n diſtinguiſh'd folds
 Of tough bulls hides; the ſpace within is ſpread
 With iron or with loads of heavy lead.
Dares himſelf was daunted at the fight,
 Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight.
 Aſtoniſh'd at their weight the hero ſtands,
 And poiſ'd the pond'rous engines in his hands.
 What had your wonder, ſaid *Entellus*, been,
 Had you the gauntlets of *Alcides* ſeen,
 Or view'd the ſtern debate on this unhappy green!
 Theſe which I bear your brother *Eryx* bore,
 Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
 With theſe he long ſuſtain'd th' *Herculean* arm:
 And theſe I wielded while my blood was warm:
 This languish'd frame while better ſpirits fed,
 Ere age unſtrung my nerves, or time o'erſnow'd my
 head.
 But if the challenger theſe arms reſuſe,
 And cannot wield their weight, or dare not uſe;
 If great *Aeneas* and *Aceſtes* join
 In his requeſt, theſe gauntlets I reſign:

NOTES.

in the cæſtus, and indued with the ſtrength of a
 giant. The commentators answer to this objection,
 that *Paris* had been bred up to the buſineſs of a
 ſhepherd, and thence had acquired that robuſt habit

Let us with equal arms perform the fight,
 And let him leave to fear, ſince I reſign my right.
 This ſaid, *Entellus* for the ſtriſe prepares;
 Stripp'd of his quilted coat, his body bares:
 Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn he ſtands,
 A goodly tow'ring object on the ſands.
 Then juſt *Aeneas* equal arms ſupply'd,
 Which round their ſhoulders to their wrifts they
 ty'd.

They both on tiptoe ſtand, at full extent,
 Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;
 Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;
 With claiſhing gauntlets then provoke the war.
 One on his youth and pliant limbs relies;
 One on his ſinews and his giant ſize.
 The laſt is ſtiff with age, his motion ſlow,
 He heaves for breath; he ſtammers to and fro;
 And clouds of iſſuing ſmoke his noſtrils loudly
 blow.

Yet equal in ſucceſs they ward, they ſtrike;
 Their ways are diff'rent, but their art alike.
 Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
 Their hollow ſides the rattling thumps reſound.
 A ſtorm of ſtokes well-meant with fury flies,
 And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes.
 Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draws
 A ſweeping ſtroke along the crackling jaws.
 Heavy with age, *Entellus* ſtands his ground,
 But with his warping body wards the wound.
 His hand and watchful eye keep even pace;
 While *Dares* traverses, and ſhifts his place.
 And like a captain, who beleaguers round
 Some ſtrong-built caſtle, on a riſing ground,
 Views all th' approaches with obſerving eyes,
 This and that other part in vain he tries,
 And more on induſtry than force relies:
 With hands on high *Entellus* threats the foe;
 But *Dares* watch'd the motion from below,
 And ſlipp'd aſide, and ſhun'd the long deſcending
 blow.

Entellus waſtes his forces on the wind;
 And thus deluded of the ſtroke deſign'd,
 Headlong and heavy fell: his ample breaſt,
 And weighty limbs, his ancient mother prefs'd.
 So falls a hollow pine, that long had ſtood
 On *Ida's* height, or *Erymanthus'* wood,

Torn

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of body which the poet here gives him. Other
 authors, beſide *Virgil*, ſpeak of his ſkill in this art,
 as *Hyginus*, *Servius*, *Ovid*, &c.

Torn from the roots; the diff'ring nations rise,
And shouts and mingled murmurs rend the skies.
Acestes runs, with eager haste, to raise
The fall'n companion of his youthful days:
Dauntless he rose, and to the fight return'd:
With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury
burn'd.

Disdain and conscious virtue fir'd his breast,
And with redoubled force his foe he press'd.
He lays on load with either hand amain,
And headlong drives the *Trojan* o'er the plain:
Nor stops, nor stays; nor rest, nor breath allows,
But storms of strokes descend about his brows;
A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows. }
But now the prince, who saw the wild increase
Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease; }
And bounds *Entellus'* wrath, and bids the peace.
First to the *Trojan*, spent with toil, he came,
And sooth'd his sorrow for the suffer'd shame.*
What fury seiz'd my friend? The Gods, said he,
To him propitious, and averse to thee,
Have giv'n his arm superior force to thine;
'Tis madness to contend with strength divine.†
The gauntlet fight thus ended, from the shore
His faithful friends unhappy *Dares* bore;
His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood,
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing throng,
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.
The sword and casque are carried by his train;
But with his foe the palm and ox remain.

The champion then before *Aeneas* came,
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame:
O Goddess-born, and you *Dardanian* host,
Mark with attention, and forgive my boast:
Learn what I was by what remains, and know
From what impending fate you sav'd my foe.
Sternly he spoke; and then confronts the bull;
And on his ample-forehead aiming full,
The deadly stroke descending pierc'd the skull. }

NOTES.

* This combat with the *cæstus* is in great part a verbal translation from *Homer*. But it must be owned in favour of *Virgil*, that he has varied from *Homer* in the event of the combat with admirable judgment, and with an improvement of the moral. *Epeus* and *Dares* are described by both poets as vain boasters; but *Virgil*, with more poetical justice, punishes *Dares* for his arrogance, whereas the presumption and pride of *Epeus* is rewarded by *Homer*.

† The address of *Aeneas* on this occasion, is remarkable; he does not persuade the combatants to desist, because of his inferior strength or courage;

Down drops the breast, nor needs the second wound,
But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the
ground.

Then thus, in *Dares'* stead I offer'd this;
Eyrx, accept a nobler sacrifice:
Take the last gift my wither'd arms can yield,
Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field.

This done *Aeneas* orders for the close,
The strife of archers with contending bows. ‡
The mast, *Sergesthus'* shatter'd gallery bore,
With his own hands he raises on the shore:
A flutt'ring dove upon the top they tie,
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance,
Their turn of shooting to receive from chance.
A helmet holds their names: the lots are drawn:
On the first scroll was read *Hippocoon*:
The people shout; upon the next was found
Young *Mnestheus*, late with naval honours crown'd:
The third contain'd *Eurytion's* noble name,
Thy brother, *Pandarus*, and next in fame;
Whom *Pallas* urg'd the treaty to confound,
And send among the *Greeks* a feather'd wound.
Acestes in the bottom last remain'd,
Whom not his age from youthful sports restrain'd.
Soon all with vigour bend their trusty bows,
And from the quiver each his arrow chose:
Hippocoon's was the first: with forceful sway
It flew, and whizzing, cut the liquid way:
Fix'd in the mast the feather'd weapon stands;
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands,
And the tree trembled; and the shouting cries
Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted skies.
Then *Mnestheus* to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above; }
But made a glancing shot, and miss'd the dove.
Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the cord
Which fasten'd by the foot the flitting bird.
The captive thus releas'd away she flies,
And beats with clapping wings the yielding skies.

His

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but tells him, that the Gods are on the side of his enemy.

‡ This shooting-match is taken from *Homer*; but with the addition of two circumstances, which make a beautiful gradation. In *Homer*, the first archer cuts the string that held the bird, and the other shoots him as he is mounting. In *Virgil*, the first only hits the mast which the bird was fixed upon, the second cuts the string, the third shoots him; and the fourth, to vaunt the strength of his arm, directs his arrow up to heaven, where it kindles into a flame, and makes a prodigy. This last

is

His bow already bent, *Eurytion* stood,
 And having first invok'd his brother God,
 His winged shaft with eager haste he sped;
 The fatal message reach'd her as she fled:
 She leaves her life aloft; she strikes the ground,
 And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Acestes grudging at his lot, remains,
 Without a prize to gratify his pains.
 Yet shooting upwards sends his shaft, to show
 An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.
 The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent;
 And latter augures judge from this event.
 Chaf'd by the speed it fir'd, and as it flew,
 A trail of following flames ascending drew;*
 Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way,
 Across the skies as falling meteors play,
 And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.
 The *Trojans* and *Sicilians* wildly stare;
 And trembling turn their wonder into pray'r.
 The *Dardan* prince put on a smiling face,
 And strain'd *Acestes* with a close embrace:
 Then hon'ring him with gifts above the rest,
 Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.†
 The Gods, said he, this miracle have wrought,
 And order'd you the prize without the lot.
 Accept this goblet rough with figur'd gold,
 Which *Thracian Cisseus* gave my fire of old;

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is certainly superior to *Homer*, in what they call the wonderful.

* The commentators imagine this to be a prognostic of the burning of the ships, which happened just afterwards. But this is a mere conjecture. Perhaps *Virgil* himself meant not, and consequently did not intend we should understand, any thing particular by it. It is a solemn amusement; and that is enough; and ignorance in some things is more entertaining than knowledge. Here is the prodigy itself; and that is sufficient. The poet does not interpret it: and we may either interpret it as we please, or not interpret it at all.

† The nature of this fourth game is such, that it does not, like the rest, admit of various turns and traverses, to keep the event long doubtful. Each of the archers must hit, or miss; and there can be no intermediate difference, but that one comes nearer to the mark than another. *Virgil* therefore has given it all the agreeable variety and surprize, of which it is capable. The sport still rises in a climax of performances; every one being still greater, than that which went before it. The first marksman lodges his arrow in the mast; the second cuts the cord by which the dove was tied: and the third shoots her flying. As for the fourth, there is no-

This pledge of ancient amity receive,
 Which to my second fire I justly give.
 He said, and with the trumpet's chearful sound,
 Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.
 Nor good *Eurytion* envy'd him the prize,
 Tho' he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.
 Who cut the line with second gifts was grac'd;
 The third was his whose arrow pierc'd the mast.
 The chief, before the games were wholly done,
 Call'd *Periphanes*, tutor to his son,
 And whisper'd thus: With speed *Ascanius* find,
 And if his childish troop be ready join'd,‡
 On horseback let him grace his grandfire's day,
 And lead his equals arm'd in just array.
 He said, and calling out, the cirque he clears;
 The cloud withdrawn, an open plain appears.
 And now the noble youths, of form divine,
 Advance before their fathers in a line:
 The riders grace the steeds, the steeds with glory
 shine.§
 Thus marching on in military pride,
 Shouts of applause resound from side to side.
 Their casques adorn'd with laurel wreath they wear,
 Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear.
 Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore;
 Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down before:
 Three

NOTES.

thing left for him to do; and yet he carries the prize. How that comes to pass, we need not repeat: we only observe, that it is most curiously contrived to raise admiration. One thing particularly distinguishes this game from all the rest. Here is no mention of the several rewards given to the several antagonists, except the first; though they all performed so well; and the observation itself contains the reason. It distinguishes this from the rest; and that is reason sufficient. Variety must always be studied by those who write to please. The description of the whole is most beautiful.

‡ This militia of boys, being in great repute among the *Romans*, in the times of *Julius* and *Augustus Caesar*, and supposed to be derived from the *Trojans*, is most artificially and judiciously introduced by the poet upon this occasion, as commanded by *Ascanius*. This, of all the descriptions, is perhaps the most laboured: it is wrought up with exquisite care, and shines in the perfection of beauty.

§ This *Lusus Trojæ* is purely *Virgil's* own, and must be confessed to be inimitable. Some think it is worth all those other three in *Homer*, (viz. the wrestling, the single combat, and the discus) which *Virgil* hath left untouched.

Three graceful troops they form upon the green ;
 Three graceful leaders at their head were seen ;
 Twelve follow'd ev'ry chief, and left a space be-
 tween.*
 The first young *Priam* led, a lovely boy,
 Whose grandfire was th' unhappy king of *Troy* :

NOTES.

* The episode belongs, principally, to the epic muse ; and the design of it is to diversify and enoble the narration by digressive, yet not unrelated, ornaments ; the former circumstance relieving the simplicity of the epic fable, whilst the other prevents it's unity from being violated. Now these episodical narrations must either proceed from the poet himself, or be imputed to some other who is engaged in the course of the fable ; and in either case must help, indirectly at least, to forward it. If of the latter kind, a probable pretext must be contrived for their introduction ; which can be no other than that of satisfying the curiosity, or of serving to the necessary information of some other : and in either of these ways a striking conformity in the mode of conducting the work is unavoidable. If the episode be referred to the former class, it's manner of introduction will admit a greater latitude : for it will vary with the subject, or occasions of relating it. Yet we shall mistake, if we believe these subjects, and consequently the occasions, connected with them, very numerous. 1. They must be of uncommon dignity and splendor ; otherwise nothing can excuse the going out of the way to insert them. 2. They must have some apparent connection with the fable. 3. They must further accord to the idea and state of the times, from which the fable is taken. Put these things together, and see if they will not, with probability, account for some coincidence in the choice and applications of the direct episode : and admitting this, the similarity of even it's constituent parts is also necessary. —The genius of *Virgil* never suffers more, in the opinion of his critics, than when his book of games comes into consideration, and is confronted with *Homer's*. The entire design, (say they) is manifestly taken ; nay, particular incidents and circumstances are for the most part the same, without variation. What shall we say then to this charge ? Shall we, in defiance of truth and fact, endeavour to confute it ? or, if allowed, is there any method of supporting the reputation of the poet ? We think there is, if prejudice will but suspend it's determinations a few minutes, and afford his advocates a fair hearing. —The epic plan, more especially that of the *Æneid*, naturally comprehends whatsoever is

No. 5.

His race in after time was known to fame,
 New honours adding to the *Latian* name ;
 And well the royal boy his *Thracian* steed became. }
 White were the fetlocks of his feet before,
 And on his front a snowy star he bore :

Then

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most august in civil and religious affairs. The solemnities of funeral rites, and the festivities of public games, (which religion had made an essential part of them) were of necessity to be included in a representation of the latter. But what games ? Surely those which ancient heroism vaunted to excel in ; those which the usage of the times had consecrated ; and which, from the opinion of reverence and dignity entertained of them, were become most fit for the pomp of epic description. Further, what circumstances could be noted in these sports ? Certainly those which befel most usually, and were the aptest to alarm the spectator, and make him take an interest in them. These, it will be said, are numerous. They were so ; yet such as are most to the poet's purpose, were, with little or no variation, the same. It happened luckily for him, that two of his games, on which accordingly he hath exerted all the force of his genius, were entirely new. This advantage the circumstances of the times afforded him. The *Naumachia* was purely his own. Yet so liable are the best and most candid judges to be haunted by this spectre of imitation, that one, whom every friend to human excellence honours, cannot help, on comparing it with the chariot-race of *Homer*, exclaiming in these words : " What is the encounter of *Cloanthus* and *Gyas* in the strait between the rocks, but the same with that of *Menelaus* and *Antilochus* in the hollow way ? Had the galley of *Serjesthus* been broken, if the chariot of *Eumelus* had not been demolished ? or, *Mnestheus* been cast from the helm, had not the other been thrown from his seat ? " The plain truth is, it was not possible, in describing an ancient sea-fight, for one, who had even never seen *Homer*, to overlook such usual and striking particulars, as the jussling of ships, the breaking of gallies, and loss of pilots. It may appear from this instance, with what reason a similarity of circumstance in the other games, hath been objected. The subject-matter admitted not any material variation : we mean in the hands of a judicious copier of nature. And *Virgil* was too jealous of the honour of that character, which is peculiarly his own, to hazard it for the sake of acquiring the false fame of originality. But we may go further, and demonstrate, that in the case

Z before

'Then beauteous *Atis*, with *Iulus* bred,
Of equal age the second squadron led.
The last in order, but the first in place,
First in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair *Ascanius* on a fiery steed,
Queen *Dido's* gift, and of the *Tyrian* breed.
Sure courfers for the rest the king ordains,
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.

The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts renew,
And all the parents in the children view;
Their make, their motions, and their sprightly
grace,

And hopes and fears alternate in their face.

Th' unfledg'd commanders, and their martial
train,

First make the circuit of the sandy plain
Around their fires; and at th' appointed sign,
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.

The second signal sounds: the troop divides,
In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd
guides.

Again they close, and once again disjoin,
In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line.

NOTES.

before us, he unquestionably judged right. A defect of natural ability is not that, which the critics have been most forward to charge upon *Statius*. A person of true taste, who, in a fanciful way, hath contrived to give us the just character of the *Latin* poets, in assigning to this poet the topmost station on *Parnassus*, sufficiently acknowledges the vigour and activity of his genius. Yet, in composing his *Thebaid*, (an old story taken from the heroic ages, which obliged him to the celebration of funeral obsequies with the attending solemnities of public games) to avoid the dishonour of following too closely on the heels of *Homer* and *Virgil*, who had not only taken the same route, but pursued it in the most direct and natural course, he resolved, at all adventures, to keep at due distance from them, and to make his way, as well as he could, more obliquely to the same end. To accomplish this, he was forced, though in the description of the same individual games, to look out for different circumstances and events in them; that so the identity of his subject, which he could not avoid, might, in some degree, be atoned for by the diversity of his manner in treating it. It must be owned, that great ingenuity as well as industry have been used in executing this project. Had it been practicable, the character just given of this poet, makes it credible he must have succeeded in it. Yet, so impossible it is, without deserting nature herself, to

They meet, they wheel, they throw their darts afar
With harmless rage, and well dissembled war.
Then in a round the mingled bodies run;
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun:
Broken they break, and rallying they renew
In other forms the military shew.
At last in order undiscern'd they join,
And march together in a friendly line.
And, as the *Cretan* labyrinth of old,*
With wand'ring ways, and many a winding fold,
Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which deny'd recess;
So fought the *Trojan* boys in warlike play,
Turn'd and return'd, and still a diff'rent way.
Thus dolphins in the deep each other chace,
In circles, when they swim around the war'ry race.
This game, these carousals *Ascanius* taught,
And, building *Alba*, to the *Latins* brought.
Shew'd what he learn'd: the *Latin* fires impart
To their succeeding sons the graceful art:
From these imperial *Rome* receiv'd the game,
Which *Troy* the youths the *Trojan* troops they
name.†

Thus

NOTES.

dissent from her faithful copiers, that the main objection to the sixth book of the *Thebaid* hath arisen from this fruitless endeavour of being original, where common sense and the nature of the thing would not permit it. "In the particular descriptions of each of these games, (says the great writer, before quoted, and from whose sentence in matters of taste there lies no appeal) *Statius* hath not borrowed from either of his predecessors, and his poem is so much the worse for it."

* This comparison of the labyrinth, and the following one of the dolphins are borrowed, the one from *Homer*, and the other from *Apollonius Rhodius*, but are employed by *Virgil* in quite different circumstances. It must be owned, that they have a much finer effect in our poet, than in the authors from whom he borrowed them.

† This circumstance is by no means the invention of the poet, but is actually an historical fact. *Dion Cassius*, *Tacitus*, and above all *Suetonius*, in many passages of their works assure us, that this sort of games performed by noble youths of *Rome*, were called *Troja*. *Suetonius* gives this description of them, when he is speaking of *Julius Cæsar*, and of *Augustus*, who re-established and renewed the frequent use of them; which, according to *Dion Cassius*, had been something neglected by the *Romans*, till the reign of the *Cæsars*. *Lazius* in his commentaries *de Repub. Romanâ*, fancies the jousts and tournaments

Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate ; *
 But fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate.
 For while they pay the dead his annual dues,
 Those envy'd rites *Saturnian Juno* views ; †
 And sends the Goddess of the various bow
 To try new methods of revenge below ;
 Supplies the winds to wing her airy way,
 Wherein the port secure the navy lay.
 Swiftly fair *Iris* down her arch descends,
 And undiscern'd her fatal voyage ends.
 She saw the gath'ring crowd ; and gliding thence,
 The desert shore, and fleet without defence.
 The *Trojan* matrons on the sands alone, ‡
 With sighs and tears *Anchises'* death bemoan.
 Then turning to the sea their weeping eyes,
 Their pity to themselves renews their cries.
 Alas ! said one, what oceans yet remain
 For us to sail, what labours to sustain !
 All take the word, and with a gen'ral groan
 Implore the Gods for peace, and places of their
 own.

NOTES.

ments so much in fashion about two or three hundred years ago, to have owed their original to this *ludus Trojæ* ; and that *tornamenta* is but a corruption of *Trojamenta*. And the learned and noble *Du Fresno* acquaints us, that many are of the same opinion. However, though the words may perhaps be derived with more probability from the *French tourner*, to turn round with agility ; yet the exercises have so much resemblance, as to prove the one an imitation of the other.

* From sports and diversions here is a sudden change to the most disastrous incident imaginable. *Virgil* shews his judgment in nothing more than in transitions, in diversifying his scenes, and alternately raising and depressing the mind of his reader.

† In this account of the burning of the ships, and the consequence of it, we cannot but take particular notice of the machine of *Juno* and *Iris* ; this being an event of so great importance : the present disposition of mind, and turn of thought in the *Trojan* women, by which they were more easy to be worked up to what followed ; the artful speech of *Iris*, taking advantage of such their disposition ; the several degrees by which they were wound up to such a pitch of madness ; the unexpected agreeable return of our ideas to the scene of the sports at *Anchises'* tomb, and the dismal prospect of the fire from thence ; the rapidity of *Ascanius* in galloping away towards it, before all the rest, and throwing his helmet upon the ground, &c. the shame,

The Goddess, great in mischief, views their pains,
 And in a woman's form her heav'nly limbs restrains :
 In face and shape old *Beroe* she became, §
Doricles' wife, or venerable dame ; }
 Once blest'd with riches, and a mother's name.
 Thus chang'd, amidst the crying croud she ran,
 Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began :
 O wretched we, whom not the *Grecian* pow'r,
 Nor flames destroy'd, in *Troy's* unhappy hour !
 O wretched we, reserv'd by cruel fate
 Beyond the ruins of the sinking state !
 Now sev'n revolving years are wholly run,
 Since this improsp'rous voyage we begun ;
 Since tofs'd from shores to shores, from lands to
 lands,
 Inhospitable rocks and barren sands ;
 Wand'ring in exile thro' the stormy sea,
 We search in vain for flying *Italy*.
 Now cast by fortune on this kindred land,
 What should our rest and rising walls withstand, }
 Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band?
 O, country

NOTES.

guilt, fear, and confusion of the women skulking into corners ; the fine transition from their fury abating to that of the fire increasing, and the description of it in the most elegant lines ; the distress of the hero, and his pathetic prayer ; the sudden storm of rain, and the extinguishing of the fire no less beautifully described than it's burning before ; the advice of *Nautes* seconded by that of *Anchises'* ghost ; the prudent and important resolution taken upon it ; the lamentation of those who were left behind, and the tender parting of them and their friends : every one of these circumstances is either important, or delightful, or both ; and all of them most elegantly and judiciously managed.

‡ In this passage *Virgil* observes the decorum (the *bienfiance* of the *French*) of the manners. The women are not present at the celebration of the games, intermixed with the men ; but apart, in a particular assembly of themselves alone, lament the death of *Anchises*.

§ *Virgil* has made a *Beroe* of one of his Goddesses in the fifth *Æneid* ; but if we compare the speech she there makes with that of her namesake in this story, (viz. *Ovid's* third book of the *Metamorphosis*) we may find the genius of each poet discovering itself in the language of the nurse : *Virgil's Iris* could not have spoken more majestically in her own shape ; but *Juno* is so much altered from herself in *Ovid*, that the Goddess is quite lost in the old woman.

O, country lost, and Gods redeem'd in vain,
 If still in endless exile we remain!
 Shall we no more the *Trojan* walls renew,
 Or streams of some dissembled *Simois* view!
 Haste, join with me, th' unhappy fleet consume;
Cassandra bids, and I declare her doom.
 In sleep I saw her; she supply'd my hands,
 (For this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands:
 With these, said she, these wand'ring ships def-
 troy;

These are your fatal seats, and this your *Troy*:
 Time calls you now, the precious hour employ.
 Slack not the good presage, while heav'n inspires
 Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.
 See *Neptune's* altars minister their brands;*
 The God is pleas'd, the God supplies our hands.
 Then from the pile a flaming fir she drew,
 And toss'd in air, amidst the gallies threw.
 Wrapt in amaze, the matrons wildly stare:
 Then *Pyrgo*, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,
Pyrgo, the nurse of *Priam's* numerous race,
 No *Beroe* this, tho' she belies her face:
 What terrors from her frowning front arise;
 Behold a Goddess in her ardent eyes!
 What rays around her heav'nly face are seen;
 Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal
 mien!

Beroe but now I left, whom pin'd with pain,
 Her age and anguish from these rites detain.
 She said; the matrons seiz'd with new amaze
 Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze:
 They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
 They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
 The Goddess, having done her task below,
 Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted
 bow.

Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with rage divine,
 The matrons prosecute their mad design:

NOTES.

* *Virgil* takes care to prepare even the least events in a proper manner. These altars, erected to *Neptune*, had already been taken notice of in the affair of the galleys. *Cleanthus* had made a vow to erect one to *Neptune* on the shore: probably all the other commanders of the vessels had likewise erected each an altar for himself. Thus were there four in all erected: it is not therefore without preparation, that the poet makes four altars be found, on purpose for his design.

† This is a very fine contrast, between the joy and festivity of the games, and the confusion, dread and disorder, which this accident of firing the ships

They shriek aloud, they snatch with impious hands
 The food of altars, firs, and flaming brands.
 Green boughs and saplings, mingled in their haste,
 And smoking torches on the ships they cast.
 The flame, unstop'd at first, more fury gains;
 And *Vulcan* rides at large with loosen'd reins:
 Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars,
 And seizes in his way the banks and crackling
 oars.

Eumelus was the first the news to bear,
 While yet they croud the rural theatre. †
 Then what they hear is witness'd by their eyes;
 A storm of sparkles and of flames arise.
Ascanius took th' alarm, while yet he led ‡
 His early warriors on his prancing steed.
 And spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd,
 Nor could his frightened friends reclaim his haste.
 Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
 He sent his voice before him as he flew;
 What madness moves you, matrons, to destroy
 The last remainders of unhappy *Troy*!
 Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes you burn,
 And on your friends your fatal fury turn.
 Behold your own *Ascanius*: while he said,
 He drew his glitt'ring helmet from his head;
 In which the youths to sportal arms he led.
 By this *Aeneas* and his train appear;
 And now the women, seiz'd with shame and fear,
 Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight, §
 Abhor their actions, and avoid the light:
 Their friends acknowledge, and their error find,
 And shake the Goddess from their alter'd mind.

Not so the raging fires their fury cease;
 But lurking in the seams with seeming peace,
 Work on their way amid the smould'ring tow,
 Sure in destruction, but in motion flow.
 The silent plague thro' the green timber eats,
 And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.

Down

NOTES.

occasions. Such oppositions, and such variations of the scene, are some of the greatest beauties of poetry. They raise surprize in the reader by their unexpectedness.

‡ The making *Ascanius* the first person alarmed, his sudden riding away from the sport in which he was engaged, and the noble spirit with which he addresses these vile incendiaries, are all circumstances that make the reader fond of the character of this young hero, and give him an importance in the poem.

§ Observe their fear and guilt, and their sudden repentance of their rash undertaking.

Down to the keels, and upward to the sails,
The fire descends, or mounts, but still prevails:
Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withstand.

The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
To heav'n his hands, and with his hands his vows:
O *Jove*, he cry'd, if pray'rs can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'st not all the *Dardan* race;
If any spark of pity still remain;
If Gods are Gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet spare the relicks of the *Trojan* train.*
Yet from the flames our burning vessels free;
Or let the fury fall alone on me:

At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And send the willing sacrifice below.

Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise,
From pole to pole the forky light'ning flies;
Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain:
Heav'n bellies downward, and descends in rain.
Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,
Which hissing thro' the planks the flames prevent,†

And stop the fiery pest: four ships alone
Burn to the waste, and for the fleet atone.

But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide,
If he should still in *Sicily* reside,
Forgetful of his fates; or tempt the main,
In hope the promis'd *Italy* to gain.
Then *Nautes*, old and wise, to whom alone‡
The will of heav'n by *Pallas* was foreshewn;
Vers'd in portents, experienc'd and inspir'd
To tell events, and what the fates requir'd;
Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
With chearful words reliev'd his lab'ring mind:
O Goddess-born, resign'd in ev'ry state,
With patience bear, with prudence push your fate.

NOTES.

* One is in great pain lest *Æneas*'s whole fleet should be here destroyed, and consequently an end be put to his glorious intended expedition; but the poet fills us with false alarms. *Jupiter* most opportunely sends a shower sufficient to quench this alarming fire, and make us easy again. The loss was small, only four gallies.

† *Virgil* has found out most elegant terms to describe so difficult and unamiable a subject as the increase and abating of this fire.

‡ This is one of those passages in which *Virgil* makes his court to one of the most illustrious families in *Italy*: that was the family called *Nautia*. *Dionysius Halicarnassensis* says, that the *Nautes* who founded this family, was one of the companions of *Æneas*; and that the care of guarding the *Palladium*

No. 5.

By suff'ring well our fortune we subdue,
Fly when the frowns, and when she calls pursue.
Your friend *Acestes* is of *Trojan* kind,
To him disclose the secrets of your mind:
Trust in his hands your old and useful train,
Too num'rous for the ships which yet remain;
The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease;
The dames who dread the dangers of the seas;
With all their dastard crew, who dare not stand
The shock of battle with your foes by land;
Here you may build a common town for all,
And from *Acestes*' name *Acesta* call.
The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,
Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd his mind.
'Twas dead of night; when to his slumb'ring eyes
His father's shade descended from the skies; §
And thus he spoke: O more than vital breath,
Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death;
O son, in various toils and troubles tost,
The King of heav'n employs my careful ghost
On his commands; the God who sav'd from fire
Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire;
The wholsom counsel of your friend receive,
And here the coward train and women leave:
The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare,
Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war.
The stern *Italians* with their courage try;
Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.

But first to *Pluto*'s palace you shall go,
And seek my shade among the blest below. ||
For not with impious ghosts my soul remains,
Nor suffers with the damn'd perpetual pains,
But breathes the living air of soft *Elysian* plains.
The chaste *Sybilla* shall your steps convey,
And blood of offer'd victims free the way;

There

NOTES.

was entrusted to him. He is introduced speaking with great wisdom.

§ *Æneas* still fluctuating in his designs, and not being fully resolved to leave the kingdom of *Acestes*, it was absolutely necessary to introduce *Anchises*'s ghost, ordering him still to pursue his first design, and the will of the Gods, in going to *Italy*.

|| This apparition of *Anchises*, and the commands he gives his son to descend into the shades below, are a necessary preparation for the fourth book. The art of the poet is admirable in the manner where-with he always prepares the events that are to follow. By this he keeps up the suspense, and raises the expectation of the reader, which is one of the greatest beauties in epic poetry.

A a

There shall you know what realms the Gods assign,
And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.
But now, farewell; I vanish with the night,
And feel the blast of heav'n's approaching light:
He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy
flight.

Whither so fast, the filial duty cry'd,
And why, ah why, the wish'd embrace deny'd!
He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,
He rakes her embers, and renews the fires.
His country Gods and *Vesta* then adores
With cakes and incense, and their aid implores.
Next for his friends and royal host he sent,
Reveal'd his vision and the Gods intent,
With his own purpose: all without delay
The will of *Jove* and his desires obey.
They list with women each degen'rate name,
Who dares not hazard life for future fame.*
These they cashier; the brave remaining few
Oars, banks, and cables half consum'd renew.
The prince designs a city with the plough;
The lots their several tenements allow.
This part is nam'd from *Ilium*, that from *Troy*,
And the new king ascends the throne with joy.
A chosen senate from the people draws,
Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.
Then on the top of *Eryx* they begin
A rising temple to the *Paphian* queen:
Anchises last is honour'd as a God;
A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd,
And groves are planted round his blest abode.
Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples crown'd,
And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.

NOTES.

* It ought always to be remembered, that the particular design of the *Aeneid* is to instruct princes how to found colonies. Now, one of the most prudent precautions in that matter is to leave behind all those who are intimidated with the dangers of the expedition, and retain only those who are thoroughly brave, and are fixt and hearty in the design.

† What a just picture of human nature is here! All those who were so fond of staying in the new city but just before, when they came to part with their old friends and companions, (which parting is here movingly described) began to repent of their scheme, and long to accompany the rest in their voyage.

‡ This complaint of *Venus* to *Neptune*, is very elegant and very artful; and what the God answers her, prepares the reader to expect their happy arrival in *Italy*; and serves to answer an objection that might be made, why *Juno*, who had excited so terrible a tempest in the first book, should not en-

Then from the south arose a gentle breeze,
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas;
The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mariners aboard.

Now loud laments along the shores resound
Of parting friends, in close embraces bound.
The trembling women, the degen'rate train,
Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main;
Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share
Of the rough passage, and the promis'd war;†
Whom good *Aeneas* cheers, and recommends
To their new master's care his fearful friends.
On *Eryx* altars three fat calves he lays;
A lamb new fallen to the stormy seas;
Then slips his haulfers, and his anchors weighs.
High on the deck the godlike hero stands,
With olive crown'd, a charger in his hands;
Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine.
Fresh gales arise, with equal strokes they vie,
And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows fly.

Mean time the mother Goddess, full of fears,‡
To *Neptune* thus address'd, with tender tears:
The pride of *Jove's* imperious queen, the rage,
The malice, which no suff'rings can assuage,
Compel me to these pray'rs: since neither fate,
Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate;
Ev'n *Jove* is thwarted by his haughty wife;
Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife.
As if 'twere little to consume the town
Which aw'd the world, and wore th' imperial crown,
She prosecutes the ghost of *Troy* with pains,
And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the last remains.

Let

NOTES.

deavour to raise another; since she now had no time to lose, as the *Trojans* were very near the end of the long voyage. One ought to observe with what art the poet gives to both these Gods, those terms and manner of speaking that are most proper and suited to their characters. The speech of *Venus* is full of sweetness; and *Neptune*, in his answer, seems not to mention any thing but what belongs to his empire; one while calling *Xanthus* and *Simois* to witness, how much he had done for *Troy*; another while inserting in his speech, either the tempest which *Juno* excited, or the birth of *Venus*, who arose from the waves, or the inundation of the rivers of *Troy*. Thus should the characters of all those who are introduced speaking, be marked, in making them say what is proper, and peculiar to them; and in making them appear full of those things with which they ought to be more particularly touched and affected.

Let her the causes of her hatred tell,
But you can witness it's effect too well.
You saw the storms she rais'd on *Lybian* floods,
That mix'd the mounting billows with the clouds;
When, bribing *Æolus*, she shook the main,
And mov'd rebellion in your wat'ry reign.
With fury she possess'd the *Dardan* dames
To burn their fleet with execrable flames;
And forc'd *Æneas*, when his ships were lost,
To leave his followers on a foreign coast.
For what remains your godhead I implore,
And trust my son to your protecting pow'r.
If neither *Jove's* nor fate's decree withstand,
Secure his passage to the *Latian* land.

Then thus the mighty ruler of the main:
What may not *Venus* hope from *Neptune's* reign?
My kingdom claims your birth; my late defence
Of your endanger'd fleet may claim your confidence.
Nor less by land than sea my deeds declare
How much your lov'd *Æneas* is my care.

Thee *Xanthus*, and thee *Simois* I attest:
Your *Trojan* troops when proud *Achilles* press'd.
And drove before him headlong on the plain,
And dash'd against their walls the trembling train,
When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain:
When crimson *Xanthus*, doubtful of his way,
Stood up on ridges to behold the sea,
New heaps came tumbling in, and choak'd his way:

When your *Æneas* fought, but fought with odds,
Of force unequal, and unequal Gods;
I spread a cloud before the victor's fight,
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight.
Ev'n then secur'd him, when I fought with joy
The vow'd destruction of ungrateful *Troy*.
My will's the same: fair Goddess, fear no more,
Your fleet shall safely gain the *Latian* shore: *
Their lives are giv'n; one destin'd head alone
Shall perish, and for multitudes atone.

NOTES.

* *Venus* in her speech to *Neptune*, in favour of *Æneas*, begs that he may arrive safe from *Sicily*, to the channel of the *Tiber*. *Neptune*, in his answer, says, that he shall get safe to the coast of *Cumæ*, which is not a satisfactory answer to the request; and yet she is fully satisfied with it. The *Florentine* manuscript in this answer, instead of the future, has the present tense: as if he had said, he is now going on in the coast of *Cumæ*, as safely as you could wish; and shall go on as safely all the rest of his voyage. Nothing is more frequent in *Virgil*, than this way, not mentioning expressly, what may be easily inferred. It is so common in him, that

Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
His finny team *Saturnian Neptune* join'd.
Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,
And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
High on the waves his azure car he guides,
It's axles thunder, and the sea subsides;
And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.
The tempests fly before their father's face,
Trains of inferior Gods his triumph grace;
And monster whales before their master play,
And quires of *Tritons* crowd the wat'ry way.
The martial'd pow'rs in equal troops divide
To right and left: the Gods his better side
Inclose, and on the worse the nymphs and nereids
ride.

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
Within the hero's mind his joys renew'd.
He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display,
The chearful crew with diligence obey;
They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea.
A-head of all the master pilot steers,
And as he leads the following navy veers.
The steeds of night had travell'd half the sky,
The drowsy rowers on their benches lie;
When the soft God of sleep with easy flight
Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.
Thou, *Palinurus*, art his destin'd prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way. †
Dire dreams to thee and iron sleep he bears,
And lighting on thy prow the form of *Phorbas* wears.
Then thus the traitor God began his tale:
The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
The ships without thy care securely sail.
Now steal an hour of sweet repose, and I
Will take the rudder, and thy room supply.
To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep:
Me dost thou bid to trust the treach'rous deep!
The harlot smiles of her dissembling face,
And to her faith commit the *Trojan* race?

Shall

NOTES.

we have always taken it to be the distinguishing difference between his and *Homer's* manner of writing.

† *Virgil's* account of the death of *Palinurus* is in the strong oriental taste. In one place it is said, that a God took away all his vigilance; tore off the rudder he should have guided, and flung him overboard with it into the sea: in another, that the God had nothing to do in it; but that it was wholly owing to himself. There are frequent instances of the very same orientalism in *Homer*, and in the sacred writings.

Shall I believe the *Siren* south again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the monster main?
He said; his fasten'd hands the rudder keep,
And fix'd on heav'n, his eyes repel invading sleep.
The God was wroth, and at his temples threw
A branch in *Lethe* dip'd, and drunk with *Stygian*
dew:

The pilot, vanquish'd by the pow'r divine,
Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,
The God, insulting with superior strength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
And with the stern the rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and struggling in the main,
Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain:
The victor dæmon mounts obscure in air,
While the ship fails without the pilot's care.

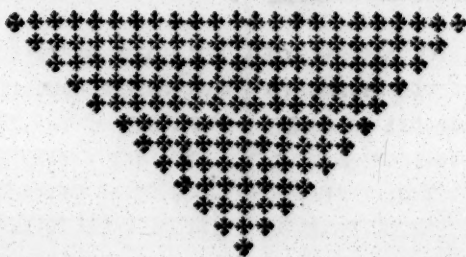
NOTES.

* About thirty miles from the shore, directly off *Naples*, and a stone-throw from the south-side of the island *Caprea*, stand the *Sirenae*, or rocks of the sirens. The common opinion about their inhabitants, and the most probable is, that they were lewd women, who prostituted themselves to the sailors, and by the allurements of a lazy voluptuous life, made them unmindful of their voyage, and careless of returning to their native country. But their story, as it is told by *Homer*, lies so pat for a moral, that it is hard to believe it to be any thing else than pure fiction. Their charming aspect at first sight; their beautiful faces, and ensnaring voices, perfectly represent the fair appearance of an object of pleasure;

On *Neptune's* faith the floating fleet relies;
But what the man forsook, the God supplies,
And o'er the dang'rous deep secure the navy flies. }
Glides by the *Siren's* cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,*
And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks, and found
The tossing vessel fail'd on shoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.
Inly he griev'd, and groaning from the breast,
Deplor'd his death, and thus his pain express'd;
For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flatt'ring sky,
Thy naked corps is doom'd on shores unknown to
lie.

NOTES.

and their false destructive nature, their hidden deformities, and the way to shun and destroy them, agree so nicely with the methods prescribed by the moralists, for avoiding a gilded snare, that it would almost be pity to spoil the allegory. Nor is there any necessity we should. The *Phœnician* accounts of these enchanting creatures; their telling how ravishingly they sung, and how many crews had been lost through their means, was ground sufficient for the poet: they both gave him a foundation for his tale, and scope to work it up in the symbolical *Ægyptian* manner, until it lost it's specialities; and, from a private story, became capable of a general application.



The SIXTH BOOK of the ÆNEID.*

A R G U M E N T.

The Sibyl foretels Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell; describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shews him that glorious race of heroes which was to descend from him and his posterity.

HE said, and wept: then spread his sails before }
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cu- }
maean shore: }
Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels moor. }

NOTES.

* This sixth book is a very valuable monument of learning, even exclusive of the sublime poetry it contains. In it we have a large and beautiful account of the ancient theology and mythology, their notions of a future state of rewards and punishments, of the immortality of the soul, and it's transmigrations, of the doctrine of the *anima mundi*, or soul of the universe; and several other most curious points relating to the religion of the ancients. Add to this, that we are here likewise entertained with an elegantly succinct history of the chief *Roman* worthies, who pass in review before us, whose characters are distinctly and strongly marked, and their most illustrious actions specified.—Among the heroes and worthies inhabiting the regions of bliss in the other world, which are so deliciously described at the latter end of this book, *Virgil* has placed pious poets, who sung and recited things worthy of the God from whom they received their inspiration. According to which account, with respect to his works in general, but more especially to this very
No. 5.

They turn their heads to sea, their stern to land,
And greet with greedy joy th' *Italian* strand.
Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;
Some gather sticks the kindled flames to feed:

Or

NOTES.

book in which that description is contained, he is now himself the chief of those happy spirits, and is more than the *Museus* of his own *Elysium*. For among all the monuments of heathen antiquity, there is nothing comparable to the sixth *Æneid* for piety and religion on the one hand, and for the divine energy of poetry on the other. As it is the longest of the first six, so it is the best of the whole twelve: this is the general opinion, and, we think, a very true one. For tho' others, especially the five first, and yet more particularly the second, and the fourth, as also the seventh, eighth, and twelfth, may be equal to it in their kinds; yet this is at least equal to every one of them in all other respects, and in kind superior. It indeed contains such a treasure of various learning, so much theology, philosophy, and history, such excellent reflections and discourses upon the immortality of the soul, and the happiness and misery of a future state, all adorned with such living descriptions, and animated with such an inexpressible spirit of poetry; as are all in
B b conjunction

Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
 Or trace thro' vallies the discover'd floods.
 Thus while their sev'ral charges they fulfil,
 The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
 Where *Phæbus* is ador'd; and seeks the shade,
 Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
 Deep in a cave the *Sibyl* makes abode;
 Thence full of fate returns, and of the God.
 Thro' *Trivia's* grove they walk; and now behold,
 And enter now the temple roof'd with gold.

NOTES.

conjunction no where else to be met with, and can here be never sufficiently admired. It is certainly the most noble, and perhaps the most elegant of all the *Æneid*: but it is more particularly marked by it's piety and religion; and yet more by it's wonders and surprizes: for as the fourth book has far more of the pathetic than of the marvellous, though a great deal even of that; so this has far more of the marvellous than of the pathetic, though something too even of that. But we are not yet come to it's most distinguishing character of all; the sixth book is the most learned of the *Æneid*; and that too in the best and most delicate sort of learning, the philosophical and religious. In what human poetry do we meet with such fine ideas, such spiritulized speculations and reflections?—As the descent of *Æneas* into hell is the main subject of this book; this is the second great instance in which *Virgil* copies from *Homer*. He intirely takes the main subject from him; and not a little of his particular matter. *Ulysses* going to consult *Tiresias*, and, when he is there, desiring to see his mother, and having his request granted; the infernal sacrifice before his descent; the distressful and imperfect state of those ghosts whose bodies were unburied; the meeting of *Ulysses* and *Elpenor*, from which that of *Æneas* and *Palinurus* is manifestly copied; his meeting with the departed heroes of his acquaintance; the sullen silence of *Ajax* transferred to that of *Dido*; the torments of the damned, particularly that of the giants, and of *Tityus*; all these (and there are no more) are circumstances transferred from the *Odyssey* to the *Æneid*. But then in the former there is nothing of the golden bough; no description of the entrance into hell, to answer that noble one of *Virgil*; which, both for fiction, and description, is one of the finest pieces of poetry in being: nothing of *Styx*, *Acheron*, and *Charon*; no different allotted mansions to the several divisions of spirits; some *Tartarus*, but no *Elysium*: not a word of that philosophy, and prophetic history which are some of the best parts of this book; not to mention

When *Dædalus*, to fly the *Cretan* shore,
 His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore,
 (The first who sail'd in air,) 'tis sung by fame,
 To the *Cumæan* coast at length he came,
 And here alighting built this costly frame.
 Inscrib'd to *Phæbus*, here he hung on high
 The steerage of his wings, that cuts the sky;
 Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd
Androgeos' death, and off'rings to his ghost: *

Seven

NOTES.

very many other particulars of less consideration. But though the hero's journey to the infernal regions be the main subject of this book, yet it is not the only one; a fifth part of it being employed about other matters. And in this conduct *Virgil* seems to excel *Homer*. He never makes any one transaction, however entertaining, or important, the only subject of any one book, but diversifies it with other incidents. In that part of this sixth book which precedes the description of the descent into hell, there are several hints and preparatory circumstances to it, artfully interpersed with other subjects. But the account of their landing in *Italy*, the most important event that had yet happened; the fine description of *Apoll's* temple built by *Dædalus*, as also that of the *Sibyl's* cave; the inspired rage of that prophetess, the description of which is the noblest instance of poetic fire and fury in the world; the prayer of the hero; the prediction of the *Sibyl*, containing a great variety of the most important events which were yet to happen; and lastly, the surprizing death and funeral of *Misenus*, are all particulars of a quite different nature. But with them, as we said, are most judiciously interpersed the preparations to this great and wonderful adventure, than which nothing can be more entertaining. For after the request of *Æneas* that the *Sibyl* would conduct him to the subterranean world, her answer to that petition, and her advice concerning the golden bough which must be his passport thither; immediately follows the funeral of *Misenus*: in order to which, while they are cutting down timber in a wood, we are agreeably interrupted by a natural reflection of the hero. The prospect of the wood puts him in mind of the golden bough: as the death of *Misenus* confirms his belief in the prophetess's prediction, and advice: and after his prayer, his Goddess mother sends her doves to conduct him to it. After he had possessed himself of it, we return to the funeral; and from a funeral it is the most natural transition to the regions of the dead.

* The sculpture on the front of this temple, is beautifully

Seven youths from *Athens* yearly sent, to meet
 The fate appointed by revengeful *Crete*.
 And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
 In which the destin'd names by lots were cast:
 The mournful parents stand around in tears,
 And rising *Crete* against their shore appears.
 There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
 The mad affection of the *Cretan* queen:
 Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye;
 The rushing leap, the double progeny,
 The lower part a beast, a man above,
 The monument of their polluted love.
 Not far from thence he grav'd the wond'rous maze;
 A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways;
 Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
 Not to be found but by the faithful clue:
 Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
 Lent to the loving maid this last relief;
 And all those erring paths describ'd so well,
 That *Theseus* conquer'd, and the monster fell.
 Here hapless *Icarus* had found his part,
 Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
 He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold;
 Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming
 mould.

All this with wond'ring eyes *Æneas* view'd;
 Each varying object his delight renew'd.

NOTES.

beautifully imagined. That circumstance of the father's endeavouring to carve the death of his son in the piece, and his hands shaking and failing him for grief, and his being unable to finish the figure of *Icarus*, is inexpressibly tender. *Icarus* being confined with his father in a tower at *Crete*, endeavoured to escape with wings joined with wax; but flying too near the sun, the wax melted, and he fell, and was drowned in the *Egean* sea.

* The shortness, abruptness, and authoritative air of this speech, are much in character.

† *Ovid's* description of the cave of sleep, is much more like what they call the *Sybil's* grot at present, than this opening described by *Virgil*.

‡ This whole description is conceived and painted with the greatest warmth of imagination; it is one of the finest pieces of poetic enthusiasm in the world.—Lord *Roscommon* breaks out in the following rapture concerning this passage:

Have you been led thro' the *Cumæan* cave,
 And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
 I hear her now! I see her rolling eyes!
 And panting, lo! the God, the God, she cries.—

The circumstance of the priestess' spreading to the sight, and growing larger and larger, as the inspiration came upon her, is most nobly imagined and pro-

Eager to read the rest, *Achates* came,
 And by his side the mad divining dame,
 The priestess of the God, *Deiphobe* her name. }
 Time suffers not, she said, to feed your eyes
 With empty pleasures: haste the sacrifice.*
 Sev'n bullocks yet unyok'd for *Phœbus* choose,
 And for *Diana* sev'n unspotted ewes.
 This said, the servants urge their sacred rites,
 While to the temple she the prince invites.
 A spacious cave, within it's farthest part, †
 Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art,
 Thro' the hill's hollow sides: before the place,
 A hundred doors a hundred entries grace:
 As many voices issue; and the sound
 Of *Sibyl's* words as many times rebound.
 Now to the mouth they come: aloud she cries,
 This is the time, inquire your destinies.
 He comes, behold the God! Thus while she said,
 (And shiv'ring at the sacred entry staid)
 Her colour chang'd, her face was not the same,
 And hollow groans from her deep spirit came:
 Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
 Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring breast.
 Greater than human kind she seem'd to look;
 And with an accent more than mortal spoke.
 Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll,
 When all the God came rushing on her soul. ‡
 Swiftly

NOTES.

digiously affecting. Such kind of growing figures are very uncommon in the poets. There are but four of them that we can recollect at present; those are all described by *Virgil*; and are, perhaps, some of the strongest instances of that poet's imagination, of any thing in all his works. One of them is in his description of fame; and the other two relate both to furies. In his description of fame, he speaks of that Goddess as appearing small to you at first; but as growing upon you continually, till her head reaches the clouds. He represents *Tisiphone* (*Geor.* 3.) much in the same manner; terrible indeed, when she first appears on the earth; but growing every day larger, and more and more terrible: this is when he introduces this fury as bringing a pestilence upon the earth; which gives it a great deal of propriety, from the allegory and the realities answering so well to each other. The third instance is in his own account of *Alecto's* appearance to *Turnus*; where he says, that her face grew still larger and larger, as he looked upon it. The fourth instance of these growing figures, in *Virgil's* writings, is this of the priestess, in the passage before us, which, for it's beauty and sublimity, may be compared with any of the before-mentioned three.

Swiftly she turn'd, and foaming as she spoke,
 Why this delay, she cry'd; the pow'rs invoke.
 Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode,
 Else vain are my demands, and dumb the God.
 She said no more: the trembling *Trojans* hear,
 O'erspread with a damp sweat and holy fear.
 The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
 His vows to great *Apollo* thus address'd:
 Indulgent God, propitious pow'r to *Troy*,
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy;
 Directed by whose hand, the *Dardan* dart
 Pierc'd the proud *Grecian's* only mortal part;
 Thus far, by fate's decrees and thy commands,
 Thro' ambient seas, and thro' devouring sands,
 Our exil'd crew has fought th' *Ausonian* ground,
 And now at length the flying coast is found:
 Thus far the fate of *Troy*, from place to place,
 With fury has pursu'd her wand'ring race:
 Here cease, ye pow'rs, and let your vengeance end,
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
 And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see
 Th' event of things in dark futurity,
 Give me, what heav'n has promis'd to my fate,
 To conquer and command the *Latian* state;
 To fix my wand'ring Gods, and fix a place
 For the long exiles of a *Trojan* race.
 Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear
 To the twin Gods, with vows and solemn pray'r;
 And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
 Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.
 Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land,
 For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,
 Preserv'd in shrines; and ev'ry sacred lay,
 Which by thy mouth *Apollo* shall convey;
 All shall be treasur'd, by a chosen train
 Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.
 But, Oh! commit not thy prophetic mind
 To fitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry wind;

NOTES.

* In *Virgil's* account of *Aeneas's* preparation (*Æn.* vi. 9 to 263) for his descent into Hell, most people are apt to confound the priestess of the Sibyl, and the Sibyl herself together.—The priestess's name is *Deiphobe*, the daughter of *Glaucus*; which was not the name of any one of the Sibyls.—The Sibyl was herself a Goddess, and as such required an introductions to her: and *Scipio*, in *Silius Italicus*, Lib. 13, has the priestess *Autonoë*, to conduct him to this very Sibyl.—*Virgil* calls *Deiphobe*, generally, by the name of *Sacerdos*; and the Sibyl, *Virgo*, *Vates*, and *Dea*: *Silius* calls *Autonoë* only *Vates*; and the Sibyl, *Vates*, *major Vates*, *magna Sacerdos*, &c. The priestess comes to conduct *Aeneas* to the temple where the

Left they disperse in air our empty fate:
 Write not, but what the pow'rs ordain relate.
 Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
 And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous God,
 The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
 With more and far superior force he press'd;
 Commands his entrance, and without controul,
 Usurps her organs, and aspires her soul.
 Now with a furious blast the hundred doors
 Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars
 Within the cave; and *Sibyl's* voice restores.

Escap'd the dangers of the wat'ry reign,
 Yet more and greater ills by land remain.
 The coast so long desir'd (nor doubt th' event)
 Thy troops shall reach, but having reach'd repent.
 Wars, horrid wars I view; a field of blood;
 And *Tyber* rolling with a purple flood.
Simois nor *Xanthus* shall be wanting there;
 A new *Achilles* shall in arms appear:
 And he too, goddess-born: fierce *Juno's* hate,
 Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
 To what strange nations shalt not thou resort!
 Driv'n to solicit aid at ev'ry court!
 The cause the same which *Ilium* once oppress'd,
 A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest:
 But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
 The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.
 The dawnings of thy safety shall be shown,
 From whence thou least shalt hope, a *Grecian* town.
 Thus from the dark recess the *Sibyl* spoke,
 And the resisting air the thunder broke;
 The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook.*
 Th' ambiguous God, who rul'd her lab'ring breast,
 In these mysterious words his mind express'd:
 Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest.
 At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
 And ebbing in her soul the God decreas'd.

Then

NOTES.

Sibyl was, *Æn.* vi. ver. 35; and it is she that speaks to ver. 55: it is the Sibyl herself that speaks afterwards, from ver. 82 to 155. The priestess appears again, ver. 244, and is succeeded again by the Sibyl, from ver. 258 to the end. The whole course of the thing is thus: *Aeneas* (ver. 2.) puts in with his fleet near cape *Miseno*. He sets out from thence for *Cumæ*; and stops (ver. 13.) in the portico of *Apollo's* temple there, while *Achates* goes for the priestess. She (ver. 35.) comes, and (ver. 41.) introduces him into the temple; where he makes his prayer, (ver. 56.) and has his answers (ver. 83, and 125,) from the Sibyl herself: who orders him to search for the golden bough; and to bury the person who lies

Then thus the chief: No terror to my view,
 No frightful face of danger can be new:
 Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,
 The fates, without my pow'r, shall be without my care.
 This let me crave, since near your grove the road
 To Hell lies open, and the dark abode
 Which *Acheron* surrounds, th' innavigable flood;
 Conduct me through the regions void of light,
 And lead me longing to my father's sight.
 For him a thousand dangers I have fought;
 And, rushing where the thickest *Grecians* fought,
 Safe on my back the sacred burden brought.
 He for my sake the raging ocean try'd,
 And wrath of Heav'n, my still auspicious guide,
 And bore beyond the strength decrepid age supply'd.
 Oft since he breath'd his last, in dead of night,
 His rev'rend image stood before my sight;
 Enjoin'd to seek below his holy shade,
 Conducted there by your unerring aid.
 But you, if pious minds by pray'rs are won,
 Oblige the father and protect the son:
 Your's is the pow'r; nor *Proserpine* in vain
 Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.
 If *Orpheus*, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
 The ruthless king with pity could inspire,
 And from the shades below redeem his wife;
 If *Pollux*, off'ring his alternate life,*
 Could free his brother, and can daily go
 By turns aloft, by turns descend below:
 Why name I *Theseus*, or his greater friend,
 Who trod the downward path, and upward could
 ascend!

NOTES.

dead (ver. 162,) in his fleet. He returns, and finds that person to be *Misenus*. *Aeneas* himself assists (ver. 183,) in getting the wood for *Misenus's* funeral pile; which at the same time occasions his finding (ver. 187,) the golden bough. He carries it (ver. 211,) to the Sibyl's; and returns (ver. 232,) to pay his last rites to *Misenus*. *Aeneas* goes to the lake of *Avernus*, (ver. 236,) between his fleet and the city of *Cumæ*; and is met there (ver. 244,) by the priestess. They perform (ver. 250,) the sacrifice. The Sibyl (ver. 258,) comes, and (ver. 262,) leads the way to Hell. *Virgil* does not say that *Aeneas* arrived at *Cumæ*, but on the *Cumæan* shore. Now a great part of the coast about that city, (and particularly what we now call the coast of *Baia*) was then called the *Cumæan* shore. *Ovid* calls it so (*Met.* xiv. 105,) in speaking of this very point; and says that *Aeneas's* fleet left *Naples* to the right; and steered on towards cape *Miseno*, on their left hand. That they anchored under the promontory of *Miseno*, appears too from *Aeneas's* returning to bury *Misenus*; whose
 No. 6.

Not less than their's, from *Jove* my lineage came;
 My mother greater, my descent the same.
 So pray'd the *Trojan* Prince; and while he pray'd,
 His hand upon the holy altar laid.
 Then thus reply'd the prophetess divine:
 O goddess-born! of great *Anchises's* line,
 The gates of Hell are open night and day;
 Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
 But to return, and view the chearful skies,
 In this the task and mighty labour lies.
 To few great *Jupiter* imparts this grace,
 And those of shining worth and heav'nly race.
 Betwixt those regions and our upper light,
 Deep forests and impenetrable night
 Possess the middle space: th' infernal bounds
Cocytus with his sable waves surrounds.
 But if so dire a love your soul invades,
 As twice below to view the trembling shades;
 If you so hard a toil will undertake
 As twice to pass th' innavigable lake;
 Receive my counsel. In the neighb'ring grove
 There stands a tree: the Queen of *Stygian Jove*
 Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
 Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
 One bough it bears; but wond'rous to behold,
 The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:
 This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
 And to fair *Proserpine* the present borne,
 Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the nether skies:
 The first thus rent, a second will arise;
 And the same metal the same room supplies.

Look

NOTES.

dead body (as the Sibyl said) polluted his fleet. He buried it in that hill; and fixed his trumpet (ver. 235,) and an oar upon it; which remained there to *Virgil's* days, and for some time after: for *Statius* mentions it more than once. The Sibyl's grot, as it is called, by which *Virgil* makes *Aeneas* descend into Hell, has one opening by the lake *Avernus*, and had another at *Cumæ*: and there was a passage went all under the hill, from one to the other. *Virgil* makes *Aeneas* go quite through it, by his perpetual way of inferring things, rather than saying them directly; and then return (ver. 900,) the nearest way to his fleet, and set sail for *Cajeta*. *Ovid* says expressly (*Met.* xiv. 157,) that he came out at *Cumæ*.

* *Castor* and *Pollux* were the two sons of *Leda*, one by *Jupiter*, the other by *Tyndarus*; consequently one was immortal, and the other mortal. *Castor* being killed, *Pollux* demanded of his father *Jupiter*, that his brother might share his immortality with him. *Jupiter* consented, and they alternately lived and died.

C c

Look round the wood with lifted eyes, to see
 The lurking gold upon the fatal tree :
 Then rend it off, as holy rites command ;
 The willing metal will obey thy hand,
 Following with ease, if favour'd by thy fate,
 Thou art foredoom'd to view the *Stygian* state ;
 If not, no labour can the tree constrain,
 And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain.
 Besides you know not, while you here attend,
 Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend :
 Breathless he lies ; and his unbury'd ghost,
 Depriv'd of fun'ral rites, pollutes your host.
 Pay first his pious dues ; and for the dead,
 Two fable sheep around his hearse be led.
 Then living turfs upon his body lay ;
 This done, securely take the destin'd way,
 To find the regions destitute of day.
 She said, and held her peace. *Aeneas* went
 Sad from the cave, and full of discontent,
 Unknowing whom the sacred *Sibyl* meant.
Achates, the companion of his breast,
 Goes grieving by his side, with equal cares oppress'd.
 Walking they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd
 What friend the priestess by those words design'd.
 But soon they found an object to deplore :
Misenus lay extended on the shore,
 Son of the God of winds ; none so renown'd
 The warrior trumpet in the field to sound : *
 With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,
 And rouse to dare their fate in honourable aims.
 He serv'd great *Hector*, and was ever near,
 Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.
 But, by *Pelides*' arm when *Hector* fell,
 He chose *Aeneas*, and he chose as well.
 Sworn with applause, and aiming still at more,
 He now provokes the sea-gods from the shore ;
 With envy *Triton* heard the martial sound,
 And the bold champion for his challenge drown'd.
 Then cast his mangled carcase on the strand :
 The gazing crowd around the body stand.
 All weep, but most *Aeneas* mourns his fate,
 And hastens to perform the fun'ral state.
 In altar-wise, a stately pile they rear,
 The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.

NOTES.

* There is an old tradition, that *Eros*, *Virgil's* secretary, used to say, that as he was reading the following hemistich to his master,

Ere ciere viros, — — —

The poet instantly added in a kind of enthusiasm,

Martemque accendere cantu.

† The difference between the genius of *Virgil*

An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd,
 (The shady covert of the savage kind)
 The *Trojan* found : the sounding axe is ply'd ;
 Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the tow'ring pride
 Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke ;
 And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak. †
 Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steppy crown
 Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
 Arm'd like the rest the *Trojan* prince appears,
 And by his pious labours urges their's.
 Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind,
 The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
 He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
 And then with vows implor'd the queen of love.
 O may thy pow'r, propitious still to me,
 Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
 In this deep forest ; since the *Sibyl's* breath
 Foretold, alas ! too true, *Misenus'* death.
 Scarce had he said, when full before his sight
 Two doves, descending from their airy flight,
 Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
 He knew his mother's birds, and thus he pray'd :
 Be you my guide, with your auspicious aid,
 And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found
 Whose glitt'ring shadow gilds the sacred ground :
 And thou, great parent ! with celestial care,
 In this distress be present to my pray'r.
 Thus having said, he stopp'd ; with watchful sight,
 Observing still the motions of their flight,
 What course they took, what happy signs they
 shew :
 They fed, and flutt'ring by degrees withdrew
 Still farther from the place, but still in view.
 Hopping and flying, thus they led him on
 To the flow lake ; whose baleful stench to shun.
 They wing'd their flight aloft ; then, stooping low,
 Perch'd on the double tree that bears the golden
 bough.
 Thro' the green leaves the glitt'ring shadows glow,
 As on the sacred oak the wintry mistleto ;
 Where the proud mother views her precious brood,
 And happier branches, which she never sow'd.
 Such was the glitt'ring ; such the ruddy rind,
 And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.

He

NOTES.

and *Statius* is very visible upon this occasion. The latter of whom minutely, and at length, describes the different sorts of trees that were cut down to make the funeral pile for *Archemorus*. While *Virgil* observes his usual and pregnant brevity, knowing he had not leisure to dwell on this subject, merely for the sake of a florid description.

He seiz'd the shining bough with griping hold,
 And rent away with ease the ling'ring gold :
 Then to the *Sibyl's* palace bore the prize.
 Mean time the *Trojan* troops, with weeping eyes,
 To dead *Misenus* pay his obsequies. }
 First from the ground a lofty pile they rear
 Of pitch-trees, oaks and pines, unctuous fir :
 The fabrick's front with cypress twigs they strew,
 And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yeugh.
 The topmost part his glitt'ring arms adorn ;
 Warm waters then, in brazen caldrons borne,
 Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint ;
 And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint.
 With groans and cries *Misenus* they deplore :
 Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
 The breathless body thus bewail'd they lay,
 And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away : *
 (Such rev'rend rites their fathers us'd to pay.) }
 Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,
 And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.
 These gifts the greedy flames to dust devour ;
 Then on the living coals red wine they pour ;
 And last the relics by themselves dispose,
 Which in a brazen urn the priests inclose.
 Old *Chorineus* compass'd thrice the crew,
 And dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew,
 Which thrice he sprinkled ; and thrice aloud
 Invok'd the dead, and then dismiss'd the crowd. †

But good *Aeneas* order'd on the shore
 A stately tomb : whose top a trumpet bore,
 A soldier's faulchion, and a seaman's oar. }
 Thus was his friend interr'd ; and deathless fame
 Still to the lofty cave consigns his name. ‡
 These rites perform'd, the prince without delay
 Hastes to the nether world his destin'd way.

NOTES.

* It was the custom at the *Roman* funerals, for the parents, or nearest relations of the dead, to set fire to the funeral pile, and to turn away their heads, in sign of sorrow and reluctance. *Chorineus* was the pontiff or supreme priest of the *Trojan* colony. He is again spoken of, book 12.

† This solemn adieu was to report the word *vale*, thrice ; or else the word *ilicet*.

‡ This mountain, which is situated in the kingdom of *Naples*, is at this day called *Monte Miseno*. How must a *Roman* have been pleas'd, that was well acquainted with the capes and promontories, to see the original of their names as they stand derived from *Misenus*, *Palinurus*, and *Cajeta* ? that could follow the poet's motions, and attend his hero in all his marches from place to place ?

§ Here begins the actual and solemn description

Deep was the cave ; and downward as it went §
 From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent ;
 And here th' access a gloomy grove defends,
 And here th' innavigable lake extends.
 O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
 No bird presumes to steer his airy flight ;
 Such deadly stench from the depth arise,
 And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
 From hence the *Grecian* bards their legends make,
 And give the name *Avernus* to the lake.
 Four fable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
 For sacrifice the pious hero brought.
 The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns ;
 Then cuts the curling hair ; that first oblation
 burns,

Invoking *Hecate* hither to repair,
 (A pow'ful name in hell and upper air.)
 The sacred priests with ready knives bereave
 The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive
 The streaming blood : a lamb to hell and night
 (The fable wool without a streak of white)
Aeneas offers ; and by fate's decree,
 A barren heifer, *Proserpine*, to thee.
 With holocausts he *Pluto's* altar fills ;
 Sev'n brawny bulls with his own hand he kills ;
 Then on the broiling entrails oil he pours,
 Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours.
 Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,
 Nor ended till the next returning sun.
 Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
 And howling dogs in glimm'ring light advance,
 Ere *Hecate* came : far hence be souls profane,
 The *Sibyl* cry'd, and from the grove abstain.
 Now, *Trojan*, take the way thy fates afford :
 Assume thy courage, and unheath thy sword.

She

NOTES.

of the descent into hell ; after the mind had been so agreeably prepared for it by so many hints interspersed with other matters. The description of hell itself indeed begins before ; but that of the way to it, and the journey thither, begins here. And a wonderful opening it is : at the mouth of a vast stenchy cave, through which they were to pass, we have the religious horror of the nocturnal and infernal sacrifice. After which, how deep are the impressions of terror, and surprize ! And yet our pleasure and astonishment are still heightened by that solemn and majestic apostrophe of the poet in his own person to the infernal deities ; in which he begs leave to reveal the awful secrets he is going to describe. We know of nothing in human art and nature beyond this ; the mind of man can neither affect, nor be affected any farther.

She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space,
The prince pursu'd her steps with equal pace.

Ye realms yet unreveal'd to human sight,
Ye Gods who rule the regions of the night,*
Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate
The mytic wonders of your silent state.

Obscure they went through dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead:
Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light;
When *Jove* in dusky clouds involves the skies,
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.

Just in the gate, and in the jaws of Hell,†
Revengeful cares and sullen sorrows dwell;
And pale diseases, and repining age;
Want, fear, and famine's unrelucted rage:
Here Toils and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their centry keep:
With anxious pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep frauds before, and open force behind:

NOTES.

* The poet's stopping suddenly in his narration, and breaking out into this most solemn and majestic address to the subterraneous deities, is a very striking circumstance: it raises the reader's attention to a great degree; it alarms one with a kind of religious dread and awfulness, and prepares the mind for the astonishing scenes that are to follow.

† This groupe of allegorical personages is admirably painted, and judiciously placed. *Virgil* seems to have an eye on a fine passage of *Lucretius*; where that great poet describes some of these very allegorical personages, which *Virgil* has introduced as standing before the gates of death.

‡ In talking of the poetical hell of the old *Romans*, we know not how one can do better, than to follow exactly the account which is given us by the best poet that the *Romans* ever had. *Virgil's* general character is exactness; and he seems to have shewn it particularly on this occasion. His account of the subterraneous world is much the most regular and the most compleat we meet with in any of the *Greek*, as well as *Latin* poets, that remain to us. Hence it is, that *Silius Italicus*, (who ought perhaps to have more the authority of an historian, than that of a poet,) sets *Virgil's* account of hell on a level with the principal subject of his *Æneid*; and seems to insinuate, that he laid out all the parts of it in as exact order, before he saw it, as he could have done, after he was an inhabitant of those lower regions. The whole imaginary world beneath the surface of the earth, which we call hell, (though according to the ancients it was the receptacle of all

The Furies iron beds, and Strife that shakes
Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.
Full in the midst of this infernal road
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad:
The God of sleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are spread.
Of various forms unnumber'd spectres more;
Centaurs and double shapes besiege the door:
Before the passage horrid *Hydra* stands,
And *Briareus* with all his hundred hands:
Gorgons, *Geryon* with his triple frame,
And vain *Chimæra* vomits empty flame.
The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,
Though seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,
Off'ring his brandish'd weapon at their face;
Had not the *Sibyl* stopp'd his eager pace,
And told him what those empty phantoms were,
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
Hence to deep *Acheron* they take their way,‡
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,

Are

NOTES.

departed persons, of the good as well as the bad,) is divided, by *Virgil*, into five parts. The first may be called the previous region. The second is the region of waters, or the river, which they were all to pass. The third is what we may call, the gloomy region; and what the ancients called *Erebus*. The fourth is *Tartarus*, or the region of torments: and the fifth, the regions of joy and bliss; or what we still call *Elysium*. It may be worth while to inquire a little more particularly into the disposition which *Virgil* has made of the nether worlds into these five parts; and what sort of personages or inhabitants he assigns to each of them. The first part in it, (which we call the previous region, as being only the suburbs of the realms of death,) *Virgil* has stocked with two sorts of beings. First, with those which make the real misery of mankind upon earth; such as war, discord, labour, grief, cares, distempers, and old age: and secondly, with fancied terrors, and all the most frightful creatures of our own imagination; such as gorgons, harpies, chimæra's, and the like. The next is the water, which all the departed were supposed to pass, to enter into the other world. This was called *Styx*; or, the hateful passage. The imaginary personages of this division are the souls of the departed, who are either passing over, or suing for a passage; and the master of the vessel, who carries them over, one freight after another, according to his will and pleasure. The third division begins immediately with the bank on the other side of the river; and was supposed to extend a great way in. It is subdivided again into several

Are whirl'd aloft, and in *Cocytus* lost:
There *Charon* stands, who rules the dreary coast;
A fordid God; down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean:
His eyes like hollow furnaces on fire:
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.
He spreads his canvas, with his pole he steers;
The freights of sitting ghosts in his thin bottom
bears.

He look'd in years; yet in his years were seen
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rustling where he stood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood.
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
And mighty heroes more majestic shades,
And youths intomb'd before their father's eyes,
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries:
Thick as the leaves in autumn strew the woods,
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,

NOTES.

several particular districts. The first seems to be the receptacle for infants, or the *limbus infantum*. Then is the limbo, for all such as have been put to death without a cause. Next, is the place for those who have put a period to their own lives: a melancholy region; and situated amidst the marshes, made by the overflowings of the hateful river, or passage into the other world. After this, are the fields of mourning; full of dark woods and groves, and inhabited by those who died for love. Last of all, spreads an open champaign country, allotted for the souls of departed warriors. The name of this whole division is *Erebus*. The several districts of this division seem to be disposed all in a line, one after the other; but after this, the great line or road divides into two: of which, the right-hand road leads to *Elysium*, or the place of the blest; and the left-hand road to *Tartarus*, or the place of the tormented. The fourth general division of the subterraneous world, is this *Tartarus*, or the place of torments. There was a city in it, and a prince to preside over it. Within this city was a vast deep pit, in which the tortures were supposed to be performed. In this horrid part *Virgil* places two sorts of souls: first, such as have shewn their impiety and rebellion towards the Gods; and secondly, such as have been vile or mischievous among men. Those, (as he himself says of the latter, more particularly,) who hated their brethren; used their parents ill; or cheated their dependants; who made no use of their riches; who committed incest, or disturbed the marriage-union of others; those who were rebellious subjects, or knavish servants; who were

No. 6.

And wing their hasty flight to happier lands:
Such and so thick the shiv'ring army stands,
And press for passage with extended hands.

Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore;
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
The hero, who beheld with wond'ring eyes
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments and cries,
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant?
Why to the shore the thronging people bent?
What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd?
Why some were ferry'd o'er, and some refus'd?

Son of *Anchises*, offspring of the Gods,
The *Sibyl* said, you see the *Stygian* floods,
The sacred streams, which heav'n's imperial state
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of sepulchres, and fun'ial due.
The boatman *Charon*; those the bury'd host,
He ferries over to the farther coast.

Nor

NOTES.

despisers of justice, and betrayers of their country; and who made and unmade laws, not for the good of the public, but only to get money to themselves. All these and the despisers of the Gods, *Virgil* places in this most horrid division of his subterraneous world; and in the vast abyss, which was the most horrible of that division. The fifth division is that of *Elysium*, or the place of the blest. Here *Virgil* places those who died for their country; those of pure lives; truly inspired poets; the inventors of arts; and all who have done good to mankind. He does not speak of any particular districts for these; but supposes that they have the liberty of going where they please in that delightful region, and conversing with whom they pleased. He only mentions one vale, towards the end of it, as appropriated to any particular use: this is the vale of *Lethe*, or forgetfulness; where many of the ancient philosophers, and the *Platonists* in particular, supposed the souls which had passed through some periods of their trial, were immersed in the river which gives it's name to it; in order to be put into new bodies, and to fill up the whole course of their probation in our upper world. In each of these three divisions on the other side of the river *Styx*, (which perhaps were comprehended under the name of *Ades*, as all the five might be under the name of *Orcus*,) was a prince or judge: *Minos*, for the regions of *Erebus*; *Rhadamanthus*, for *Tartarus*; and *Æacus*, for *Elysium*. *Pluto* and *Proserpine* had their palace at the entrance of the road to the *Elysian* fields; and presided, as sovereigns, over the whole subterraneous world.

D d

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 With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.
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 At length their penance done, are wasted o'er.
 The *Trojan* chief his forward pace repress'd,*
 Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast.
 He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
 Their funeral honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet
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The lost *Leucaspis* in the crowd he knew,
 And the brave leader in the *Lycian* crew;
 Whom on the *Tyrrhene* seas the tempests met,
 The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erfet.
 Amidst the spirits *Palinurus* press'd,†
 Yet fresh from life, a new admitted guest;
 Who while he steering view'd the stars, and bore
 His coast from *Africk* to the *Latian* shore,
 Fell headlong down: the *Trojan* fix'd his view,
 And scarcely thro' the gloom the fullen shadow knew.
 Then thus the prince: What envious pow'r, O friend,
 Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end?
 For *Phæbus*, ever true in all he said,
 Has in your fate alone my faith betray'd.
 The God foretold you should not die, before
 You reach'd, secure from seas, th' *Italian* shore.
 Is this th' unerring pow'r? The ghost reply'd,
 Nor *Phæbus* flatter'd, nor his answers ly'd;
 Nor envious Gods have sent me to the deep:
 But while the stars and course of heav'n I keep,
 My weary'd eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep. }
 I fell, and with my weight the helm constrain'd
 Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
 Now by the winds and raging waves I swear,
 Your safety more than mine was then my care;
 Left, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
 Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
 Three blust'ring nights, borne by the southern blast,
 I floated, and discover'd land at last:
 High on a mountain wave my head I bore,
 Forcing my strength, and gath'ring to the shore:
 Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
 The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
 While cumber'd with my drooping cloaths I lay,
 The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
 Stain'd with my blood th' unhospitable coast;
 And now by winds and waves my lifeless limbs are
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* According to the tenderness and humanity with which the hero is always painted. Historians speak much of the sensibility and compassionate temper of *Augustus*.

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Which O avert! by yon ethereal light
 Which I have lost, for this eternal night:
 Or if by dearer ties you may be won,
 By your dead fire, and by your living son,
 Redeem from this reproach my wand'ring ghost;
 Or with your navy seek the the *Velin* coast,
 And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose:
 Or if a nearer way your mother shows,
 Without whose aid you durst not undertake
 This frightful passage o'er the *Stygian* lake;
 Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
 To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore.
 Scarce had he said, the prophets began;
 What hopes delude thee, miserable man?
 Think'st thou thus unintomb'd to cross the floods, }
 To view the furies and infernal Gods,
 And visit without leave the dark abodes?
 Attend the term of long revolving years;
 Fate and the dooming Gods are deaf to tears.
 This comfort of thy dire misfortune take;
 The wrath of heav'n, inflicted for thy sake,
 With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast,
 Till they propitiate thy offended ghost;
 And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn pray'r,
 And *Palinurus*' name the place shall bear.
 This calm'd his cares; sooth'd with his future fame,
 And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.
 Now nearer to the *Stygian* lake they draw,
 Whom from the shore the furly boatman saw;
 Observ'd their passage thro' the shady wood,
 And mark'd their near approaches to the flood:
 Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath;
 Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
 In arms presum'st to tread, I charge thee stand,
 And tell thy name and bus'ness in the land.
 Know this the realm of night, the *Stygian* shore;
 My boat conveys no living bodies o'er:
 Nor was I pleas'd great *Theseus* once to bear,
 Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear;
 Nor strong *Alcides*, men of mighty fame;
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 In fetters one the barking porter ty'd,
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Still may the dog the wand'ring troops constrain }
 Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train, }
 And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain. }
 The *Trojan* chief, whose lineage is from *Jove*, }
 Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love, }
 Is sent to seek his fire in your *Elysian* grove. }
 If neither pity, nor heav'n's command,
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 Stood mute with awe to see the golden rod:
 Admir'd the destin'd off'ring to the queen,
 (A venerable gift so rarely seen.)
 His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land:
 The ghosts forsake their seats at his command:
 He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight.
 The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
 Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides;
 The pressing water pours within her sides.
 His passengers at length are wafted o'er,
 Expos'd in muddy weeds upon the miry shore.
 No sooner landed, in his den they found
 The triple porter of the *Stygian* fount,
 Grim *Cerberus*; who soon began to rear
 His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
 The prudent *Sibyl* had before prepar'd
 A sop in honey steep'd, to charm the guard;
 Which, mix'd with pow'ful drugs, she cast before
 His greedy grinding jaws, just op'd to roar:
 With three enormous mouths he gapes, and straight,
 With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
 Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;
 He reels, and falling, fills the spacious cave.
 The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
 Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way.

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 The wrongful sentence, and award a-new.
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Not far from these *Phœnician Dido* stood,
 Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood.
 Whom, when the *Trojan* hero hardly knew,
 Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,
 (Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky night,
 Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light :)
 With tears he first approach'd the fullen shade,
 And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said :
 Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
 Of rumour true, in your reported death,
 And I, alas, the cause! by heav'n I vow,
 And all the pow'rs that rule the realms below,
 Unwilling I forsook your friendly state;
 Commanded by the Gods, and forc'd by fate : *

NOTES.

Alceon his son revenged his death, by slaughtering his mother. *Pasiphaë* was said to be the daughter of the sun, and wife to *Minos* king of *Crete*; she fell desperately in love with a bull. *Cænis* the daughter of *Elatus*, a *Lapithan*, obtained of her lover *Neptune* as a reward of her prostitution, that she might be transformed into a man, and rendered invulnerable: but the Gods being offended at her pride and cruelty, she was destroyed in the war with *Lapithæ*, and made a woman again after her death, that for her impieties she might be deprived of both the favours which *Neptune* had granted to her. *Laodamia* was so fond of her husband *Protesilaus*, that after he was killed before the walls of *Thebes*, she begged of the Gods she might see his ghost; which being granted, she perished in his embraces. It is observable, that the poet says, the place allotted for the band of lovers, was very spacious and extensive; by which he signifies, say some critics, the frequency as well as danger of this universal passion.

* *Virgil* seems to be sensible that his hero had been guilty of a fault in the affair of *Dido*; because he is introduced as excusing the matter to her in the regions below. But if we own the fault, (in the hero, though not in the poet) how decent and beautiful is this excuse? And how skilfully inserted in this place?

† It is well known, that this silence of *Dido* is copied from that of *Ajax*, in the thirteenth book of the *Odyssey*; which is nobly imagined, and cannot be enough admired. *Longinus*, in his ninth section, produces it as one of the strongest examples of the true sublime: his excellent translator observes, that *Dido*, in *Virgil*, behaves with the same greatness and majesty, as *Homer's Ajax*. He disdains the conversation of the man, who, to his thinking, had injuriously defrauded him of the arms of *Achilles*; and she scorns to hold conference with him, who, in her

Those Gods, that fate, whose unresisted might
 Have sent me to these regions, void of light,
 Thro' the vast empire of eternal night.
 Nor dar'd I to presume that, press'd with grief,
 My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
 Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows;
 'Tis the last interview that fate allows!
 In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,
 With tears and pray'rs, and late repenting love.
 Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
 But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground;
 And what he says and swears regards no more
 Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar : †
 But

NOTES.

own opinion, had basely forsook her; and, by her silent retreat, shews her repentment, and reprimands *Aeneas* more than she could have done in a thousand words. The pathetic, as well as the grand, is expressed as strongly by silence, or a bare word, as in a number of periods. A late judicious writer is singular in his opinion of this celebrated silence, whose words are worth the consideration of the reader. When *Ulysses* visited the infernal regions, he found, among the heroes that perished at *Troy*, his competitor *Ajax*, who, when the arms of *Achilles* were adjudged to *Ulysses*, died by his own hand in the madness of disappointment. He still appeared to resent, as on earth, his loss and disgrace. *Ulysses* endeavoured to pacify him with praises and submission; but *Ajax* walked away without reply. This passage has always been considered as eminently beautiful; because *Ajax*, the haughty chief, the unlettered soldier, of unshaken courage, of immovable constancy, but without the power of recommending his own virtues by eloquence, or enforcing his assertions by any other arguments than the sword, had no way of making his anger known, but by gloomy fullness and dumb ferocity. His hatred of a man whom he conceived to have defeated him only by volubility of tongue, was therefore naturally shewn by silence more contemptuous and piercing, than any words that so rude an orator could have found, and by which he gave his enemy no opportunity of exerting the only power in which he was superior. When *Aeneas* is sent by *Virgil* to visit the shades, he meets with *Dido* the queen of *Carthage*, whom his perfidy had hurried to the grave: he accosts her with tenderness, and excuses; but the lady turns away, like *Ajax*, in mute disdain. She turns away like *Ajax*—but she resembles him in none of those qualities which might give either dignity or propriety to silence. She might without any

But whirl'd away to shun his hateful sight,
Hid in the forest and the shades of night:
Then fought *Sichæus* through the shady grove,
Who answer'd all her cares, and equall'd all her love.

Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting shade.
Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,
And with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls remain'd.

Tideus he met, with *Meleager's* race,
The pride of armies, and the soldier's grace;
And pale *Adrastus*, with his ghastly face.*
Of *Trojan* chiefs he view'd a num'rous train;
All much lamented, all in battle slain.
Glaucus and *Medon* high above the rest,
Antenor's son, and *Ceres'* sacred priest:
And proud *Idæus*, *Priam's* charioteer,
Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy spear.
The gladsome ghosts in circling troops attend,
And with unweary'd eyes behold their friend;
Delight to hover near, and long to know
What bus'ness brought him to the realms below.

But *Argive* chiefs, and *Agamemnon's* train,
When his refulgent arms flash'd thro' the shady plain,

Fled from his well-known face with wonted fear,
As when his thund'ring sword and pointed spear
Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the routed rear.†

NOTES.

any departure from the tenor of her conduct, have burst out, like other injured women, into clamour, reproach, and denunciation. But *Virgil* had his imagination full of *Ajax*; and therefore could not prevail on himself to teach *Dido* any other mode of resentment.

* *Æneas* now meets with the ancient heroes, who had been celebrated in the *Theban* war. *Tydeus* the son of *Æneas* was slain in that war by *Menalippus*. He was the father of *Diomed*, so celebrated in the *Iliad*. *Parthenopæus*, the son of *Atalanta* and *Meleager*, and king of the *Arcadians*, perished likewise at *Thebes*. *Adrastus* was king of *Sicyon*, and afterwards *Argos*, who losing great part of his army before *Thebes*, fled and returned home. It is on account of this flight that *Virgil* gives him the epithet of *Pallentis*. The names of *Agenor's* sons were *Polybus*, *Agenor*, and *Achamas*, according to *Pomponius Sabinus*; or *Archilochus*, *Achamas* and *Helicon*, according to other writers. *Idæus* was *Priam's* charioteer.—It is *Plato's* doctrine, that the soul retains it's principal inclinations and affections after death.

No. 6.

They rais'd a feeble cry with trembling notes;
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.
Here *Priam's* son, *Deiphobus*, he found,‡
Whose face and limbs were one continu'd wound.
Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of his ears.§
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown
His blotted form, and blushing to be known;
And therefore first began: O *Tenace's* race,
Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?
What heart could wish, what hand inflict this dire disgrace?

'Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal night
Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight;
Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,
And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.
But in remembrance of so brave a deed,
A tomb and fun'ral honours I decreed;
Thrice call'd your manes on the *Trojan* plains:
The place your armour and your name retains.
Your body too I sought, and had I found,
Design'd for burial in your native ground.

The ghost reply'd, Your piety has paid
All needful rites to rest my wand'ring shade:
But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
To *Grecian* swords betray'd my sleeping life.
These are the monuments of *Helen's* love:
The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.
You know in what deluding joys we pass'd
The night, that was by heav'n decreed our last.

For

NOTES.

† This circumstance is very finely imagined, and does the hero the greatest honour. For as the dead retain their old habits; their flying from the sight of *Æneas*, was a sign they had often done the same in life, during the siege of *Troy*. It is observable that *Ulysses* does not fright the *Trojan* ghosts in the 11th *Odyssey*. Indeed no author, either before or since *Virgil*, is comparable to him in his judicious choice of particular circumstances, and his skill in making them various, new, and natural.

‡ In the destruction of *Troy*, book 2, nothing is said of *Deiphobus*, but that his palace was burnt. The particular account of him was most judiciously and elegantly reserved to this place. The whole passage is both surprizing and pathetical, and in all respects admirable.

§ This mangled phantom is drawn according to the philosophy of *Plato*; who teaches in his *Gorgias*, that the dead not only retains all the passions of the soul, but all the marks and blemishes of the body.

E c

For when the fatal horse descending down,
 Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town,
 She feign'd nocturnal orgies, left my bed,
 And mix'd with *Trojan* dames, the dances led;
 Then waving high her torch, the signal made,
 Which rous'd the *Grecians* from their ambushade.
 With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,
 Unhappy I had laid me down to rest;
 And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.
 Mean time my worthy wife our arms mislaid,
 And from beneath my head my sword convey'd;
 The door unlatch'd, and with repeated calls
 Invites her former lord within my walls.
 Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
 And with new treasons would redeem the past.
 What need I more? into the room they ran,*
 And meanly murder'd a defenceless man.
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way:
 Avenging pow'r! with justice if I pray,
 That fortune be their own another day.

But answer you; and in your turn relate
 What brought you living to the *Stygian* state?
 Driv'n by the winds and errors of the sea,
 Or did you heav'n's superior doom obey?
 Or tell what other chance conducts your way,
 To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,
 Tumults and torments of th' infernal seats:
 While thus in talk the flying hours they pass,
 The sun had finish'd more than half his race:
 And they perhaps in words and tears had spent
 The little time of stay which heav'n had lent.

NOTES.

* An ordinary writer would have here made *Deiphobus* give a dismal account of his being murdered, hacked, and mangled. But in *Virgil*, as soon as he comes to that part of the story, he breaks off abruptly; and turns his discourse to other matters. And the reason is plain. The poet had artificially forestalled these circumstances by the description he gives of the figure which *Deiphobus* made when he first mentions him. So that by thus placing his incidents, and thus disposing the several parts, he both avoids repetition, and also gives an unexpected turn to the thoughts of his reader.

† *Milton* seems to have had this passage in his eye, in his description of sin and death, as the porters of hell—

—Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair;
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
 Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting—&c.—

But thus the *Sibyl* chides their long delay:
 Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day;
 'Tis here in diff'rent paths the way divides;
 The right to *Pluto's* golden palace guides;
 The left to that unhappy region tends,
 Which to the depth of *Tartarus* descends;
 The seat of night profound and punish'd fiends.

Then thus *Deiphobus*: O sacred maid!
 Forbear to chide, and be your will obey'd:

Lo to the secret shadows I retire,
 To pay my penance till my years expire.
 Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd,
 And born to better fates than I have found.
 He said; and while he said, his steps he turn'd
 To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.

The hero looking on the left espy'd
 A lofty tow'r, and strong on ev'ry side
 With treble walls, which *Phlegethon* surrounds,
 Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds;
 And press'd betwixt the rocks, the bellowing noise
 resounds.

Wide is the fronting gate, and rais'd on high
 With adamantine columns threatens the sky.
 Vain is the force of man, and heav'n's as vain,
 To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.
 Sublime on these a tow'r of steel is rear'd,
 And dire *Tisiphone* there keeps the ward; †
 Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day,
 Observant of the souls that pass the downward way:
 From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the pains
 Of sounding lashes, and of dragging chains. ‡

The

NOTES.

—The other shape
 (If shape it might be call'd that shape had none,
 &c.)

—Black it stood as night,
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart: what seem'd his head,
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
 This famous allegory of sin and death, seems to be taken from St. *James's* epistle, chap. 1, ver. 14.

‡ There is something strangely terrifying to the imagination in *Aeneas's* and the *Sibyl's* standing before the adamantine gates, and listening to the clank of chains, and the noise of iron whips, that were heard in those regions of pain and sorrow. *Milton*, whose imagination was equal to that of any of the ancients, has taken this hint and nobly improved it. *Raphael* tells *Adam*, that he was sent on the day of creation to see that none of *Satan's* crew escaped from hell, as a spy, &c. and adds,

—Fast we found, fast shut
 The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;

But

The *Trojan* stood astonish'd at their cries,
 And ask'd his guide, from whence those yells arise?
 And what the crimes and what the tortures were,
 And loud laments that rent the liquid air? *
 She thus reply'd: 'The chaste and holy race
 Are all forbidden this polluted place.
 But *Hecate*, when she gave to rule the woods,
 (Then led me trembling thro' those dire abodes,
 And taught the tortures of th' avenging Gods.
 These are the realms of unrelenting fate,
 And awful *Rhadamanthus* rules the state. †
 He hears and judges each committed crime;
 Inquires into the manner, place, and time:
 The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal;
 Loth to confess, unable to conceal;
 From the first moment of his vital breath,
 To his last hour of unrepenting death.
 Straight o'er the guilty ghost the fury shakes
 The founding whip, and brandishes her snakes,
 And the pale sinner with her sisters takes.
 Then of itself unfolds th' eternal door;
 With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.
 You see before the gate what stalking ghost
 Commands the guard, what centries keep the post.
 More formidable *Hydra* stands within,
 Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.
 The gaping gulph low to the center lies,
 And twice as deep as earth is distant from the skies.

NOTES.

But long e'er our approaching heard within
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

* Great is the judgment and virtue of our poet in this division, in specifying the most atrocious criminals here punished: unnatural to parents, to brethren, and other relations; betrayers of their trust, and cause; adulterers; incestuous; rebels; favourers of tyrants; those who make and repeal laws for bribes, sell their country, and sacrifice it's constitution to their own avarice and ambition.

† *Rhadamanthus* was of *Crete*, the brother of the most celebrated *Minos* the *Cretan* lawgiver, and the son of *Jupiter* and *Eurpa*. *Minos* is said to have first delivered the system of the *Cretan* laws; and *Rhadamanthus*'s business was to put them in execution. This *Plutarch* relates in the life of *Theseus*. *Æacus* was likewise the son of *Jupiter*. These three celebrated personages, viz. *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, and *Æacus*, are usually placed by the poets, as judges in the infernal regions, on account of the strictness and severity of judgment they exercised during their lives. *Virgil* makes no mention of *Æacus*.

The rivals of the Gods, the *Titan* race, ‡
 Here sing'd with lightning roll within th' unfathom'd space.

Here lie th' *Aleian* twins, (I saw them both)
 Enormous bodies of gigantic growth,
 Who dar'd to fight the Thund'rer to defy,
 Affect his heav'n, and force him from the sky.
Salmonius suff'ring cruel pains I found,
 For emulating *Jove*; the rattling sound
 Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze
 Of pointed lightnings, and their forked rays.
 Through *Elis* and the *Grecian* towns he flew;
 Th' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew
 He wav'd a torch aloft, and madly vain,
 Sought godlike worship from a servile train.
 Ambitious fool, with horny hoofs to pass
 O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,
 To rival thunder in it's rapid course,
 And imitate inimitable force.
 But he, the King of heav'n, obscure on high,
 Bar'd his red arm, and launching from the sky
 His writen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
 Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon struck.
 There *Tityus* was to see, who took his birth §
 From heav'n, his nursing from the foodful earth:
 Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
 Infold nine acres of infernal space.

A rav'nous

NOTES.

‡ These were the giants, the sons of *Earth* and *Titan*, who made war on *Jupiter*, and heaping mountain on mountain, attempted to scale heaven. *Hesiod* has nobly described the battle that ensued between them and the Gods. The *Aleian* twins, ver. 803, were *Otus* and *Ephialtes*, the sons of *Neptune* by *Iphimedia*. *Salmonius* was king of *Elis*, and being quite intoxicated with pride, drove a chariot over a bridge of brass, and cast torches on his subjects, that he might imitate thunder and lightning. *Virgil* judiciously places these atheistical despisers of God and religion. This was agreeable to the laws of *Charondas*; who says, Be the contempt of the Gods put into the number of the flagitious crimes. The poet dwells particularly on that species of impiety that affects divine honours, the story of *Salmonius*. And this was doubtless designed by him for an oblique castigation of the adulation of the apotheosis, then beginning to be paid and to be received at *Rome*.

§ Poetry never afforded a more lively and affecting description, than this of the punishment of *Tityus*. The crime of *Tityus* was, that he attempted to ravish *Latona*; for which he was shot by *Apollo*.

A rav'nous vulture in his open'd side
Her crooked beak and cruel talons try'd:
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast,
The growing liver still supply'd the feast:
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains;
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food re-
mains.

Ixion and *Pirithous* I could name,*
And more *Theffalian* chiefs of mighty fame.
High o'er their heads a mould'ring rock is plac'd,
That promises a fall, and shakes at ev'ry blast.
They lie below, on golden beds display'd,
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.
The queen of furies by their sides is set,
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat.
Which if they touch her hissing snakes she rears,
Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears.
Then they who brothers better claim disown,
Expel their parents, and usurp the throne: †
Defraud their clients, and to lucre fold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold;
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend
To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend;
Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train
Of lustful youths for foul adult'ry slain.
Hosts of deserters, who their honour sold,
And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold: ‡
All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
Despairing pardon, and expecting pain,
Ask not what pains; nor farther seek to know
Their process, or the forms of law below.
Some roll a mighty stone; some laid along,
And bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels
are hung.

NOTES.

* The crime of *Ixion* was, that he attempted to ravish *Juno*, and boasted that he had actually effected it. That of *Pirithous* the friend of *Theseus*, that he laid a design to carry off *Proserpine* out of hell.

† Let those severe gentlemen, who think reading the poets an useless and trifling study, attentively consider the noble and just moral that is contained in this description of the criminals our poet hath here selected to be punished. This passage relates to the infringers of the duties of imperfect obligation, which civil laws cannot reach; such as, want of natural affection to brothers, duty to parents, protection to clients, and charity to the poor. Next to these are placed those pests of public and private peace, the traitor and the adulterer. It is observable, he does not say, simply, *adulterers*, but those *slain for adultery*; as implying, that the greatest civil punishment makes no atonement for this crime at the bar of divine justice.

Unhappy *Theseus*, doom'd for ever there,
Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair;
And wretched *Phlegias* warns the world with cries,
(Could warning make the world more just or wise,)
Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging deities.
To tyrants others have their country sold,
Imposing foreign lords for foreign gold:
Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.
With incest some their daughters bed profan'd:
All dar'd the worst of ills, and what they dar'd at-
tain'd.

Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.
But let us haste our voyage to pursue;
The walls of *Pluto's* palace are in view:
The gate and iron arch above it stands
On anvils, labour'd by the *Cyclops* hands.
Before our farther way the fates allow,
Here must we fix on high the golden bough.
She said, and through the gloomy shades they pass'd,
And chose the middle path: arriv'd at last,
The prince with living water sprinkled o'er
His limbs and body, then approach'd the door;
Possess'd the porch, and on the front above
He fix'd the fatal bough requir'd by *Pluto's* love.
These holy rites perform'd, they took their way
Where long extended plains of pleasure lay. §
The verdant fields with those of heav'n may vie,
With æther vested and a purple sky!
The blissful seats of happy souls below;
Stars of their own, and their own suns they know.

Their

NOTES.

‡ *Servius* says, that *Curio* is hinted at in these lines, and *Mark Antony* in the succeeding. And *Donatus* tells us, that *Tully* is pointed at by the incestuous criminal, next mentioned; *Sallust* adopts this calumny against *Cicero*, his violent enemy. But *Servius* rejects this opinion as a groundless slander.

§ What a transition is here from hell to heaven! For by heaven we may, in our way of expressing, understand the *Elysium* of the heathen; though they called that and *Tartarus* by the common name of hell, or the world of departed spirits; and imagined both to be under ground. The whole description is so charming, that it is almost *Elysium* to read it! As the cursed inhabitants of the other region are most judiciously specified, so are the blessed ones of this: those who suffered in the service of their country; holy priests; pious poets; inventors of arts and sciences; in a word, all public-spirited persons and benefactors to mankind.

Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And on the green contend the wrestlers prize.
Some in heroic verse divinely sing,
Others in artful measures lead the ring.
The *Thracian* bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest.
His flying fingers and harmonious quill
Strike sev'n distinguish'd notes, and sev'n at once they fill.

Here found they *Teucer's* old heroic race,
Born better times and happier years to grace.
Affaracus and *Ilus* here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who founded *Troy*.
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war:
Their lances fix'd in earth, their steeds around,
Free from their harness, graze the flow'ry ground.
The love of horses which they had alive,
And care of chariots, after death survive.*
Some chearful souls were feasting on the plain;
Some did the song, and some the choir maintain.
Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty *Po*
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
Here patriots live, who for their country's good,
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood:

NOTES.

* This is excellent sense; and taking it for a general doctrine, as true divinity as it is poetry. Though it is not true literally that any one in heaven will take delight in chariots and horses, &c. yet it is true that our affections and inclinations will be entirely the same in the next world, as they are in this. Upon the due consideration of which, our wills and passions ought to be regulated. We cannot at all enjoy heaven hereafter, unless we in some measure enjoy it here.

† Some commentators ask why *Virgil* does *Musæus* the honour to place him in the *Elysian* fields, and to address the *Sybil's* words to him, rather than to *Homer*. We once saw a company of very learned men almost unanimously agree, that *Virgil* ought indeed to have bestowed this honour upon *Homer*, but that his jealousy of him prevented it. We did not at that time reflect on it, and yet nothing is more ridiculous than this, and the answer to this objection is obvious: which is, that *Virgil* would have been guilty of a horrible fault in giving this commission to *Homer* in *Æneas's* life time, since he was not born till a long time after. Wherefore to answer the *Sybil*, this wise poet has chosen *Musæus*, who being *Orpheus's* disciple, was much ancienter than *Homer*; for he lived about the time of the *Trojan* war itself.

No. 6.

Priests of unblemish'd lives here made abode,
And poets worthy their inspiring God;
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new invented arts.
Those who to worth their bounty did extend,
And those who knew that bounty to commend.
The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
To these the *Sibyl* thus her speech address'd,
And first to him surrounded by the rest;
Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast:
Say, happy souls, divine *Musæus* say,†
Where lives *Anchises*, and where lies our way
To find our hero, for whose only sake
We fought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter lake?

To this the sacred poet thus reply'd;
In no fix'd place the happy souls reside;
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds
By chrystal streams, that murmur through the meads,
But pass yon easy hill, and thus descend,
The path conducts you to your journey's end.
This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And shews them all the shining fields below;
They wind the hill, and through the blissful meadows go.

But

NOTES.

It is scarce credible, that *Scaliger* the father should be so much mistaken as he is, when he takes *Musæus*, the author of the small poem of *Leander* and *Hero*, who, as many learned men believe, was later than *Virgil* himself, for this ancient *Musæus*; and that he should alledge, to shew how much this poet was superior to *Homer*, that it was for that reason that *Virgil* preferred him to *Homer* in the honour which he did him in the *Elysian* fields, without ever thinking how impertinent it would have been to place *Homer* in hell before the death of *Æneas*, *Ulysses*, and so many heroes whose adventures and exploits he sung. If *Homer* had lived during the *Trojan* war, he had never chosen it for the subject of his poem, and he must have dispatched his *Iliad* and *Odyssey* very hastily in seven years, in order to be ready to hold this dialogue with the *Sibyl*; but it is plainly proved that he did not live till long after; and as no reason obliged *Virgil* to be guilty of this error in chronology, and it being impossible for him to be ignorant of it, he therefore avoided such a gross fault; which would be in a word, to make *Homer* die before he was born. We believe on the contrary, that if he could handsomely have mentioned him, he would very willingly have done him that honour, nothing appearing in his character unworthy of a most generous mind.

F f

But old *Anchises* in a flow'ry vale
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale.
Those happy spirits, which ordain'd by fate,
For future being and new bodies wait;
With studious thought observ'd th' illustrious throng,
In nature's order as they pass'd along.
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their
care,

In peaceful senates, and successful war.
He, when *Aeneas* on the plain appears,*
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears,
Welcome, he said, the Gods undoubted race;
O long expected to my dear embrace;
Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold your face!
The love and pious duty which you pay
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd
The happy day approach'd; nor are my hopes de-
ceiv'd.

What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd,
What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast?
How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most
When love assail'd you on the *Lybian* coast.†
To this the filial duty thus replies:
Your sacred ghost before my sleeping eyes
Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise.‡
After long tossing on the *Tyrrhene* sea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, oh parent shade, nor shun
The dear embraces of your longing son!
He said, and falling tears his face bedew:
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw;
And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.

NOTES.

* Our expectation had been long raised, and one longed most eagerly for the interview betwixt *Aeneas* and his father; and now when it really happens, what can be imagined more interesting? Nothing can be more artful and judicious, than the manner in which the poet introduces *Aeneas* to take a review of his posterity.

† There is a great art in making *Anchises* anxious for his son, while he was detained at *Carthage*. It reminds the reader of that important episode.

‡ Alluding to the *Pythagorean* doctrine of the transmigration of the soul from one body to another; which notion is finely ridiculed in that dialogue of *Lucian*, entitled the *Cock*; which is, perhaps, the most humorous piece of that author.

§ In these sublime and exalted verses, *Virgil* follows the refined sentiments of *Plato*, concerning the *anima mundi*, or soul of the world, pervading and

Now in a secret vale the *Trojan* fees
A sep'rate grove, thro' which a gentle breeze
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers thro' }
the trees;
And just before the confines of the wood
The gliding *Lethe* leads her silent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees that hunt the golden
dew;

In summer's heat on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells to suck the balmy feed.
The winged army roams the field around;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
Aeneas wond'ring stood; then ask'd the cause,
Which to the stream the crowding people draws:
Then thus the fire: The souls that throng the flood
Are those, to whom by fate are other bodies ow'd: ‡
In *Lethe's* lake they long oblivion taste;
Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
Long has my soul desir'd this time and place,
To set before your sight your glorious race;
That this presaging joy may fire your mind;
To seek the shores by destiny design'd.
O father, can it be, that souls sublime
Return to visit our terrestrial clime?
And that the gen'rous mind, releas'd by death,
Can covet lazy limbs and mortal breath?
Anchises then in order thus begun
To clear those wonders to his godlike son.
Know first that heav'n, and earth's compacted
frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul
Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole. §

This

NOTES.

vivifying all created things. To illustrate this opinion, we shall subjoin the following remarks.—Both *Stoics* and *Platonics* held the world to be alive, though sometimes it be mentioned as an ancient animal, sometimes as a plant or vegetable. But in this, notwithstanding what hath been surmised by some learned men, there seems to be no atheism. For so long as the world is supposed to be quickened by elementary fire or spirit, which is itself animated by soul, and directed by understanding, it follows that all parts thereof originally depend upon, and may be reduced unto, the same indivisible stem or principle, to wit, a supreme mind; which is the concurrent doctrine of *Pythagoreans*, *Platonics*, and *Stoics*. There is, according to these philosophers, a life infused through all things; an intellectual and artificial fire, an inward principle, animal spirit, or natural life, producing and forming within

This active mind infus'd thro' all the space,
 Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
 Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
 And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
 Th' ethereal vigour is in all the same,
 And ev'ry soul is fill'd with equal flame;
 As much as earthy limbs, and gross alloy
 Of mortal members, subject to decay,
 Blunt not the beams of heav'n and edge of day.
 From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
 Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts;
 And grief and joy; nor can the grov'ling mind,
 In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
 Assert the native skies, or own it's heav'nly kind.
 Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
 But long-contracted filth ev'n in the soul remains.
 The relicks of invet'rate vice they wear,
 And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.*
 For this are various penances enjoind,
 And some are hung to bleach upon the wind;
 Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
 Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust ex-
 pires.

NOTES.

within as art doth without; regulating, moderating, and reconciling the various motions, qualities, and parts of this mundane system. By virtue of this life, the great masses are held together in their orderly courses, as well as the minutest particles governed in their natural motions, according to the several laws of attraction, gravity, electricity, magnetism, and the rest. It is this gives instincts, teaches the spider her web, and the bee her honey. This it is that directs the roots of plants to draw forth juices from the earth, and the leaves and cortical vessels to separate and attract such particles of air and elementary fire, as suit their respective natures. Nature seems to be not otherwise distinguished from the *anima mundi*, than as life is from soul; and upon the principles of the oldest philosophers, may not improperly or incongruously be styled the life of the world.—*Alcinous*, in his tract of the doctrine of *Plato*, saith, that God hath given the world both mind and soul: others include both in the word soul, and suppose the soul of the world to be God. *Philo* appears to be of this opinion in several parts of his writings. And *Virgil*, who was no stranger to the *Pythagorean* and *Platonic* tenets, writes to the same purpose. Thus much the schools of *Pythagoras* and *Plato* seem agreed in, to wit, that the soul of the world, whether having a distinct mind of it's own, or directed by a superior mind, doth embrace all it's parts, connect them by an in-

All have their *Manes*, and those *Manes* bear;
 The few so cleans'd to these abodes repair,
 And breathe in ample fields the soft *Elysian* air.
 Then are they happy, when by length of time
 The scurf is worn away of each committed
 crime;
 No speck is left of their habitual stains,
 But the pure æther of the soul remains.
 But when a thousand rolling years are past,
 (So long their punishments and penance last,)
 Whole droves of minds are by the driving God
 Compell'd to drink the deep *Lethæan* flood;
 In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
 Of their past labours, and their irksome years;
 That, unrememb'ring of it's former pain,
 The soul may suffer mortal flesh again.
 Thus having said, the father spirit leads
 The priestess and his son thro' swarms of shades,
 And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
 The long procession of his progeny.
 Survey (pursu'd the fire) this airy throng,†
 As offer'd to the view they pass along:

These

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visible and indissoluble chain, and preserve them ever well adjusted and in good order.

* Nothing can be more refined and spiritualized than the doctrine of *Plato* (which our poet here pursues) concerning the baseness of indulging sensual pleasures, and of the filth, the stains, and the corruption with which they gradually taint and infect the soul. *Milton* has beautifully adorned these sentiments in his *Comus*: the reader of taste will thank us for inserting the passage.

——— When lust

By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
 Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it lov'd;
 And linkt itself by carnal sensuality,
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

We cannot forbear observing, that this fine circumstance of the ghosts wandering near vaults, &c. is literally translated from *Plato*.

† Prophecies are oracular, and therefore short; and those especially ought to be so, which are predictions of things already past. An indifferent writer

These are th' *Italian* names which fate will join
 With our's, and graft upon the *Trojan* line.
 Observe the youth who first appears in fight,
 And holds the nearest station to the light;
 Already seems to snuff the vital air,
 And leans just forward on a shining spear;
Silvius is he, thy last begotten race,
 But first in order sent to fill thy place;
 An *Alban* name, but mix'd with *Dardan* blood,
 Born in the covert of a shady wood:
 Him fair *Lavinia*, thy surviving wife,
 Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.
 In *Alba* he shall fix his royal seat,
 And born a king, a race of kings beget.
 Then *Procas*, honour of the *Trojan* name,
Capys, and *Numitor*, of endless fame.
 And second *Silvius* after these appears;
Silvius Aeneas, for thy name he bears,
 For arms and justice equally renown'd,
 Who, late restor'd, in *Alba* shall be crown'd.
 How great they look, how vigorously they wield
 Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!
 But they who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
 Shall *Gabian* walls and strong *Fidenæ* rear;
Nomentum, *Bola*, with *Pometia* found,
 And raise *Colatian* tow'rs on rocky ground.
 All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
 Tho' now they lie obscure, and lands without a
 name.

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ter (as some moderns upon the same occasion have actually done) would have launched out into long descriptions, and given us the history at large. But this is not to imitate *Virgil*: he gives us only short hints in a divine enthusiasm; and even those not in the real order of time, as things actually happened: it was not his business to be an exact chronologer: this would have been extremely flat and dull; and the reader would have known before-hand what he was going to say: but now he is agreeably disappointed and surprized. *Anchises* has a prospect at once of all the ghosts standing before him; and they are not supposed to be ranged in order according to their future succession. Yet he does not entirely neglect chronology; so as to name *Romulus* first, then *Camillus*, then *Numitor*, then *Augustus*, and then *Numa*.

* Here is a particular beauty which is little taken notice of. The list which *Virgil* has here drawn up, was in general to do honour to the *Roman* name, but more particularly to compliment *Augustus*. For this reason *Anchises*, who shews *Aeneas* most of the rest of his descendants in the same order that they

See *Romulus* the great, born to restore
 The crown that once his injur'd grandfire wore.
 This prince a priestess of your blood shall bear,
 And like his fire in arms he shall appear.
 Two rising crests his royal head adorn;
 Born from a God, himself to godhead born.
 His fire already signs him for the skies,
 And marks the seat amidst the deities.
 Auspicious chief! thy race in times to come
 Shall spread the conquest of imperial *Rome*:
Rome, whose ascending tow'rs shall heav'n invade,
 Involving earth and ocean in her shade.
 High as the mother of the Gods in place,
 And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
 Then when in pomp she makes the *Phrygian*
 round,
 With golden turrets on her temples crown'd,
 A hundred Gods her sweeping train supply;
 Her offspring all, and all command the sky.
 Now fix your fight, and stand intent, to see
 Your *Roman* race and *Julian* progeny.*
 The mighty *Cæsar* waits his vital hour,
 Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd
 pow'r.

But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæsar himself exalted in his line;
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
 Sent to the realm that *Saturn* rul'd of old;
 Born to restore a better age of gold.

Africk

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were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the sake of *Augustus*, whom he singles out immediately after having mentioned *Romulus*, as the most illustrious person who was to rise in that empire, which the other had founded. He was impatient to describe his posterity, raised to the utmost pitch of glory; and therefore passes over all the rest to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly represents as making the most conspicuous figure among them. By this artifice the poet did not only give his emperor the greatest praise he could bestow upon him, but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel, which would have been disadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place; that is, after *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, who each of them eclipsed *Augustus* in military glory. Though there have been finer things said of this emperor than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to out rival one another on that subject, he never received a compliment which can be compared, for sublimity of thought, to that which the poet here makes him.

Africk and *India* shall his pow'r obey,
He shall extend his propagated sway,
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way:
Where *Atlas* turns the rolling heav'ns around,
And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.

At his foreseen approach already quake
The *Caspian* kingdoms, and *Mæstian* lake.
Their fears behold the tempests from afar,
And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.*
Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates,
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's fates.

Nor *Hercules* more lands or labours knew,
Not tho' the brazen-footed hind he flew;
Freed *Erymanthus* from the foaming boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in *Lernæan* gore.
Nor *Bacchus*, turning from his *Indian* war,
By tygers drawn triumphant in his car,
From *Nisus'* top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet thro' dangers to pursue
The paths of honour, and a crown in view;
But what's the man who from afar appears,†
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears?
His hoary beard and holy vestments bring
His lost idea back; I know the *Roman* king.
He shall to peaceful *Rome* new laws ordain,
Call'd from his mean abode a sceptre to sustain.

NOTES.

* It appears that *Virgil* alludes, in this passage, to a certain oracle or prediction, which a little before the time of *Augustus's* birth had spread itself over the universe. It was, that there would soon be born a person, who should be master of the whole world. This oracle, spread over the face of the whole earth, might indeed relate to *Jesus Christ*, whose birth was near that time. The people applied it to *Augustus*, as the predictions of the *Cumæan Sibyl*, which related to the *Messiah* were interpreted by *Virgil* in favour of, and by way of compliment to, the young *Marcellus*.

† *Numa Pompilius*.

‡ Perhaps the finest subject either for poetry or painting, is the first *Brutus* on the judicial seat, just before the act of giving sentence on his own sons, for their treachery to the commonwealth. What a noble strife was there between natural affection, and the love of one's country? between duty and desire, between common humanity and the spirit (perhaps the pride) of a *Roman*? What a fine group of figures would the suppliants for the criminals

No. 7.

Him *Tullus* next in dignity succeeds;
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds.
He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
Disus'd to toils and triumph of the war.
By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,
And scour his armour from the rust of peace,
Whom *Ancus* follows, with a fawning air,
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the *Tarquin* kings; th' avenging sword
Of *Brutus* justly drawn, and *Rome* restor'd.
He first renews the rods and axe severe,
And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.
His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy scourg'd, in open fight,
He dooms to death deserv'd, asserting public right.
Unhappy man, to break the pious laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!
Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
'Tis love of honour, and his country's good:
The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.‡
Behold *Terquatus* the same track pursue,
And next the two devoted *Decii* view.
The *Drusian* line, *Camillus* loaded home
With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'er-
come.§

The pair you see in equal armour shine,
(Now, friends below, in close embraces join;

But

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compose in such a piece? On one side of the tribunal, the wife of the judge and mother of the offenders; and all the relations divided in the same manner, between a desire of moving pity, and an abhorrence of the very crime, for the pardon of which they would intercede: the people of *Rome*, on the other side, with looks full of mixed passions; some struck with pity amidst all their severity, some almost condemning, and yet approving at the same time, the rigid justice of the father; while others commiserate the youth of the sons, and seem incens'd at the unnatural impartiality of the judge.

§ There were two of this name, who signalized themselves at *Rome*. The first defeated *Hædrubal*, the brother of *Hannibal*. The second was the son of *Livia*, the wife of *Augustus*, and made war very successfully in *Germany*. The two *Decii*, the father and the son, devoted themselves one after another to die for their country; the one in the war against the *Gauls*, the other in the war against the *Samnites*. *Camillus* was five times *Dictator*, and triumphed four times, over the *Volsci*, the *Veii*, over the *Gauls* (at

G g

which

But when they leave the shady realms of night,
And cloath'd in bodies, breathe your upper light,
With mortal hate each other shall pursue;
What wars, what wounds, what slaughter shall en-
sue:

From Alpine heights the farther first descends;
His daughter's husband in the plain attends:
His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.
Embrace again my sons, be foes no more,
Nor stain your country with her children's gore.
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,
Thou of my blood who bear'st the *Julian* name.
Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,*
And to the capitol his chariot guide;
From conquer'd *Corinth* rich with *Grecian* spoils.
And yet another fam'd for warlike toils,†
On *Argos* shall impose the *Roman* laws;
And on the *Greeks* revenge the *Trojan* cause;
Shall drag in chains their *Achillæan* race;‡
Shall vindicate his ancestors disgrace;
And *Pallas* for her violated place.
Great *Cato* there, for gravity renown'd,§
And conquer'd *Coffus* goes with laurels crown'd.
Who can omit the *Gracchi*, who declare
The *Scipios*' worth, those thunderbolts of war,||
'The double bane of *Carthage*? Who can see,
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,

Severe *Fabritius*, or can cease t' admire ¶
The ploughman consul in his coarse attire!
Tir'd as I am, my praise the *Fabii* claim;
And thou great hero, greatest of thy name,**
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And by delays to put a stop to fate!
Let others better mould the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face:††
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise:
But *Rome*, 'tis thine alone with awful sway
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way:
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free;
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.‡‡
He paus'd; and while with wond'ring eyes they
view'd
They passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:§§
See great *Marcellus*! how, untir'd in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal
spoils!
He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
Requires his courage and his conquer'd arms,
Shall more than once the *Punic* bands affright,
Shall kill the *Gaulish* king in single fight:

There

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which time he delivered *Rome*) and again over the
same people in his old age in the year of *Rome* 387.
The next lines relate to *Julius Cæsar*, and *Pompey*.

* *Lucius Mummius*.

† *T. Quinctius Flaminius*.

‡ *Philip*, king of *Macedon*.

§ *M. Porcius Cato*, the censor.

|| *Virgil* had *Lucretius*'s expression in his eye, who
calls *Scipio Africanus*, *Scipiades*, *belli fulmen*. This
great general put an end to the third *Punic* war, by
utterly destroying *Carthage*.

¶ *Fabritius* could not be corrupted by the *Sam-
nites*, nor by *Pyrrhus*; and being offered a large
bribe, answered, *Roman aurum non habere, sed haben-
tibus aurum imperare*.

** *Q. Fabius Maximus*.

†† This noble account of the *Roman* heroes is as
nobly closed by this character of their peculiar geni-
us, and glory, by which they were then remarkably
distinguished; the art of policy, and government.
It is ingeniously insinuated by way of advice; and
the verses are in perfection beautiful; some (the *Co-
rinthians*) shall excel in statuary; others (the *Athe-
nians*) in oratory; a third sort (the *Chaldeans* and
Egyptians) in astronomy. But let government be

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the character of *Rome*. The *Grecians* undoubtedly
far excelled the *Romans* in statuary, painting, poetry,
and indeed in all the fine arts. The best judges
likewise allow, that the eloquence of *Demosthenes* is
superior to *Tully*'s. But the secret reason why *Virgil*
seems to give the superiority of eloquence to the
Greeks might perhaps be, that *Tully* was very odious
to his patron, and his shadowed hero *Augustus*. And
how greatly the *Greeks* excelled the *Romans* in all
parts of philosophy, and the reasons of such excel-
lence, may be seen in the noble conclusion of *Mr.
Harris*'s late treatise, intitled *Hermes*.

‡‡ The *Romans* do not stick at owning, that the
Greeks excelled them in all the polite arts, and in
every branch of literature. This passage is a re-
markable proof of it, and one might load several
pages with others, from *Horace* and *Cicero*. The
Roman arts were the arts of war and government.

§§ Let us here admire an artful stroke of the poet:
he makes *Anchises* stop in his narration, before he
begins his account and character of *Marcellus*; this
awakens the reader's attention, and makes the per-
son he is going to speak of, of more dignity and im-
portance.

Then to the capitol in triumph move,
 And the third spoils shall grace *Feretrian Jove*.
Æneas here beheld of form divine
 A godlike youth, in glitt'ring armour shine :
 With great *Marcellus* keeping equal pace ;
 But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
 He saw, and wond'ring, ask'd his airy guide,
 What and of whence was he who press'd the hero's
 side ?
 His son, or one of his illustrious name,
 How like the former, and almost the same :
 Observe the crowds that compass him around ;
 All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound :
 But hov'ring mists around his brows are spread,
 And night with fable shades involves his head.
 Seek not to know (the ghost reply'd with tears)
 The sorrows of thy sons in future years.
 This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
 Shall just be shewn on earth, and snatch'd away.
 The Gods too high had rais'd the *Roman* state,
 Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
 What groans of men shall fill the *Martian* field ! *
 How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield !
 What fun'ral pomp shall floating *Tyber* see,
 When from his bed he views the sad solemnity !
 No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
 No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
 The *Trojan* honour and the *Roman* boast ;
 Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost !
 Mirror of ancient faith in early youth !
 Undaunted worth, inviolable truth !
 No foe unpunish'd in the fighting field
 Shall dare thee foot to foot with sword and shield ;

NOTES.

* Part of the sepulchre in which the ashes of *Marcellus* were deposited, (and which was built by *Augustus* for *Julius Cæsar* himself, and the rest of his family) is still remaining. It stands in the *Campus Martius*, near the banks of the *Tiber*; and, when one sees it, puts one strongly in mind of the verses in *Virgil*, where he speaks of the funeral of that young prince. It is what they now call the *Mausolæum Augusti*.

† At hearing these beautiful lines on the death of her son, *Octavia*, to whom *Virgil* was reading them, fainted away. The poet most judiciously and artfully suppressed the name of *Marcellus* to the last. When he uttered it, it was so unexpected a stroke, that the princess could bear it no more. When she

Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
 When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
 Ah, could'st thou break through fate's severe de
 cree,

A new *Marcellus* shall arise in thee! †
 Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
 Mixt with the purple roses of the spring :
 Let me with fun'ral flow'rs his body strow ;
 This gift which parents to their children owe,
 This unavailing gift at least I may bestow !
 Thus having said, he led the hero round
 The confines of the blest *Elysian* ground ;
 Which when *Anchises* to his son had shewn,
 And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
 He tells the future wars, ordain'd by fate ;
 The strength and customs of the *Latian* state ;
 The prince and people, and fore-arms his care
 With rules to push his fortune, or to bear.
 Two gates the silent house of sleep adorn ;
 Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent horn ;
 True visions thro' transparent horn arise,
 Thro' polish'd iv'ry pass deluding lies.
 Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
Anchises hither bends his steps at last.
 Then through the gate of iv'ry he dismiss'd
 His valiant offspring, and divining guest.
 Straight to the ships *Æneas* took his way,
 Embark'd his men, and skim'd along the sea ;
 Still coasting till he gain'd *Cajeta's* bay.
 At length on oozy ground his gallees moor ;
 Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

NOTES.

recovered a little, she ordered the poet should receive ten sesterces for every verse relating to *Marcellus*, that is, about fourscore pounds of our *English* coin. *Donatus* tells us, that *Virgil* read his verses with great sweetness, propriety, and grace; *pronuntiabat maximâ cum suavitate, & lenociniis miris*. Few poets are blessed with this talent. When an author reads his play to the actors, to whom he is about to sell it, woe be to him if he doth not read it well. It is impossible to do a greater service to a piece of poetry, than to read it well: it removes several faults; and no poem is so good, but an ill reader may spoil it. *Virgil* was therefore very happy, having the talent both of making charming verses, and of reading them well.

The SEVENTH BOOK of the ÆNEID.*

A R G U M E N T.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Allecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mazentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes, whose forces, and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame!—
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name;
Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,†
The nurse of great *Æneas*' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich *Hesperia*'s plains,
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.

Now when the prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
He plough'd the *Tyrrhene* seas with sails display'd.
From land a gentle breeze arose by night,
Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
And the sea trembled with her silver light.

Now

NOTES.

* A new scene of action here presents itself to our great poet. In the six first books he has imitated the *Odyssey*; in the six last he proposes the *Iliad* for his pattern. He himself gives us notice by the invocation towards the beginning of this seventh book, that he took this part to be more important than the first. Notwithstanding which, by a kind of destiny common to most works, these six last books are not so much esteemed as the first six, and much less read. But, upon a close examination, and upon a general survey of the whole, we cannot discover the reason of this. It is certain, that as the poet had revised them less frequently than the first, their versification is not so perfect. But as to their disposition, their fictions, &c. they are certainly not inferior to the first. This seventh book upon the whole contains as many pleasing circumstances as are to be found in any other: we have in every part of it the marvellous, and it is filled with so great a variety of events, that there are

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few books where the story is more engaging. Its principal part is the review or catalogue of the forces, and it is easily perceived that the poet has here raised and exerted himself.

† What is said of *Cajeta* in these first four lines seems liable to objection. She is not considerable enough to be so particularly taken notice of. But we must always remember, that the manners and customs of the ancients differed from our's. The nurses of princes and great persons were themselves persons of high quality: and even the office of a nurse, as such, was honourable. The poet therefore having, at the conclusion of the preceding book, mentioned the harbour of *Cajeta* (as it was actually called in his time) in which the fleet was at anchor, at once does honour to his hero and his country by this fiction. Thus *Misenus* and *Palinurus* had before given names to other parts of Italy.

Now near the shelves of *Circe's* shores they run,
 (*Circe* the rich, the daughter of the sun)
 A dang'rous coast: the Goddess wastes her days
 In joyous songs, the rocks resound her lays:
 In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night,
 And cedar brands supply her father's light.
 From hence were heard (rebellowing to the main,)
 The roars of lions that refuse the chain;
 The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
 And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors
 ears.*

These from their caverns, at the close of night,
 Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
 Darkling they mourn their fate, whom *Circe's*
 pow'r
 (That watch'd the moon and planetary hour)
 With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
 Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
 Which monsters, lest the *Trojan's* pious host
 Should bear or touch upon th' enchanted coast,
 Propitious *Neptune* steer'd their coast by night
 With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.

NOTES.

* This whole description is borrowed from *Homer*, *Odysf.* 10. and highly improved; for it must be confessed, that the epithets and short descriptions applied to the nature of each savage, are beautiful additions. *Virgil* likewise differs from *Homer* in the manner of the description: *Homer* draws the beasts with a gentleness of nature; *Virgil* paints them with the fierceness of savages. The reason of *Homer's* conduct is, because they still retained the sentiments of men, in the form of beasts, and consequently their native tenderness.—To this remark we shall subjoin, that *Virgil* heightens the allegory, by representing these lovers of sensual pleasure, not only disguised in the shape of beasts, but endued likewise with their savage dispositions. Not to mention, that the hearing their roarings at a distance, a circumstance not found in *Homer*, is very affecting to the imagination. *Milton*, in his exquisite drama, *Comus*, had an eye to this passage:

— Whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabled wolves, or tygers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*,
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
 And *Spencer*, *Fairy Queen*, B. 2. C. 12.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
 Of many beasts, that roar'd outrageously.
 † This is the most charming scene in nature;
 and the picture of it which *Virgil* has given us can
 never enough be admired. *Monsieur Segrais*, in
 No. 7.

Supply'd with these, they skim the founding shore,
 And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.
 Now when the rosy morn began to rise,
 And way'd her saffron streamer thro' the skies;
 When *Thetis* blush'd in purple not her own,
 And from her face the breathing winds are blown;
 A sudden silence sat upon the sea,
 And sweeping oars with struggling urge their way.

The *Trojan* from the main beheld a wood,†
 Which thick with shades and a brown horror stood:
 Betwixt the trees the *Tyber* took his course,
 With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force
 That drove the sand along, he took his way,
 And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea.
 About him, and above, and round the wood,
 The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
 That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
 To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd.
 The captain gives command, the joyful train
 Glide thro' the gloomy shade, and leave the main.

Now, *Erato*, thy poet's mind inspire,‡
 And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.

Relate

NOTES.

proving that the action of the *Æneid* is included in the compass of a year, observes from this passage that the *Trojan* fleet entered the mouth of the *Tiber* in the spring, because of the pleasantness of the season, and the singing of the birds; from whence we further observe, that *Virgil*, and other great poets, often give us these and such like descriptions, not purely for their own sakes; but to convey some other and more important idea into the mind. As painters, in representing a battle or a triumph, or the like, adorn the edge of the piece with trees either green with leaves, or naked, &c. not purely for the sake of embellishment (though they are embellishments too) but to shew the time of the year in which the action was performed.

‡ *Ruæus* and some others observe, that *Virgil* invokes the muse *Erato*, who presided over love affairs, because the transactions in this last part of the *Æneid*, turn upon the contentions betwixt *Turnus* and *Aeneas*, for the fair *Lavinia*. This observation may at first sight appear too refined: but that *Virgil* here invokes *Erato*, as the muse presiding over love-affairs, is evident; for his words are a transcript of those of *Apollonius*, where the amour commences between *Medea* and *Jason*. *Apollonius* afterwards gives a reason, why he particularly invoked *Erato*:

Thy songs the rites of <i>Cyprian</i> bliss proclaim,	}
Thy soothing numbers melt the frozen dame;	
And hence with love is stamp'd thy fav'rite name.	

Book 3.

H h

Relate what *Latium* was, her ancient kings ;
 Declare the past and present state of things :
 When first the *Trojan* fleet *Ausonia* fought ;
 And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought.
 These are my theme, and how the war began,
 And how concluded by the godlike man.
 For I shall sing of battles, blood and rage,
 Which princes and their people did engage :
 And haughty souls, that mov'd with mutual hate,
 In fighting fields pursu'd and found their fate :
 That rous'd the *Tyrrhene* realm with loud alarms,
 And peaceful *Italy* involv'd in arms.
 A larger scene of action is display'd,
 And rising hence a greater work is weigh'd.
Latinus old and mild had long possess'd
 The *Latium* sceptre, and his people bless'd :
 His father *Faunus* ; a *Laurentian* dame
 His mother, fair *Marica* was her name.
 But *Faunus* came from *Picus*, *Picus* drew
 His birth from *Saturn*, if records be true.
 Thus king *Latinus*, in the third degree,
 Had *Saturn* author of his family.
 But this old peaceful prince, as heav'n decreed,
 Was bless'd with no male issue to succeed :
 His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate ;
 One only daughter heir'd the royal state.
 Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led,
 The neighb'ring princes court her nuptial bed.
 Among the crowd, but far above the rest,
 Young *Turnus* to the beauteous maid address'd.
Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,
 Was first, and favour'd by the *Latian* queen :
 With him she strove to join *Lavinia*'s hand ;
 But dire portents the purpos'd match withstand.
 Deep in the palace, of long growth there stood
 A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood,
 Where rites divine were paid ; whose holy hair
 Was kept, and cut with superstitious care.
 This plant *Latinus*, when his town he wall'd,
 Then found, and from the tree *Laurentum* call'd ;
 And last, in honour of his new abode,
 He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's God.

NOTES.

* Father *Hardouin* attempts to prove from this passage, that the *Æneid* was the work of modern impostors ; but at the same time greatly betrays his own ignorance of ancient customs. How can a king's daughter, says he, be represented with a crown upon her head, before that insign was ever made use of ? Besides, says he, no woman is to be seen with a crown on coins, till the 13th century ; and thence concludes, that the *Æneid* was composed after that time. But it is notorious, that those who

It happen'd once, (a boding prodigy,)
 A swarm of bees, that cut the liquid sky,
 Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,
 Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight :
 There with their clasping feet together clung,
 And a long cluster from the laurel hung.
 An ancient augur prophecy'd from hence :
 Behold on *Latian* shores a foreign prince !
 From the same parts of heav'n his navy stands,
 To the same parts on earth : his army lands ;
 The town he conquers, and the tow'r commands. }
 Yet more, when fair *Lavinia* fed the fire,
 Before the Gods, and stood beside her fire ;
 Strange to relate, the flames, involv'd the smoke
 Of incense from the sacred altar broke ;
 Caught her dishevell'd hair and rich attire ;
 Her crowns and jewels crackled in the fire : *
 From thence the fuming trail began to spread,
 And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
 This new portent the seer with wonder views ;
 Then pausing, thus his prophecy renews.
 The nymph who scatters flaming fires around,
 Shall shine with honour, shall herself be crown'd :
 But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
 War shall the country waste, and change the state.
Latinus, frighted with this dire portent,
 For counsel to his father *Faunus* went ;
 And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy,
 Which near *Albunea*'s sulph'rous fountain lie.
 To those the *Latian* and the *Sabine* land
 Fly when distress'd, and thence relief demand.
 The priest on skins of off'rings takes his ease,
 And nightly visions in his slumber sees :
 A swarm of thin aerial shapes appears,
 And flutt'ring round his temples deafs his ears :
 These he consults, the future fates to know,
 From pow'rs above, and from the fiends below.
 Here for the God's advice *Latinus* flies,
 Off'ring a hundred sheep for sacrifice :
 Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
 He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd. †

No

NOTES.

sacrificed, whether kings or private persons, always performed that ceremony with a crown on their heads. *La Cerda* thinks, that *Lavinia* is here represented crowned according to the ancient custom of virgins, when they were about to marry.

† This solemn description of consulting the old God *Faunus*, the lying in the temple upon the skins of the sacrificed sheep, the seeing phantoms gliding along, and the hearing an awful voice from the depth of the forest, are all of them circumstances inexpressibly

No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
When from above a more than mortal sound
Invades his ears, and thus the vision spoke:
Seek not, my feed, in *Latian* bands to yoke
Our fair *Lavinia*, nor the Gods provoke.*
A foreign son upon the shore descends,
Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.
His race in arms, and arts of peace renown'd,
Nor *Latium* shall contain, nor *Europe* bound:
'Tis their's whate'er the sun surveys around.
These answers, in the silent night receiv'd,
The king himself divulg'd, the land believ'd:

NOTES.

inexpressibly affecting to the imagination. It was a superstitious custom among the ancients, to sleep in the temples of the Gods whom they consulted, by way of obtaining their answers in dreams. *Spencer* alludes to this ceremony, (*Fairy Queen*, b. 5. c. 7.) where *Britomart* sleeps in the temple of *Isis*. *Strabo*, lib. 16, has spoken concerning the temple of *Jerusalem*, as a place of this nature; "where (says he) the people either dreamed for themselves, or procured some good dreamer to do it:" by which it should seem that he had read something concerning the visions of their prophets, as that which *Samuel* had when he was ordered a third time to sleep before the ark, and upon doing so, had an account of the destruction of *Eli's* house: or that which happened to *Solomon* after having sacrificed before the ark at *Gibeon*. The same author has also mentioned the temple of *Serapis*, in book 17, as a place for receiving oracles by dreams.

* This answer is given by *Faunus* himself, and not by the oaks which *Latinus* consulted. This adds a weight and importance to the oracle.

† Founders of colonies ought to accustom themselves to live upon a little; the woods and wild scenes where they generally land, must necessarily afford but a very savage kind of food and entertainment.

‡ This will be a proper place to insert some useful observations, which will be of great service in explaining and illustrating, not only this, but many other passages in the poem. The story of *Aeneas*, on which *Virgil* founded his poem, was very bare of circumstances, and by that means afforded him opportunity of embellishing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his fable, the principal particulars, which were generally believed among the *Romans*, of *Aeneas's* voyage and settlement in *Italy*. The reader may find an abridgment of the whole story, as collected out of

The same, thro' all the neighb'ring nations flew,
When now the *Trojan* navy was in view.

Beneath a shady tree the hero spread
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread,
And with his chiefs on forest fruits he fed.
They sat, and (not without the God's command) †

Their homely fare dispatch'd: the hungry band
Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flow'r.
Africanus this observ'd, and smiling said,
See, we devour the plates on which we fed. ‡

The

NOTES.

the ancient historians, and as it was received among the *Romans*, in *Dionysius Halicarnassensis*. Since none of the critics have considered *Virgil's* fable, with relation to this history of *Aeneas*, it may not be perhaps amiss to examine it in this light, so far as regards our present purpose. Whoever looks into the abridgment above mentioned, will find that the character of *Aeneas* is filled with piety to the Gods, and a superstitious observation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions; *Virgil* has not only preserved this character in the person of *Aeneas*, but has given a place in his poem to those particular prophecies, which he found recorded of him in history and tradition. The poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprising. We believe very many readers have been shocked at that ludicrous prophecy, which one of the harpies pronounces to the *Trojans* in the third book, namely, that before they had built their intended city, they should be reduced to hunger to eat their very tables. But when they hear that this was one of the circumstances that had been transmitted to the *Romans* in the history of *Aeneas*, they will think the poet did very well in taking notice of it. The historian above-mentioned acquaints us, a prophetess had foretold *Aeneas*, that he should take his voyage westward, till his companions should eat their tables: and that accordingly, upon his landing in *Italy*, as they were eating their flesh upon cakes of bread for want of other conveniences, they afterwards fed upon the cakes themselves: upon which one of the company said merrily, we are eating our tables. They immediately took the hint, says the historian, and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled. As *Virgil* did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the history of *Aeneas*, it may be worth while to consider, with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper

The speech had omen, that the *Trojan* race
Should find repose, and this the time and place.

Aeneas took the word, and thus replies,
(Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes :)
All hail, O earth ; all hail my household Gods, *
Behold the destin'd place of your abodes !
For thus *Anchises* prophesy'd of old,
And this our fatal place of rest foretold.

" When on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
" By famine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat,
" Then ease your weary *Trojans* will attend,
" And the long labours of your voyage end.
" Remember on that happy coast to build,
" And with a trench inclose the fruitful field."
This was that famine, this the fatal place,
Which ends the wand'ring of our exil'd race.
Then on to-morrow's dawn your care employ
To search the land, and where the cities lie,
And what the men ; but give this day to joy.
Now pour to *Jove*, and after *Jove* is blest,
Call great *Anchises* to the genial feast :
Crown high the goblets with a chearful draught ;
Enjoy the present hour, adjourn the future thought.

Thus having said, the hero bound his brows
With leafy branches ; then perform'd his vows :
Adoring first the genius of the place,
Then earth, the mother of the heav'nly race ;
The nymphs and native godheads yet unknown,
And night, and all the stars that gild her fable throne ;
And ancient *Cybel* and *Idæan Jove* ;
And last his fire below, and mother queen above.

Then heav'n's high monarch thunder'd thrice
aloud :
And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.
Soon through the joyful camp a rumor flew ;
The time was come their city to renew :

NOTES.

proper for a passage in an heroic poem. The prophets, who foretells it, is an hungry harpy, as the person who discovers it is the young *Ascanius*.

Heus etiam mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus.

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. The *violare manu* informs us, that the ancients looked upon their tables as sacred things.

* The original is *hic patria est* : *Catrou* translates these words, this is our ancient country ; meaning that the *Trojans* were descended from *Dardanus*, who was an *Italian*. This interpretation adds much greater dignity to the sentiment, than if we understand it simply (as most of the interpreters do) that this is the country due to me by fate.

† *Scaliger*, book 3, of his *Poet.* observes, that

Then ev'ry brow with chearful green is crown'd,
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.

When next the rosy morn disclos'd the day,
The scouts to sev'ral parts divide their way,
To learn the natives' names, their towns, explore
The coasts, and windings of the crooked shore. †
Here *Tiber* flows, and here *Numicus* stands,
Here warlike *Latins* hold the happy lands.

The pious chief, who fought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raise,
A hundred youths from all his train selects,
And to the *Latian* court their course directs ;
(The spacious palace where the prince resides ;)
And all their heads with wreaths of olives hides.
They go commission'd to require a peace,
And carry presents to procure access.
Thus while they speed their pace, the prince de-
signs

The new elected seat, and draws the lines ; ‡
The *Trojans* round the place a rampire cast,
And pallisades about the trenches plac'd.

Mean time the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town and lofty tow'rs survey :
At length approach the walls : without the gate
They see the boys and *Latian* youths debate
The martial prizes on the dusty plain :
Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein ;
Some bend the stubborn bow for victory,
And some with darts their active sinews try.
A posting messenger dispatch'd from hence,
Of this fair troop advis'd their aged prince,
That foreign men of mighty stature came ;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.
The king ordains their entrance, and ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.

The

NOTES.

there is a general resemblance between *Ulysses* in *Homer*, and *Aeneas* in *Virgil* ; and that *Aeneas* acts in the same manner as *Ulysses*. The hero of the *Greek* poet, *Odyss.* 10, mounts a cliff after his arrival in the isle of *Circe*, to see if he could discover any marks of culture, and to listen if he could hear any human voice. This is a pleasing image ; and, as *Eustathius* observes, *Ulysses* himself takes a general view of the island, but sends his companions for a more particular information.

‡ The ancients generally marked the limits of their cities or encampments with a plough. This they drew round in a circle : hence some imagine, that *urbs* is derived from *orbis*, or *urbum*, which is the plough-tail. *Urbare* (according to *Varro*) is *aratro definire*.

The palace built by *Picus*, vast and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars stood;
And round encompass'd with a rising wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,
Surpriz'd at once with rev'rence and delight,
There kings receiv'd the marks of sov'reign pow'r:
In state the monarch march'd, the lictors bore
Their awful axes and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of pray'r,
And here the sacred senators repair: *
All at large tables in long order set,
A ram their off'ring, and a ram their meat. †
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandfires
stood. ‡
Old *Saturn* with his crooked scythe on high,
And *Italus*, that led the colony;
And ancient *Janus*, with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There stood *Sabinus*, planter of the vines;
On a short pruning-hook his head reclines,
And studiously surveys the gen'rous wines.
Then warlike kings, who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears;
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their
wars.
Above the rest, as chief of all the band,
Was *Picus* plac'd, a buckler in his hand;
His other way'd a long divining wand.
Girt in his gabin gown the hero sat:
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate.

NOTES.

* The ancients generally held their assemblies for consulting about state affairs in their temples. Thus *Dido* gave audience to the *Trojans* in the temple of *Juno*, book 4.

† In this manner of sitting there was no distinction of seats. This too was the manner of dining among our ancestors, when the gorgeous feast was, (as Milton describes it) served up in hall by sewers and seneschals; before the noble spirit of British hospitality made way for the fopperies of France.

‡ There is a venerable air of antiquity, and of primæval simplicity in this description of the palace of *Latinus*, that is highly amusing; especially the statues of the first old kings of *Latium*. It must have been peculiarly affecting to the *Romans*, to read this account of their ancestors.

§ Thus *Polyphemus* addresses *Ulysses*, and his crew, in the 9th book of the *Odyssey*:

What are ye guests? on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander in the watry way?

No. 7.

For *Circe* long had lov'd the youth in vain,
Till love refus'd converted to disdain:
Then mixing pow'rful herbs with magic art,
She chang'd his form, who could not change his
heart.

Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,
With party-colour'd plumes, a chatt'ring pye.
In this high temple, on a chair of state,
The seat of audience, old *Latinus* sat,
Then gave admission to the *Trojan* train,
And thus with pleasing accents he began:
Tell me, ye *Trojans*, for that name ye own,
Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown;
Say what you seek, and whither were you bound?
Were you by stress of weather cast a-ground?
Such dangers of the sea are often seen,
And oft befall to miserable men:
Or come your shipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and disabled in so long a way?
Say what you want, the *Latians* you shall find
Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd;
For since the time of *Saturn's* holy reign,
His hospitable customs we retain.
I call to mind, (but time the tale has worn)
Th' *Arunci* told, that *Dardanus*, tho' born
On *Latian* plains, yet fought the *Phrygian* shore,
And *Samothracia*, *Samus* call'd before:
From *Tuscan Coritum* he claim'd his birth;
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence ascended to his kindred skies,
A God, and as a God augments their sacrifice
He said: *Ilioneus* made this reply, ||
O king, of *Faunus*' royal family!

Nor

NOTES.

Pirates, perhaps, who seek thro' seas unknown
The lives of others, and expose your own.

Virgil in *Latinus's* speech is more polite in his suppositions concerning the *Trojans*, than the *Greek* poet in the address of *Polyphemus*. But it may be said, in defence of *Homer*, that it is quite in the character of the savage giant *Polypheme* to ask the *Greeks*, whether they are not pirates. Such a suspicion, without regard to these new guests, would have been shocking and absurd in a civilized monarch. Add to this, that *Polypheme's* question was very natural, as piracy was a common practice among the ancients, and was not looked upon as a dishonourable employment. *Thucydides* says, that even in his time there were several uncivilized countries in *Greece*, whose inhabitants lived both by sea and land, after the old barbarous manner.

|| *Ilioneus* is every where introduced as the speaker: in the first book, where he addresses *Dido*, he is styl'd *Maximus Ilioneus*, ver. 525. *Servius* observes, that

I i

Virgil

Nor wintry winds to *Latium* forc'd our way,
Nor did the stars our wand'ring course betray.
Willing we fought your shores, and hither bound,
The port so long desir'd at length we found.
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd,

Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.
The God began our line who rules above,
And as our race, our king descends from *Jove*;
And hither are we come by his command,
To crave admission in your happy land.
How dire a tempest, from *Mycenæ* pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our towns devour'd;
What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms
Shook *Asia's* crown with *European* arms;
Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea;
And such as, born beneath the burning sky
And sultry sun, betwixt the tropics lie:
From that dire deluge, thro' the wat'ry waste,
Such length of years, such various perils past:
At last escap'd to *Latium* we repair,
To beg what you without your want may spare,
The common water, and the common air;
Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,
Fit to receive and serve our banish'd Gods.
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface.
Besides, what endless honour you shall gain,
To save and shelter *Troy's* unhappy train.
Now by my sov'reign and his fate I swear,
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war,
Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,
And what we seek of you of us requir'd.
Despise not then that in our hands we bear
Those holy boughs, and sue with words of pray'r.
Fate and the Gods, by their supreme command,
Have doom'd our ships to seek the *Latian* land.
To these abodes our fleet *Apollo* sends;
Here *Dardanus* was born, and hither tends;

NOTES.

Virgil has not made him an orator without reason; for *Homer* tells us that *Phorbas*, the father of *Ilioneus*, always fought under the patronage and protection of *Mercury* the God of eloquence. This address of *Ilioneus*, on the arrival of the *Trojans*, shews the compleat orator. It is not *Aeneas*; it is *Dardanus* himself, who is returned to his country: it is he whom the oracles directed to search out the *Tiber*; it is *Dardanus* that offers these presents to *Latinus*.

* The characteristic of *Latinus* is piety, and a most religious observance of oracles; of which he

Where *Tuscan Tiber* rolls with rapid force,
And where *Numicus* opes his holy source.
Besides, our prince presents, with his request,
Some small remains of what his fire possess'd,
This golden charger snatch'd from burning *Troy*,
Anchises did in sacrifice employ:
This royal robe, and this tiara wore
Old *Priam*, and his golden scepter bore
In full assemblies, and in solemn games;
These purple vests were weav'd by *Dardan* dames.
Thus while he spoke, *Latinus* roll'd around
His eyes, and fix'd awhile upon the ground.
Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast;
Not by the scepter mov'd, or kingly vest:
But pond'ring future things of wond'rous weight;
Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate: *
On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind,
And then resolv'd what *Faunus* had divin'd.
This was the foreign prince by fate decreed
To share his sceptre and *Lavinia's* bed:
This was the race that sure portents foreshew
To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
At length he rais'd his chearful head and spoke:
The pow'rs, said he, the pow'rs we both invoke,
To you, and your's, and mine propitious be,
And firm our purpose with their augury.
Have what you ask, your presents I receive,
Land where and when you please with ample leave;
Partake and use my kingdom as your own,
And shall be your's while I command the crown.
And if my wish'd alliance please your king,
Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring:
Then let him not a friend's embraces fear;
The peace is made when I behold him here.
Besides this answer, tell my royal guest,
I add to his commands my own request:
One only daughter heirs my crown and state, †
Whom not our oracles, nor heav'n, nor fate,
Nor frequent prodigies permit to join
With any native of th' *Ausonian* line.

A foreign

NOTES.

here discovers a most striking instance. He does not regard the gifts nor story of the *Trojans*, so much as he is transported at the thoughts of marrying his daughter according to the direction of the Gods.

† It looks very ungallant to us moderns, for a great king to offer his daughter to a stranger, whom he had never so much as seen. But the manners of the ancients were different from our's. Besides, we must remember what goes before. And even now he does not offer his daughter, but only relates the oracle, and believes and hopes, it is to be interpreted in favour of *Aeneas*.

A foreign son-in-law shall come from far,
 (Such is our doom,) a chief renown'd in war;
 Whose race shall bear aloft the *Latian* name,
 And thro' the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.
 Himself to be the man the fates require,
 I firmly judge, and what I judge desire.
 He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed;
 Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,*
 Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd,
 Of these he chose the fairest and the best,
 To mount the *Trojan* troop; at his command
 The steeds caparison'd with purple stand;
 With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
 And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold.
 Then to his absent guest the king decreed
 A pair of couriers born of heav'nly breed;
 Who from their nostrils breath'd ethereal fire,
 Whom *Circe* stole from her celestial fire,
 By substituting mares produc'd on earth,
 Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal
 birth.

These draw the chariot which *Latinus* sends,
 And the rich present to the prince commends.
 Sublime on stately steeds the *Trojans* borne,
 To their expecting lord with peace return.

But jealous *Juno*, from *Pachynus*' height,
 As she from *Argos* took her airy flight,
 Beheld with envious eyes this hateful sight.
 She saw the *Trojan* and his joyful train
 Descend upon the shore, desert the main;
 Design a town, and with unhop'd success
 Th' ambassadors return with promis'd peace.
 Then pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty
 head,
 Sigh'd from her inward soul, and thus she said:
 O hated offspring of my *Phrygian* foes!
 O fates of *Troy*, which *Juno's* fates oppose!

NOTES.

* *Virgil* hardly ever mentions a horse, but he has taken occasion to dwell for some time on the beauty, furniture, or other circumstances belonging to this noble animal. The joy of *Turnus* at seeing his horses approaching is shared by the poet himself, and must be likewise by every reader of taste. Our poet always takes care to place this creature in the best light; and the third *Georgic* is not the only part of his works, where he has done justice to an animal, for which, it is plain, that he had a particular love and esteem.

† An ingenious and judicious critic (the late Mr. *Smith* of *Christ Church*) objects against this passage, as somewhat trifling and jingling, and more like one of *Ovid's* turns, than *Virgil's* majestic sentences.

Could they not fall unpity'd on the plain,
 But slain, revive, and taken, 'scape again?†
 When execrable *Troy* in ashes lay,
 Thro' fires, and swords, and seas, they forc'd their
 way.

Then vanquish'd *Juno* must in vain contend,
 Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end.
 Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent,
 Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?
 As if 'twere little from their town to chace,
 I thro' the seas pursu'd their exil'd race:
 Engag'd the heav'ns, oppos'd the stormy main;
 But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.
 What have my *Scyllas* and my *Syrtes* done,
 When these they overpass, and those they shun?
 On *Tiber's* shores they land, secure of fate,
 Triumphant o'er the storms and *Juno's* hate.
Mars could in mutual blood the *Centaur*s bathe,
 And *Jove* himself gave way to *Cynthia's* wrath;
 Who sent the tusky boar to *Calyden*:
 What great offence had either people done?
 But I, the consort of the thunderer,
 Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war:
 With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
 And by a mortal man at length am foil'd.
 If native pow'r prevail not, shall I doubt
 To seek for needful succour from without:
 If *Jove* and heav'n my just desires deny,
 Hell shall the pow'r of heav'n and *Jove* supply.
 Grant that the fates have firm'd by their decree
 The *Trojan* race to reign in *Italy*:
 At least I can defer the nuptial day,
 And with protracted wars the peace delay:
 With blood the dear alliance shall be bought,
 And both the people near destruction brought.
 So shall the son-in-law and father join
 With ruin, war, and waste of either line.

O fatal

NOTES.

But perhaps there is no reason for this reflection. The sense of the place is, what really happened seems not to have happened: so that they are, as it were, captives and no-captives, conquered and not conquered, &c. But the wonder, it may be said, is not great. They were conquered; yet not so far, but that some of them might escape: those who were taken were really taken, but some were not taken at all. This may be truly said; but after all, we must not distinguish upon poetry with such logical exactness. *Virgil*, we may be sure, knew all this, as well as we could tell him; but thought it not poetically improper to make *Juno* in her rage confound these ideas, and consider the whole *Trojan* people as one man.

O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
 With *Phrygian*, *Latian*, and *Rutilian* blood! *
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand,
 Another queen brings forth another brand,
 To burn with foreign fires her native land!
 A second *Paris*, diff'ring but in name,
 Shall fire his country with a second flame.

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground
 With furious haste, and shoots the *Stygian* fount;
 To rouse *Alecto* from th' infernal seat
 Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.
 This fury fit for her intent she chose,
 One who delights in wars and human woes.
 Ev'n *Pluto* hates his own mishapen race; †
 Her sister furies fly her hideous face;
 So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
 So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.
 Her *Juno* finds, and thus inflames her spite:
 O virgin daughter of eternal night, ‡
 Give me this once thy labour to sustain
 My right, and execute my just disdain.
 Let not the *Trojans*, with a feign'd pretence
 Of proffer'd peace, delude the *Latian* prince:
 Expel from *Italy* that odious name,
 And let not *Juno* suffer in her fame.
 'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
 Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
 And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
 Thy hand o'er towns the fun'ral torch displays,
 And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
 Now shake from out thy fruitful breast the seeds
 Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
 Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
 Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war.
 Smear'd as she was with black *Gorgonian* blood,
 The fury sprang above the *Stygian* flood; §
 And on her wicker wings, sublime thro' night,
 She to the *Latian* palace took her flight:

NOTES.

* These lines in *Virgil* are strong to the last degree, and come with great weight from a Deity of *Juno's* authority. They are indeed a preparative adequate and proportionable to the bloody and eventful war occasioned by *Lavinia*, and which takes up the ensuing part of the poem.

† The thought of *Pluto* himself hating this terrible monster, is nobly conceived. *Spencer* speaking of *Echidna*, in his *Fairy Queen*, has a similar passage.

Echidna is a monster direful dread,

Whom Gods do hate, and heav'n's abhor to see;

So hideous is her shape, so huge her head,

That even the hellish fiends affrighted be

At sight thereof, and from her presence flee.

There fought the queen's apartment, stood before
 The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
 Restless *Amata* lay, her swelling breast
 Fir'd with disdain for *Turnus* dispossest'd,
 And the new nuptials of the *Trojan* guest.
 From her black bloody locks the fury shakes
 Her darling plague, the fav'rite of her snakes:
 With her full force she threw the pois'nous dart,
 And fix'd it deep within *Amata's* heart;
 That thus envenom'd she might kindle rage,
 And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
 Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
 Betwixt her linen and her naked limbs;
 His baleful breath inspiring as he glides,
 Now like a chain around her neck he rides;
 Now like a fillet to her head repairs, ||
 And with her circling volumes folds her hairs:
 At first the silent venom slid with ease,
 And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees;
 Then ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
 In plaintive accents she began the war,
 And thus bespoke her husband: Shall, she said,
 A wand'ring prince enjoy *Lavinia's* bed?
 If nature pleads not in a parent's heart,
 Pity my tears, and pity her desert:
 I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,
 You would in vain reverse your cruel doom:
 The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
 And bear the royal virgin far away!
 A guest like him, a *Trojan* guest before,
 In thow of friendship, fought the *Spartan* shore,
 And ravish'd *Helena* from her husband bore.
 Think on a king's inviolable word,
 And think on *Turnus*, her once plighted lord:
 To this false foreigner you give your throne,
 And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
 Resume your ancient care; and if the God,
 Your fire, and you, resolve on foreign blood;

Know

NOTES.

‡ One cannot forbear observing the fire, spirit, and propriety of this speech; and with what force the character of the enraged *Juno* is supported.

§ *Virgil* does not give his readers any answer of the fury: she is silent, but immediately executes the order of *Juno*. Great is the art of knowing how to introduce speeches in epic poetry, or to omit them with propriety and decorum.

|| Admirable is this description; especially those dreadful circumstances of the serpent's gliding through all the queen's garments, and winding round her temples like a fillet, and round her bosom! &c.

Know, all are foreign, in a larger sense,
 Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
 Then if the line of *Turnus* you retrace,
 He springs from *Inachus*, of *Argive* race.*
 But when she saw her reason ill spent,
 And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
 She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
 Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast;
 She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
 And fills with horrid howls the public place.
 And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
 On the smooth pavement of an empty court,
 The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
 Admir'd with clamours of the beardless rout;
 They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
 And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke:
 Thus fares the queen, and thus her fury blows
 Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she goes.
 Not yet content, she strains her malice more,
 And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:
 She flies the town, and mixing with a throng
 Of madding matrons, bears the bride along;†
 Wand'ring thro' woods and wilds, and devious ways,
 And with these arts the *Trojan* match delays.
 She feign'd the rights of *Bacchus*, cry'd aloud,
 And to the buxom God the virgin vow'd.
Evæ, O *Bacchus*! thus began the song,
 And *Evæ*! answer'd all the female throng:
 O virgin! worthy thee alone, she cry'd;
 O worthy thee alone, the crew reply'd;‡
 For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
 And with thy winding ivy wreaths her lance.
 Like fury seiz'd the rest; the progress known,
 All seek the mountains, and forsake the town:
 All clad in skins of beasts the jav'lin bear,
 Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair,
 And shrieks and shoutings rend the suff'ring air. }
 The queen herself, inspir'd with rage divine,
 Shook high above her head a flaming pine;
 Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
 And sung in *Turnus*' name the nuptial song.
 Io ye *Latian* dames, if any here
 Hold your unhappy queen, *Amata*, dear;

NOTES.

* *Inachus* was the first king of *Argos*; *Clemens Alexandrinus* reports, that he was cotemporary with *Moses*. *Acrisius*, descended from *Inachus*, was the last king of *Argos*, from whence he removed his seat of empire to *Mycenæ*.

† This incident of the queen's running into the woods and mountains with her fellow *Bacchanals*, adds much to the heightening and swelling of the confusion and madness.

No. 7.

If there be here, she said, who dare maintain
 My right, nor think the name of mother vain;
 Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
 And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare.
Amata's breast the fury thus invades,
 And fires with rage amid the sylvan shades.
 Then when she found her venom spread so far,
 The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
 Rais'd on her dusky wings she cleaves the skies,
 And seeks the palace where young *Turnus* lies.
 His town, as fame reports, was built of old
 By *Danaë*, pregnant with almighty gold;
 Who fled her father's rage, and with a train
 Of following *Argives*, thro' the stormy main,
 Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated here to }
 reign.

'Twas *Ardua* once, now *Ardea*'s name it bears,
 Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.
 Here in his lofty palace *Turnus* lay,
 Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
 Secure in sleep: the fury laid aside
 Her looks and limbs, and with new methods try'd }
 The foulness of th' infernal form to hide.
 Propp'd on a staff, she takes the trembling mien,
 Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene;
 Deep dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws,
 Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws;
 Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
 Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
 Old *Calibe*, who kept the sacred fane }
 Of *Juno*, now she seem'd, and thus began,
 Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man:
 Shall *Turnus* then such endless toil sustain
 In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain;
 Win for a *Trojan* head to wear the prize,
 Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?
 The bride and scepter which thy blood has bought
 The king transfers, and foreign heirs are sought:
 Go now, deluded man, and seek again
 New toils, new dangers on the dusty plain,
 Repel the *Tuscan* foes, their city seize,
 Protect the *Latians* in luxurious ease.

This

NOTES.

‡ What elegance of madness is this!—It was customary for young virgins to consecrate their hair to some deity; this they nourished with particular care, and never cut it off till just before marriage, and then it was hung up in the temple of the deity to whom it was devoted. All the following description is animated with true poetic enthusiasm. One is ready to cry out with *Horace*, while one is perusing it, *Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum?*—

K k

This dream ail-pow'rful *Juno* sends, I bear
 Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.
 Haste, arm your *Ardeans*, issue to the plain,
 With faith to friend, assault the *Trojan* train;
 Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that lie
 In *Tiber's* mouth, with fire and sword destroy.
 The *Latian* king, unless he shall submit,
 Own his old promise, and his new forget,
 Let him in arms the pow'r of *Turnus* prove,
 And learn to fear whom he disdains to love;
 For such is heav'n's command: the youthful prince
 With scorn reply'd, and made this bold defence:
 You tell me, mother, what I knew before,
 The *Phrygian* fleet is landed on the shore:
 I neither fear nor will provoke the war;
 My fate is *Juno's* most peculiar care.
 But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
 Of arms imagin'd in your lonely cell:
 Go, be the temple and the Gods your care;
 Permit the men the thought of peace and war.

These haughty words *Alecto's* rage provoke,*
 And frighted *Turnus* trembled as she spoke.
 Her eyes grew stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn;
 Her hideous looks and hellish form return;
 Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,
 And open all the furies of her face!†
 Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
 She cast him backward as he strove to rise,
 And, ling'ring, fought to frame some new replies.
 High on her head she rears two twisted snakes,
 Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes,
 And churning bloody foam thus loudly speaks:
 Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
 Of arms imagin'd in her lonely cell:
 Behold the fates' infernal minister;
 War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear.

NOTES.

* *Juvenal* was particularly struck with this description. He singles it out from all other instances, as a passage where *Virgil* had exerted his poetical fire in the greatest degree.

† This whole description is perhaps the most sublime, and most spirited of all the *Æneid*. The circumstances of her changing her assumed appearance into her real terrible personage, her enlarging and spreading to the sight, the hissing of the serpents round her head, the rolling her eyes, snatching two serpents from her head, and clanging her sounding whip, and throwing the torches into his breast to inflame him, are all conceived in the loftiest and liveliest manner imaginable.

‡ Nothing can give us a greater and more terrible idea of human rage and fierceness, than the boiling of liquor in a cauldron. The whole simile (the

Thus having said, her smould'ring torch impress'd
 With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.
 Aghast he wak'd, and, starting from his bed,
 Cold sweat in clammy drops his limbs o'erspread:
 Arms, arms, he cries; my sword and shield pre-
 pare;

He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.
 So when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,†
 The bubbling waters from the bottom rise;
 Above their brims they force their fiery way;
 Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.

The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
 He first commissions to the *Latian* land,
 In threat'ning embassy; then rais'd the rest,
 To meet in arms th' intruding *Trojan* guest;
 To force the foes from the *Lavinian* shore,
 And *Italy's* endanger'd peace restore.
 Himself alone an equal match he boasts,
 To fight the *Phrygian* and *Ausonian* hoists.
 The Gods invoc'd, the *Rutuli* prepare
 Their arms, and warn each other to the war.
 His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
 The rest his house and his own fame engage.

While *Turnus* urges thus his enterprize,
 The *Stygian* fury to the *Trojans* flies:
 New frauds invents, and takes a sleepy stand,
 Which overlooks the vale with wide command,
 Where fair *Africanus* and his youthful train
 With horns and hounds a hunting match ordain,
 And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
 The fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,
 And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
 'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
 High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies:
 From this light cause, th' infernal maid prepares
 The country churls to mischief, hate and wars.

The

NOTES.

hint of which, for it is no more, is taken from the 21st *Iliad* of *Homer*) is in every part admirable: and there are few beauties, even in *Virgil* himself, preferable to this. We will not transcribe the whole; but refer to the last line only. Let any man consider how the flakes of smoke follow, and seem to push forward one another, as they ascend into the air; and then take notice of this verse:

Nec, jam, se, capit, unda: volat, vapor, ater, ad auras.
 We have added a comma to every word, that the reader may observe the cadence, and seeming length of the verse, plainly expressing the long spires and wreaths of smoke. It seems almost as long as two; and yet does not all consist of dactyls: so ingeniously judicious is the disposition or situation of the words.

The stately beast the two *Tyrrheida* bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.
Their father *Tyrrheus* did his fodder bring,
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the *Lation* king : *
Their sister *Sylvia* cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare †
To hang his budding horns ; with ribbons ty'd
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide,
And bath'd his body. Patient of command,
In time he grew, and growing us'd to hand :
He waited at his master's board for food,
Then fought his savage kindred in the wood ;
Where gazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.

This household beast, that us'd the woodland
grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds,
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat.

NOTES.

* This passage in the original is all in *Virgil's* true pastoral style ; and most of the lines in it run in his pastoral, rather than his epic versification. We will explain : if *Handel* was to set several poems, of different sorts, though all in ten syllable verse, to music ; the general character of his composition for elegy, would be *mournful* ; for an epithalamium, *joyous* ; for a pastoral, *sweet* ; for a didactic poem, *sedate* ; and for an epic, *majestic*. A good poet should observe the same difference in the flow of his numbers, for such different subjects, as the other would in the air of his music. To make this the more generally intelligible, it may not be improper just to add an instance of each of the sorts of versification above-mentioned.

1. *The mournful.*

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells.
Elisa to Abelard.

2. *The joyous.*

And in the sparkling goblet laughs the wine.
Odyssey.

3. *The sweet.*

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams.
POPE'S 2d Pastoral.

4. *The sedate.*

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
Ethic Epistles.

5. *The majestic.*

Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And *Juno* slumber'd on the golden bed.
SPENCE.

Ascanius young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim ;
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels thro' his panting sides. †
The bleeding creature issues from the floods,
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes, }
His old familiar hearth and household Gods.
He falls, he fills the house with heavy groans,
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans. §
Young *Sylvia* beats her breast, and cries aloud
For succour from the clownish neighbourhood :
The churls assemble ; for the fiend who lay
In the close woody covert urg'd their way.
One with a brand yet burning from the flame,
Arm'd with a knotty club another came :
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of war.
Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist ; ||

But

NOTES.

† *Ovid* trifles egregiously in describing the caresses which *Cyparissus* paid to his favourite stag, and the ornaments which he gave him. It must be confessed, that this subject is admirably calculated to admit of puerile decorations, and minute prettinesses. But *Virgil* knew how to write with reservedness and simplicity on every subject.

‡ The killing this favourite deer may, to some critics who relish nothing but pompous circumstances in a poem, appear to be but a trifling occasion for the raising this terrible war. But surely nothing could be more natural ; nay, it's being a little circumstance renders it's beauty still more pleasing to a lover of nature, who knows how many important events have been occasioned by circumstances seemingly trifling in themselves. *La Cerda* has collected together a great number of instances, of many bloody wars that have arisen from as small causes as this in *Laticum*.

§ These most beautiful and pathetic lines are so moving, as scarce to be read without tears. We would recommend the perusal of them to some of our *British* heroines, who have had the honour of cutting a stag's throat, after a chase in *Windfor* forest.

|| The circumstance of *Tyrrheus* being alarmed while he is engaged in the rustic employment of cleaving an oak, and instantly snatching up an ax, is beautifully natural. We are to remember, that the deer just now killed, was under the charge of *Tyrrheus* ; on which account he, as it were in right of his character, arms the peasants to encounter those who killed it.

But held his hand from the descending stroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.
And now the Goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by *Latian* shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath, the rocks and woods around,
And mountains tremble at th' infernal sound.
The sacred lake of *Trivia* from afar,
The *Veline* fountains, and sulphureous *Nar*,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.*

The clowns, a boist'rous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
With furious haste to the loud summons flew.
The pow'rs of *Troy* then issuing on the plain,
With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:
Not their's a raw and unexperienc'd train,
But a firm body of embattled men.
At first, while fortune favour'd neither side,
The fight with clubs and burning brands was try'd:

But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields:
A shining harvest either host displays,
And shoots against the sun with equal rays.†

Thus when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,
White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;
Then roars the main, the billows mount the
skies:

Till by the fury of the storm full blown,
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.

First *Almon* falls, old *Tyrrheus'* eldest care,
Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war:

NOTES.

* This stroke of nature is tender and affecting to the last degree. Other poets would have been satisfied to have mentioned the effects of this dreadful blast upon the woods and mountains, &c. *Virgil* knew that this circumstance of the mothers catching their infants to their breasts would more touch and influence his readers than all the other pompous images, great as they are. This description is copied from *Apollonius Rhodius Argonaut. b. 4, 129*. The poet is speaking of the dragon that guarded the golden fleece. The dragon hissed horribly, and all around, the long-extended banks of the river, and the vast grove resounded. They who inhabit *Colchis*, not far from the *Titanian* land (near the mouth of the river *Lycus*, &c. —) heard it: the mothers were struck with fear, and the infants which slept in their bosoms, being affrighted at the hissing, stretched forth their hands as in amaze. *Euripides*

Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.
Huge heaps of slain around the body rise,
Among the rest the rich *Galefus* lies;‡
A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain
Amidst the madness of th' unruly train:
Five herds, five bleating flocks his pastures fill'd,
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.
Thus while in equal scales their fortune stood,
The fury bath'd them in each other's blood;
Then having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies;
To *Juno* thus she speaks: Behold, 'tis done,
The blood already drawn, the war begun;
The discord is complete, nor can they cease
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
Now since the *Latian* and the *Trojan* brood
Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood,
Speak, and my pow'r shall add this office more;
The neighb'ring nations of th' *Ausonian* shore
Shall hear the dreadful rumour from afar
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war.
Then *Juno* thus: The grateful work is done,
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun;
Frauds, fears, and fury have possess'd the state,
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate:
A bloody *Hymen* shall th' alliance join
Betwixt the *Trojan* and *Ausonian* line:
But thou with speed to night and hell repair;
For not the Gods nor angry *Jove* will bear
Thy lawless wand'ring walks, in upper air:
Leave what remains to me. *Saturnia* said:
The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd,
Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether
shade.

NOTES.

has finely touched this last circumstance in his *Troades*. The beloved infants clasped their fearful hands round the robes of their mothers.

† The original gives a most strong and beautiful image, as if there were a kind of rivalry between the sun and the shining metal; and the last strikes back the rays of the first; being as it were provoked by it, and so shines with greater lustre; as a man when he returns a blow, exerts his strength more than usually.

‡ How frequent are the opportunities of observing the good sense and true judgment of *Virgil*! On this occasion he hath shewn great penetration, and a true knowledge of nature, in making old *Galefus*, who was the wealthiest of the *Latins*, and had the most property to lose, remarkably active in endeavouring to prevent the ravages of war.

In midst of *Italy*, well known to fame,
 There lies a lake, *Amsanctus* is the name,*
 Below the lofty mounts; on either side
 Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide:
 Full in the center of the sacred wood
 An arm arises of the *Stygian* flood,
 Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing
 sound,
 Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
 Here *Pluto* pants for breath from out his cell,
 And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
 To this infernal lake the fury flies;
 Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring skies.
Saturnian Juno now with double care
 Attends the fatal process of the war.
 The clowns return'd from battle bear the slain,
 Implore the Gods, and to their king complain.

NOTES.

* *Virgil* says expressly, that this descent of *Alecto* to hell, was in the vale of *Amsanctus*. *Amsanctus* is placed, both by the ancients and moderns, in the kingdom of *Naples*, between *Trevicum* and *Acherontia*. There was anciently a temple built to *Mephites* here, as the deity who presided over noisome and pestilential smells. Hence the place is to this day called *Nesanto* and *Mussito*. *Virgil* says, it was under the mountains in the midst of *Italy*; that it was inclosed with woods on each side; that there were hollows and several spiracula about it; and that the waters burst up into the air, and then fell down again in a broken manner. The place which is now called *Nesanto*, (as supposed by corruption from *Amsanctus*, see *Leon. Alberti*, fol. 101.) is in a dark vale, near *Trevico*; inclosed on each side by hills and gloomy woods. In the midst are two or three filthy holes; in one of which the water bursts up to the height of three or four feet (sometimes more and sometimes less) and then falls in again upon itself. It smells horribly, the earth being all impregnated with sulphur. There are several vents of wind in the sides of the hills near this odious basin, which you find to come out with a good deal of force, if you hold your hand to the vent, and they make more noise than a smith's bellows. Mr. *Holdsworth*, who has been there, says, he found out the place by the noise. The water, in the holes above-mentioned, is generally of a black look; and is still so much regarded as infectious, that the country-people do not much care to go with you to it. It may be worth mentioning, that they have still stories and pictures in those parts, of a faint driving the devil (who had been very troublesome,
 No. 8.

The corps of *Almon*, and the rest are shown,
 Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frightened
 town.

Ambitious *Turnus* in the press appears,
 And aggravating crimes, augments their fears:
 Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
 A solemn promise made and disavow'd;
 A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mongrel
 brood.

Then they whose mothers, frantic with their fear,
 In woods and wilds the flags of *Bacchus* bear,
 And lead his dances with dishevel'd hair,
 Increase the clamour, and the war demand,
 (Such was *Amata's* int'rest in the land,)
 Against the public sanctions of the peace,
 Against all omens of their ill success;†

With

NOTES.

it seems, in the country) back again to hell, through one of these holes. No one piece of ground now can, we think, answer to an ancient description more punctually and exactly, than this does to *Virgil's* account of *Amsanctus*. There is but one objection that can be made to it, which is from *Virgil's* saying that it is situated—*Italice medio*. *Nesanto*, you may say, is very far from being in the midst of *Italy*; *Naples* lies above half-way in that country, and *Nesanto* is yet a hundred miles farther. Though the other circumstances of the place all tally so well, yet it's failing in one point, and that so material and unchangeable a one, must destroy the whole. This objection would be very strong, if no place could be said to be the middle of *Italy*, except what was so, taking it in length: but may not a place be said to be in the middle of *Italy*, taking the country in breadth as well as in length? We do not know whether that expression would be so proper now; but anciently they said the *Apennines* lay in the middle of *Italy*, which must be understood of the breadth. And *Dionysius*, in his geography, says, that this mountain lies as exactly in the midst of *Italy*, as if it had been directed by a line. Now *Nesanto* (or the vale of *Amsanctus*) does not only lie among the *Apennines*; but is situated too at near an equal distance from the *mare superum*, and the *mare inferum*; and so may the more strictly be said to be in the midst of *Italy*.

† To justify his hero in endeavouring to deprive *Turnus* of *Lavinia*, who was betrothed to him, the poet frequently puts us in mind that it was the will of heaven; and by that means artfully flings the whole blame of this destructive war on the *Latins*.

L 1

With fates averſe, the rout in arms reſort
 To force their monarch, and inſult the court ;
 But like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves*
 The raging tempeſts and the riſing waves,
 Propp'd on himſelf he ſtands ; his ſolid ſides
 Waſh off the ſea-weeds and the ſounding tides :
 So ſtood the pious prince unmov'd, and long
 Sustain'd the madneſs of the noiſy throng.
 But when he found that *Juno's* pow'r prevail'd,
 And all the methods of cool counſel fail'd,
 He calls the Gods to witneſs their offence,
 Diſclaims the war, aſſerts his innocence.
 Hurry'd by fate, he cries, and borne before
 A furious wind, we leave the faithful ſhore :
 O more than madmen ! you yourſelves ſhall bear
 The guilt of blood and ſacrilegious war :
 Thou, *Turnus*, ſhalt atone it by thy fate,
 And pray to heav'n for peace, but pray too late.
 For me, my ſtormy voyage is at an end,
 I to the port of death ſecurely tend,
 The fun'ral pomp which to your kings you pay
 Is all I want, and all you take away.
 He ſaid no more, but in his walls confin'd,
 Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd ;
 Nor with the riſing ſtorm would vainly ſtrive,
 But left the helm, and let the veſſel drive.
 A ſolemn cuſtom was obſerv'd of old,†
 Which *Latium* held, and now the *Romans* hold ;
 Their ſtandard when in fighting fields they rear
 Againſt the fierce *Hyrceanians*, or declare
 The *Scythian*, *Indian*, or *Arabian* war ;‡

NOTES.

* We do not underſtand why ſome of the commentators agree in leſſening the character of this king *Latinus*, as a weak, irrefolute, and cowardly prince, frighted by his ſubjects, and governed by his wife. It is true, he is an old man, but that ought to excuſe, not to aggravate his infirmities. He is indeed overborne by the rage and tempeſt of the times ; but he judges well and wiſely, and even reſiſts the torrent for a long time ; and is at laſt over-ruled by little leſs than downright force and violence, and open rebellion : nor does it appear in this place, that he has ſo much as one friend to ſtand by him. *Virgil* here honours him with this noble ſimile, *like a rock unmoved*, and afterwards represents him as abſolutely reſuſing to declare war by opening the temple of *Janus*. His ſpeech in council, book 11, is extremely good ; and that to *Turnus* in the 12th is incomparable. And as for his extorted compliances (ſo far as he does comply) younger princes than he have been awed by their queens and ſubjects to act contrary to their

Or from the boaiſting *Parthians* would regain
 Their eagles, loſt in *Carrhae's* bloody plain ;
 Two gates of ſteel (the name of *Mars* they bear,
 And ſtill are worſhipp'd with religious fear,)
 Before his temple ſtand : the dire abode,
 And the fear'd iſſues of the furious God,
 Are ſenc'd with brazen bolts ; without the gates
 The wary guardian *Janus* doubly waits.
 Then when the ſacred ſenate votes the wars,
 The *Roman* conſul their decree declares,
 And in his robes the ſounding gates unbars.
 The youth in military ſhouts ariſe,
 And the loud trumpets break the yielding ſkies.
 Theſe rites of old by ſov'reign princes us'd
 Were the king's office, but the king reſus'd,
 Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
 Of ſacred peace, or looſe th' imprizon'd war :
 But hid his head, and, ſafe from loud alarms,
 Abhorr'd the wicked miniſtry of arms.
 Then heav'n's imperious queen ſhot down from
 high ;§
 At her approach the brazen hinges fly ;
 The gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling bar,
 And like a tempeſt iſſues out the war.
 The peaceful cities of th' *Auſonian* ſhore,
 Lull'd in their eaſe, and undiſturb'd before,
 Are all on fire ; and ſome with ſtudioſ care
 Their reſtiſt ſteeds in ſandy plains prepare ;
 Some their ſoft limbs in painful marches try,
 And war is all their wiſh, and arms the gen'ral
 cry.

Part

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judgments, in difficult and ſtormy times ; and yet have not underwrought ſo ſevere a cenſure as has been paſſed upon this good old venerable monarch. We dare ſay, it is a cenſure to which *Virgil* never intended to expoſe him.

† *Virgil* here attributes a cuſtom to the old *Latins*, the origin of which was of a later age. This is yet allowable enough. *Livy* aſſures us, that the ceremony of opening the gates of *Janus* was not inſtituted till the reign of *Numa Pompilius* ; yet to decorate his poem with ſo fine a circumſtance, our poet deſcribes this cuſtom as far more ancient.

‡ The poet with infinite addreſs takes care to exemplify this cuſtom by thoſe wars in which *Augustus* had ſo great and glorious a ſhare. There is a great majeſty in theſe lines.

§ It is finely imagined to make *Juno* herſelf deſcend to open the gates of *Janus*, on *Latinus's* reſuſing to do it. It may be conſidered as a juſt and beautiful allegory, representing by this action, that ſhe is the occaſion of the war.

Part scour the rusty shields with seam, and part
 New grind the blunted axe, and point the dart:
 With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
 And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky.
 Five cities forge their arms; th' *Atinian* pow'rs,
Antenna, *Tibur* with her lofty tow'rs,
Ardea the proud, the *Crustumian* town;
 All these of old were places of renown.
 Some hammer helmets for the fighting field,
 Some twine young fallows to support the shield;
 The croslet some, and some the cuirasses mould,
 With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
 The rustic honours of the scythe and share
 Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.

NOTES.

* This fresh invocation alarms the reader, and greatly raises his attention. We may observe first, what an air of probability is spread over the whole poem by the particularizing of every nation and people concerned in this war. Secondly, what an entertaining scene he represents to us of so many countries, drawn in their liveliest and most natural colours; while we wander along with him amidst a beautiful variety of towns, havens, forests, vineyards, groves, mountains, and rivers: and are perpetually amused with his observations on the different soils, products, situations, or prospects. Thirdly, what a noble review he makes pass before us of so mighty an army, drawn out in order troop by troop; which, had the number only been told in the gross, had never filled the reader with so great a notion of the importance of the action. Fourthly, the description of the different arms, and manner of fighting of the soldiers; and the various attitudes he has given to the commanders. Of these leaders, the greatest number are either the immediate sons of Gods, or the descendants of Gods: and how great an idea must we have of a war, to the waging of which so many demi-gods and heroes are assembled? Fifthly, the several artful compliments he paid by this means to his own country in general, and to many of his contemporaries in particular, by a celebration of the genealogies, ancient seats and dominions of the great men of his time. Sixthly, the agreeable mixture of narrations from passages of history, or fables; with which he amuses and relieves us at proper intervals. This catalogue takes in all the parts of *Italy* between the *mare inferum*, and *Apenninus* inclusive: *Mantua* is the only place out of this line, which is attached with a great deal of address to *Tuscany*. At the beginning of the principal part of this book, and indeed of the poem itself, which is the catalogue or review, the poet in-

Old falchions are new temper'd in the fires:
 The founding trumpet ev'ry soul inspires.
 The word is giv'n, with eager speed they lace
 The shining head-piece, and the shield embrace.
 The neighing steeds are to the chariots ty'd,
 The trusty weapon fits on ev'ry side.
 And now the mighty labour is begun,
 Ye muses, open all your *Helicon*.
 Sing you the chiefs that sway'd th' *Ausonian* land,
 Their arms, and armies under their command;
 What warriors in our ancient clime were bred,
 What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led:
 For well you know, and can record alone,
 What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.

Mæzæntius

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vokes the muses, and according to his example, there is no one who has not pursued his manner in passages of this kind. The reason of which is, that the poet entering into a large detail of a thing of a very ancient date, he will the sooner be believed if he invokes the divinities that are able to instruct him in it. We find likewise by *Virgil*, that the muses alone were capable of guiding him through this labyrinth. We cannot but admire the great art of *Virgil* in this place, and how short he is in comparison of all others, particularly the moderns: so that one cannot find any part of the poem more diversified or full than this. For what is there more exact in geography itself, than the places he describes? or more curious for the learned, than what he relates concerning antiquity in general? What is more varied than his expressions? In these passages he sometimes makes use of the apostrophes, in order to vary them; and there is no doubt, that it is for this reason alone; for otherwise he would be always saying the same thing. But one might still observe with how much artifice the poet knows how to diversify the arms, habits, qualities, and adventures of the heroes, whose glory he intends to celebrate. He hints in book I, the names of the most celebrated chiefs of *Aeneas's* fleet in his narrative, without making a particular chapter of them: foreseeing that he shall be obliged to give a regular catalogue of them, in the seventh and tenth books. Treating in this place of the army of the *Latins*, he divides it into squadrons and cohorts: instead of which, in book 10, he gives us the catalogue in a different manner, while he describes the ships of the *Tuscan* fleet, and this to vary his images; and he likewise describes the strength of the vanquished party, that the honour of the victory may appear greater, and the glory of his hero shine forth with a more conspicuous lustre.

Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain,*
Scorn'd upon his brows and frown disdain,
Defying earth and heav'n: *Etruria* lost,
He brings to *Turnus*' aid his baffled host.
The charming *Lausus*, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his fullen fire:
To *Turnus* only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face,
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
With fates averse a thousand men he led:
His fire unworthy of so brave a son;
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.

Next *Aventinus* drives his chariot round
The *Latian* plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his steeds he smokes along the field,
His father's hydra fills the ample shield.
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims; †
The son of *Hercules* he justly seems,
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs.
Of heav'nly part, and part of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a God.
For strong *Alcides*, after he had slain
The triple *Geryon*, drove from conquer'd *Spain*
His captive herds, and thence in triumph led,
On *Tuscan Tiber's* flow'ry banks they fed.
Then on mount *Aventine* the son of *Jove*
The priestess *Rhea* found, and forc'd to love.

For arms his men long piles and javelins bore,
And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.
Like *Hercules* himself his son appears,
In savage pomp; a lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.

NOTES.

* *Mezentius* was king of the *Rutuli*. He strictly commanded his subjects to pay him tribute, the first-fruits of their herbs, and their animals; which before had been always appropriated to the sacrifices of the Gods. It was hence he came to be called a defyer of the Gods. *Virgil*, with just reason, represents him as one of the kings of *Etruria*, divided into several little states, called *Lucominies*.

† In the heroic ages of the world, bucklers adorned with serpents, and other frightful animals, were frequently made use of, to give a terrible aspect. In the following lines, the very habit of *Mezentius* is suitable to his temper and character.

‡ Those who think *Virgil* had not a strong and sublime imagination, are desired to consider this simile: all the circumstances of it are painted with *Homeric* spirit and magnificence. To have a just idea of the thing described, we are to suppose these centaurs half-horse and half-man, but resembling

Thus like the God his father, homely drest,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Then two twin-brothers from fair *Tibur* came,
(Which from their brother *Tiburs* took the name,)
Fierce *Coras*, and *Catillus*, void of fear;
Arm'd *Argive* horse they led, and in the front appear,
Like cloud-born *Centaurs*, from the mountain's
height, ‡

With rapid course descending to the fight;
They rush along, the rattling woods give way,
The branches bend before their sweepy sway.

Nor was *Præneste's* founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of *Mulciber*;
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains,
A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to *Turnus*' aid his country swains. }
His own *Præneste* sends a chosen band,
With those who plough *Saturnia's* *Gabine* land:
Besides the succour which old *Anien* yields, §
The rocks of *Hernicus*, and dewy fields;
Anagnia fat, and father *Amasene*,
A num'rous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers
wield,

Nor drive the chariot thro' the dusty field;
But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead,
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head;
The left foot naked, when they march to fight, ||
But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.

Messapus next, (great *Neptune* was his fire,)
Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears: and with his ardour warms
A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:

The

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the horse in the fore-part, and so bearing down with their breasts all that stood in their way. Some suppose, that *Virgil* by comparing *Coras* and *Catillus* with centaurs, would have us to understand, that they fought on horseback.

§ The two opposite representations which *Silius Italicus* and *Horace* have given us of this river, are perfectly reconcileable. This river first throws itself down a precipice, and falls by several cascades from one rock to another, till it gains the bottom of a valley; where it recovers its temper, as it were by little and little, and after many turns and windings at last glides peaceably into the *Tyber*. The waters of this river are remarkable for their coldness. It is now the *Teverone*.

|| The people in those parts to this day wear a piece of crude leather (half prepared) under the soles of their feet, with vincula that come over their feet, and half-way up their legs.

The just *Faliscans* he to battle brings,
 And those who live where lake *Ciminia* springs;
 And where *Feronia's* grove and temple stands,
 Who till *Fescennian* or *Flavinian* lands:
 All these in order march, and marching sing
 The warlike actions of their sea-born king.
 Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
 Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid
 sky,
 Which homeward from their wat'ry pastures
 borne,
 They sing, and *Asia's* lakes their notes return.
 Not one who heard their music from afar,
 Would think these troops an army train'd to war;
 But flocks of fowl, that, when the tempests roar,
 With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.*
 Then *Clausus* came, who led a num'rous band
 Of troops embody'd from the *Sabine* land;
 And in himself alone an army brought.
 'Twas he the nobler *Claudian* race begot;
 The *Claudian* race, ordain'd, in times to come,
 To share the greatness of imperial *Rome*.
 He led the *Cures* forth of old renown,
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town,
 And all th' *Eretian* pow'rs; besides a band
 That follow'd from *Velinum's* dewy land: †
 And *Amiternian* troops, of mighty fame;
 And mountaineers, that from *Severus* came,
 And from the craggy cliffs of *Tetrica*,
 And those where yellow *Tiber* takes his way,
 And where *Himella's* wanton waters play.
 } *Casperia* sends her arms, with those that lie
 By *Fabaris*, and fruitful *Foruli*:
 The warlike aids of *Horta* next appear,
 And the cold *Nursians* come to close the rear,
 Mix'd with the natives born of *Latine* blood,
 Whom *Allia* washes with her fatal flood.
 Not thicker billows beat the *Lybian* main,
 When pale *Orion* sets in wintry rain;
 Nor thicker harvest on rich *Hermus* rise,
 Or *Lycian* fields, when *Phæbus* burns the skies,

NOTES.

* Some of the ancients have imagined that the embattling an army was first learned from the close manner of flight of these birds. So that in this simile we must suppose the noise to be but a secondary kind of likeness; order is primarily pointed at.
 † The channel of this river lies very high, and is shaded on all sides by a green forest, made up of several kinds of trees, that preserve their verdure all the year. The neighbouring mountains are covered with them, and by reason of their height, are more
 No. 8.

Than stand these troops; their bucklers ring
 around,
 Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the solid
 ground.

High in his chariot then *Halesus* came,
 A foe by birth to *Troy's* unhappy name,
 From *Agamemnon* born; to *Turnus's* aid,
 A thousand men the youthful hero led,
 Who till the *Massick* soil, for wine renown'd, †
 And fierce *Auruncans* from their hilly ground;
 And those who live by *Sidicinian* shores,
 And where with shoaly fords *Vulturnus* roars:
Cales and *Osca's* old inhabitants,
 And rough *Saticulans* inur'd to wants:
 Light demi-lances from afar they throw,
 Fasten'd with leathern thongs to gall the foe.
 Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear,
 And on their warding arm like bucklers bear.

Nor *Oebalus* shalt thou be left unsung,
 From nymph *Semethis* and old *Telen* sprung;
 Who then in *Teleboan Capri* reign'd,
 But that short isle th' ambitious youth disdain'd,
 And o'er *Campania* stretch'd his ample sway,
 Where swelling *Sarnus* seeks the *Tyrrhene* sea;
 O'er *Rufra*, *Batulum*, *Celennian* lands,
 And where *Abella* 'midst her riches stands.
 These (in the rough *Teutonic* way of old)
 Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold;
 Sling weighty stones when from afar they fight:
 Their casks are cork, a cov'ring thick and light.

Next these in rank the warlike *Ufens* went,
 And led the mountain troops that *Nursia* sent.
 The rude *Equicolæ* his rule obey'd,
 Hunting their sport, and plund'ring was their trade,
 In arms they plough'd, to battle still prepar'd;
 Their soil was barren, and their hearts were hard.

Umbro the priest the proud *Marrubians* led,
 By king *Archippus* sent to *Turnus's* aid;
 And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
 His wand and holy words the viper's rage,
 And venom'd wound of serpents could assuage.

He,

NOTES.

exposed to the dews and drizzling rains, than any of the adjacent parts; which gives occasion to *Virgil's* *rosea rura*, dewy countries.

† Famous for vines in the kingdom of *Naples*. *Cales* is now called *Calvi*, in the neighbourhood of *Capua*. *Vulturnus*, now called *Volturno*, runs by *Capua*. The *Osceans*, likewise called *Opici*, were reckoned barbarous and stupid, and were a term of reproach; as the *French* say, a *Limousin*, for a heavy unpolished fellow.

M m

He, when he pleas'd with pow'rful juice to sleep
 Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
 But vain were *Marſian* herbs and magic art,
 To cure the wound giv'n by the *Dardan* dart.
 Yet his untimely fate th' *Angitian* woods
 In sighs remurmur'd to the *Fucine* floods.
 The ſon of fam'd *Hippolytus* was there,
 Fam'd as his ſire, and as his mother fair,
 Whom in *Egerian* groves *Arícia* bore,
 And nurs'd his youth along the marſhy ſhore :
 Where great *Diana*'s peaceful altars flame,
 In fruitful fields, and *Virbius* was his name.
Hippolytus, as old records have ſaid,
 Was by his ſtepdame fought to ſhare her bed :
 But when no female arts his mind could move,
 She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
 Torn by wild horſes on the ſandy ſhore,
 Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore,
 Glutting his father's eyes with guiltleſs gore. }
 But chaſte *Diana*, who his death deplor'd,
 With *Æſculapian* herbs his life reſtor'd.*
 When *Jove*, who ſaw from high, with juſt dif-
 dain,
 The dead inſpir'd with vital breath again,
 Struck to the center with his flaming dart
 Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
 But *Trivia* kept in ſecret ſhades alone
 Her care, *Hippolytus*, to fate unknown ;
 And call'd him *Virbius* in th' *Egerian* grove,
 Where then he liv'd obſcure, but ſafe from *Jove*.
 For this, from *Trivia*'s temple and her wood }
 Are courſers driv'n, who ſhed their maſter's blood,
 Affrighted by the monſters of the flood.
 His ſon, the ſecond *Virbius*, yet retain'd
 His father's art, and warrior ſteeds he rein'd.

NOTES.

* *Spencer*, who relates the fate of *Hippolytus*, *Fairy Queen*, b. 1, c. 5, §. 37, &c. &c. feigns that *Æſculapius*, when he was ſtruck down to hell by *Jupiter*'s lightning, for bringing *Hippolytus* to life, buſied himſelf in healing his own wound.

† This is, we think, one of the boldeſt fictions in *Virgil*; but ſo nobly animated that one muſt forgive the extravagance to which it ſeems to be carried. We cannot help obſerving the great judgment of *Virgil* in this particular; he adapts even the ornaments of the perſons he introduces, to their manners and behaviour. The helmet here deſcribed was highly proper to be worn by a youthful hero, who hereafter breathes nothing but rage, indignation, and revenge.

‡ *Argus*.

Amid the troops, and like the leading God,
 High o'er the reſt in arms the graceful *Turnus* rode :
 A triple pile of plumes his creſt adorn'd,
 On which with belching flames *Chimæra* burn'd ;
 The more the kindled combat riſes higher,
 The more with fury burns the blazing fire. †
 Fair *Io* grac'd his ſhield, but *Io* now
 With horns exalted ſtands, and ſeems to lowe ;
 (A noble charge) her keeper by her ſide, ‡
 To watch her walks his hundred eyes apply'd ;
 And on the brims her fire, the wat'ry God, §
 Roll'd from a ſilver urn his crystal flood.
 A cloud of foot ſucceeds, and fills the fields
 With ſwords, and pointed ſpears, and clatt'ring
 ſhields ;

Of *Argives*, and of old *Sicanian* bands,
 And thoſe who plough the rich *Satullan* lands ;
Auruncean youth, and thoſe *Sacrana* yields,
 And the proud *Labicans* with painted ſhields ;
 And thoſe who near *Numician* ſtreams reſide, }
 And thoſe whom *Tiber*'s holy foreſts hide,
 Or *Circe*'s hills from the main land divide ;
 Where *Uſens* glides along the lowly lands,
 Or the black water of *Pomptina* ſtands.

Laſt from the *Volſcians* fair *Camilla* came,
 And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame :
 Unbred to ſpinning, in the loom unſkill'd,
 She choſe the nobler *Pallas* of the field.
 Mix'd with the firſt the fierce *Virago* fought,
 Suſtain'd the toils of arms, the danger fought ;
 Outſtripp'd the winds in ſpeed upon the plain,
 Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain :
 She ſwept the ſeas, and as ſhe ſkim'd along, ||
 Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.

Men

NOTES.

§ *Iachus*.

|| Theſe lines in the original are often produced as a ſtriking inſtance of the ſound's being an echo to the ſenſe. *Vida*, in the 3d book of his poetics, has been very copious on this ſubject, and has produced many more examples of this beauty from *Virgil*. There is a celebrated paſſage on the ſame ſubject, in *Mr. Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm*, which we ſhall give the reader at large, for the ſake of ſome excellent obſervations that have been lately made upon it :

Soft is the ſtrain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
 And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
 The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent
 roar :

When

Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Where'er she passes fix their wand'ring eyes:
Longing they look, and gaping at her sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight.
Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face:

NOTES.

When *Ajax* strives some rock's vast weight to throw,

The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift *Camilla* scours the plain,

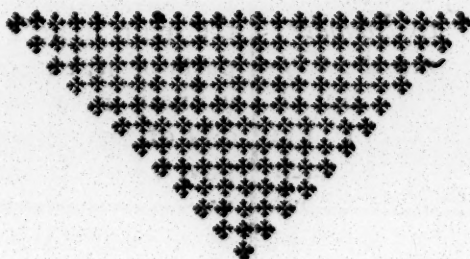
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

From these lines, laboured with great attention, and celebrated by a rival wit, may be judged what can be expected from the most diligent endeavours after this imagery of sound. The verse intended to represent the whisper of the vernal breeze, must surely be confessed not much to excel in softness or volubility; and the smooth stream runs with a perpetual clash of jarring consonants. The noise and turbulence of the torrent, is indeed distinctly imaged; for it requires very little skill to make our language

Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd,
And in a golden cawl the curls are bound:
She shakes her myrtle javelin, and behind,
Her *Lycian* quiver dances in the wind.

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rough. But in the lines which mention the effort of *Ajax*, there is no particular heaviness or delay. The swiftness of *Camilla* is rather contrasted than exemplified. Why the verse should be lengthened to express speed, will not easily be discovered. In the dactyls, used for that purpose by the ancients, two short syllables were pronounced with such rapidity, as to be equal only to one long; they therefore naturally exhibit the act of passing through a long space in a short time. But the *Alexandrine*, by its pause in the midst, is a tardy and stately measure; and the word unbending, one of the most sluggish and slow with our language affords, cannot much accelerate its motion. The *Rambler*, No. 92.



The EIGHTH BOOK of the ÆNEID.*

A R G U M E N T.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander, and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his own son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

WHEN Turnus had assembled all his pow'rs;
His standard planted on *Laurentum's* tow'rs;
When now the sprightly trumpet from afar
Had giv'n the signal for approaching war,

NOTES.

* This book is distinguish'd from the rest of the last six, by the change of the scene from *Latinus's* country to *Evander's*; but chiefly by it's being in so great a measure episodical. Indeed the preparations of the *Latins* for war; and their sending ambassadors to *Diomedes*; the expedition of *Æneas* to *Evander*; his obtaining auxiliaries, and going to join the *Tuscans*; are all pieces of the direct action. But all the rest is episode: viz. the genealogies of the *Trojans* and *Arcadians*, and their relation to each other; the ancient facts related by *Evander* about *Anchises*, *Hesione*, &c. the antiquities of that part of *Italy*, which was afterwards to be the more immediate seat of the *Roman* empire, and even of *Rome* itself; the story of *Cacus*; and the making, and engraving of the shield. All these incidents and recitals are excellent in their kind; and the book, taken all together, is one of the noblest, most elegant, and most entertaining of the whole twelve. And it is particularly so by it's being episodical. When we are in the height of expectation and suspense for the event of a most important war just ready to begin; what an agreeable transition of thought is it, to be

Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields, †
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,
Trembling with rage, the *Latian* youth prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war.

Fierce

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for a while diverted from those military preparations, by such narratives and facts, of a quite different nature, as make us forget that about which we were before so curious and impatient. Not that these episodes are separated, or disjointed from the main subject; so far otherwise, that they are all parts of it, except the story of *Cacus*; and even that is finely interwoven with it. The venerable simplicity of manners of those ancient times, and the royal poverty of *Evander*, and his court, in a place which was afterwards to be the seat of *Rome*, the mistress of the universe, makes a most delightful contrast of ideas; and is to the last degree affecting.

† The commentators would make us believe, that *Virgil* here alludes to a custom of the *Roman* generals. They used to enter the temple of *Mars*, and after shaking the shields that were hung round the walls, they then shook the spear of the God himself, and cried out, *Mars, vigila!* But *Catrou* is of opinion, that *Virgil* here means simply, they struck their spears against their shields, by way of provoking each other to the fight. *Milton* has made a noble use of this hint, *Paradise Lost*, book 1.

He

Fierce *Ufens* and *Messapus* led the crowd;
With bold *Mezentius*, who blasphem'd aloud.
These through the country took their wasteful
course,

The fields to forage, and to gather force.
Then *Venulus* to *Diomedes* they send,
To beg his aid *Ausonia* to defend.
Declare the common danger, and inform
The *Grecian* leader of the growing storm:
Aeneas landed on the *Latian* coast,
With banish'd Gods, and with a baffled host:
Yet now inspir'd to conquest of the state;
And claim'd a title from the Gods and fate.
What num'rous nations in his quarrel came,
And how they spread his formidable name:
What he design'd, what mischiefs might arise,
If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,
Was left for him to weigh; whose equal fears
And common int'rest were involv'd in their's.
While *Turnus* and th' allies thus urge the war,
The *Trojan*, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare.
This way and that he turns his anxious mind;
Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd;
Explores himself in vain in ev'ry part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart.

So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd bras their trembling light,
The glitt'ring pieces here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side;
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the cieling flash the glaring day.
'Twas night; and weary nature lull'd asleep
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep;
And beasts, and mortal men: the *Trojan* chief
Was laid on *Tiber's* banks, oppress'd with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.

Then thro' the shadows of the poplar wood*
Arose the father of the *Roman* flood;
An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus manifest to fight the God appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd:
Undoubted offspring of etherial race,
O long expected in this promis'd place,
Who thro' the foes hast borne thy banish'd Gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths and old abodes;
This is thy happy home! the clime where safe
Ordains thee to restore the *Trojan* state.
Fear not, the war shall end in lasting peace,
And all the rage of haughty *Juno* cease.
And that this nightly vision may not seem
Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A fow beneath an oak shall lie along,
All white herself, and white her thirty young.
When thirty rolling years have run their race,
Thy son, *Ascanius*, on this empty space
Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame,
Which from this omen shall receive the name.
Time shall approve the truth: for what remains,
And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
Driv'n with *Evander* from th' *Arcadian* land,
Have planted here, and plac'd on high their walls;
Their town the founder *Palanteum* calls:†
Deriv'd from *Pallas*, his great grandfire's name:
But the fierce *Latians* old possession claim,
With war infesting the new colony;
These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free passage I submit my streams:
Wake, son of *Venus*, from thy pleasing dreams;
And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
To *Juno's* pow'r thy just devotion pay:

With

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He said: and, to confirm his words, outflung
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the
thighs

Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell; highly they rag'd
Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.

* This appearance of *Tyber* (with some little additional refinement) has, through all succeeding ages, been an original pattern for all those poetical magicians, who are fond of framing spells for raising river-gods. Every one, at least, is sure to have an azure mantle, with a crown of reeds.

† *Arcadia* is in the middle of *Peloponnesus*. From
No. 8.

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hence came *Evander*, being obliged to fly his country, according to *Servius*, for killing his father by mistake; or, according to *Pausanias*, he left *Arcadia* to plant a colony, and placed it upon a mountain near the *Tyber*, in a small town which he called *Palantium*, *Palantéum*, *Palatium*; which names are derived from *Pallantium*, a city of *Arcadia*; where he came, according to *Livy*, and others; or from *Pallas*, an *Arcadian* king his ancestor, according to *Virgil*. His mother was named *Nicostrata*, who, on account of her gift of prophecy, was by the *Romans* called *Carmentis*. His father is generally allowed to be *Mercury*. *Rome* was built on the mountain, called *Mons Palatinus*; and to this day, by the *Italians*, *Monte Palatino*.

N n

With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease;
 Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease:
 When thou return'st victorious from the war,
 Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
 The God am I, whose yellow water flows
 Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tiber my name; among the rolling floods
 Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the Gods.
 This is my certain seat: in times to come
 My waves shall wash the walls of mighty *Rome*.
 He said, and plung'd below, while yet he spoke;
 His dream *Aeneas* and his sleep forlook.
 He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies
 With purple blushing, and the day arise.
 Then water in his hollow palm he took
 From *Tiber's* flood, and thus the pow'rs bespoke:
Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
 And father *Tiber*, in thy sacred bed
 Receive *Aeneas*, and from danger keep.
 Whatever fount, whatever holy deep
 Conceals thy wat'ry stores; where-e'er they rise,
 And bubbling from below salute the skies:

NOTES.

* *Aeneas* is not absent so long, as he generally seems to have been, when he went to get allies to assist him against *Turnus*. This expedition is as quick as it was necessary. He goes from his camp near *Ofia*, about 15 miles up the *Tyber*, to *Rome*; thence 20 by land to *Cerveterre*; and thence to his camp again, about 35 by sea. He sets out (*Æn.* 8, 86.) by night, gets as far as *Rome* (*ibid.* 97.) about noon; and rests at *Evander's* (*ibid.* 369.) the next night. The second day he sets out for *Cerveterre*; comes in sight of *Tarcon* and his army; and stops in the wood of *Sylvanus* for that night. (*ibid.* 456, 551, 608.) The third day (*Æn.* 10, 157.) he is with *Tarcon*; is joined immediately by his troops; sets sail that afternoon, (*ibid.* 147, 192, 214, and 216.) and continues sailing all the night. The fourth day in the morning (*ibid.* 257, 260.) he comes in sight of his camp; lands (ver. 301.) and gets a victory over the enemy (ver. 908.) that evening. The two allies *Virgil* gives *Aeneas* in his war against the *Rutilians*, are *Evander* and *Tarcon*; one, king of that part of the country where *Rome* was afterwards built; and the other, king of *Hetruria*; for the same reason that he speaks of *Tuscany* and *Rome* together, in so many other particular passages. And as he had a fondness for the place where he was born, he has shewed his address (ver. 203.) in annexing the troops of *Mantua* to those of *Tuscany*, that his native country, which lay out of his line, might not lose the honour of having assisted in esta-

Thou king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
 Diffuses fatness to the fruitful corn,
 For this thy kind compassion of our woes,
 Shalt share my morning song, and ev'ning vows.
 But, oh! be present to thy people's aid,
 And firm the gracious promise thou hast made.
 Thus having said, two galleys from his stores*
 With care he chooses; mans, and fits with oars.
 Now on the shore the fatal swine is found:
 Wond'rous to tell; she lay along the ground;
 Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
 She white herself, and white her thirty young;
Aeneas takes the mother, and her brood,
 And all on *Juno's* altar are bestow'd.
 The following night, and the succeeding day,
 Propitious *Tiber* smooth'd his wat'ry way:†
 He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he stood,
 A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood.
 The *Trojans* mount their ships; they put from shore,
 Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
 Shouts from the land give omen to their course,‡
 And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.

The

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blishing *Aeneas* on the throne; and consequently, in making way for the *Cæsarean* family, so many centuries after. Thus, by this single disposition, he has paid his compliments to *Augustus*, to *Mecænas*, and to his country.

† There is something of the mixed metaphor (or rather mixed allegory) in this passage; and we know no occasion in which the ancients are so apt to fall into it, or at least to border upon it, as when they are speaking of rivers or river-gods. To this remark we shall further add, that the moderns, as well as the ancients, are apt to fall into this mixed allegory; not only in speaking of rivers and river-gods, but in other subjects, where the Deity presiding over, and the thing presided over, are put indiscriminately the one for the other. Thus, *Thomson*:

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,

While autumn——

Thus far we have some idea of a personage representing the season autumn crowned with a sickle (which by the way is odd) and the wheat sheaf. But what follows?

——Nodding o'er the yellow plain

Comes jovial on.——

Here nodding, applied to the God *Autumn*, is plainly an epithet belonging to the corn, over which he presided. See the speech of *Tellus*, *Ovid Metam.* b. 2. which affords numberless instances of this way of writing.

‡ Upon this omen of the white sow the soldiers had

The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of shields and painted ships, that stem the stream.*
One summer's night and one whole day they pass
Betwixt the green-wood shades, and cut the liquid
glaſs.

The fiery ſun had finiſh'd half his race,
Look'd back, and doubted in the middle ſpace;
When they from far beheld the riſing tow'rs,
The tops of ſheds, and ſhepherds lowly bow'rs:
Thin as they ſtood, which, then of homely clay,
Now riſe in marble from the *Roman* ſway.
Theſe cots (*Evander's* kingdom, mean and poor)
The *Trojan* ſaw, and turn'd his ſhips to ſhore.
'Twas on a ſolemn day; th' *Arcadian* ſtates,†
The king and prince without the city gates,
Then paid their off'rings in a ſacred grove,
To *Hercules*, the warrior ſon of *Jove*.
Thick clouds of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies,
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.

But when they ſaw the ſhips that ſtemm'd the
flood,
And glitter'd thro' the covert of the wood,
They roſe with fear, and left th' unfiniſh'd feaſt;‡
Till dauntleſs *Pallas* re-aſſur'd the reſt
To pay the rites. Himſelf without delay
A javelin ſeiz'd, and ſingly took his way.
Then gain'd a riſing ground, and call'd from far: }
Reſolve me, ſtrangers, whence and what you are; }
Your buſ'neſs here; and bring you peace or war? }
High on the ſtern *Aeneas* took his ſtand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he ſpoke: 'The *Phrygian* arms you ſee,
Expell'd from *Troy*, provok'd in *Italy*

By *Latian* foes, with war unjuſtly made:
At firſt affianc'd, and at laſt betray'd,
This meſſage bear: The *Trojans* and their chief
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.
Struck with ſo great a name, and all on fire,
The youth replies, Whatever you require
Your fame exacts; upon our ſhores deſcend,
A welcome gueſt, and what you wiſh a friend.
He ſaid; and downward haſting to the ſtrand,
Embrac'd the ſtranger prince, and join'd his hand.§
Conducted to the grove, *Aeneas* broke
The ſilence firſt, and thus the king beſpoke.
Beſt of the *Greeks*, to whom, by fate's command,
I bear theſe peaceful branches in my hand,
Undaunted I approach you; tho' I know
Your birth is *Grecian*, and your land my foe: ||
From *Atreus* tho' your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother-kings your kindred claim:
Yet my ſelf-conſcious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue through the neighb'ring nations blown,
Our fathers mingled blood, *Apollo's* voice,
Have led me hither, leſs by need than choice.
Our founder *Dardanus*, as fame has ſung,
And *Greeks* acknowledge, from *Electra* ſprung:
Electra from the loins of *Atlas* came,
Atlas whoſe head ſuſtains the ſtarry frame.
Your fire is *Mercury*, whom long before
On cold *Cyllene's* top fair *Maja* bore.
Maja the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was *Atlas's* daughter, who ſuſtains the ſky.
Thus from one common ſource our ſtreams divide
Our's is the *Trojan*, your's th' *Arcadian* ſide.

Rais'd

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had a current report among them that the event would be proſperous.

* The attributing of human paſſions to inanimate things is perfect poetry.

† There is ſomething very engaging in the diſpoſition of this ſcene. A ſacrifice performed in a wood, by the king, the prince, and all the court. In the miſt of ſo peaceful a ſolemnity, they are ſuddenly encountered with the ſight of ſhips, and armed men juſt ready to land upon them, &c. This is likewiſe a fine and natural introduction to the noble epiſode of *Cacus*: whoſe death was the occaſion of this feſtival which they are now celebrating.

‡ This is a fine opening to the character of *Pallas*. This young prince, who is afterwards to make ſo conſiderable a figure in the *Æneid*, is inſtantly

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alarmed at the hoſtile appearance of the ſhips, ſnatches up a javelin, and with great boldneſs and ready courage, demands the buſineſs of the *Trojans*. Any of the reſt of the company might with almoſt equal propriety have made this demand: but *Virgil* very judiciously takes this opportunity of prepoſſeſſing our opinions in favour of this hero.

§ *Tacitus* tells us, that it was the cuſtom of princes, when they would ſtrike a league, to join their right-hands, and as it were to bind and ſqueeze their fingers together.

|| The *Arcadians* belonged to *Greece*, whoſe cities (which were generally independent) were united by one common tie, like the *Swiſs Cantons*, which compoſe the *Helvetic* body. So that the *Arcadians*, as a people of *Greece*, were enemies to the *Trojans*.

Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news before,
 Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;
 But come without a pledge, my own ambassador.
 The same *Rutilians*, who with arms pursue
 The *Trojan* race, are equal foes to you.
 Our host expell'd, what farther force can stay
 The victor troops from universal sway?
 Then will they stretch their pow'r athwart the land,
 And either sea from side to side command.
 Receive our offer'd faith, and give us thine:
 Our's is a gen'rous and experienc'd line:
 We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
 In council cautious, and in fields we dare.
 He said; and while he spoke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vast surprize.
 Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his face,
 Then answer'd briefly with a royal grace.
 O valiant leader of the *Trojan* line,
 In whom the features of thy father shine,
 How I recall *Anchises*, how I see
 His motions, mien, and all my friend in thee!
 Long though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
 When *Priam* to his sister's * court delign'd.
 A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
 And thro' th' *Arcadian* kingdom took his way.
 Then, past a boy, the callow down began
 To shade my chin, and call me first a man.
 I saw the shining train with vast delight,
 And *Priam's* goodly person pleas'd my sight:
 But great *Anchises*, far above the rest,
 With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast:
 I long'd to join in friendship's holy bands
 Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.

I first accosted him: I su'd, I fought,
 And with a loving force to *Pheneus* brought.
 He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
 A *Lycian* quiver, and a *Gnessian* bow;
 A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold,
 And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
 Which my son's coursers in obedience hold.
 The league you ask I offer, as your right:
 And when to-morrow's sun reveals the light,
 With swift supplies you shall be sent away:
 Now celebrate with us this solemn day;
 Whose holy rites admit no long delay. †
 Honour our annual feast, and take your seat
 With friendly welcome at a homely treat. ‡
 Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd for fear)
 The youths replac'd, and soon restor'd the cheer.
 On sods of turf he set the soldiers round;
 A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
 Receiv'd the *Trojan* chief; and o'er the bed
 A lion's shaggy hide for ornament they spread.
 The loaves were serv'd in canisters; the wine
 In bowls; the priest renew'd the rites divine:
 Broil'd entrails are their food, and beef's continu'd
 chine.

But when the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 Thus spoke *Evander* to his royal guest: §
 These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,
 From no vain fears, or superstition spring;
 Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance;
 Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
 But sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense,
 The labours of a God we recompence.

See

NOTES.

* *Hesione*.

† The action of the *Æneid* is simple, like that of the *Iliad*. Both those poems end without a *peripetie*, or at least without a remembrance. But that which *Virgil* omitted in the recital of his general action, he has given us in an accessory incident. He feigns that *Æneas* is recognised by *Evander*, and this produces a new situation in the affairs of the *Trojans*. He affords him an ally, who procures him a second alliance with the *Etruscans*. Upon the whole, this remembrance is made in a manner the least affected in the world. The adventure which brought *Evander* hither, and the ancient friendship between him and *Anchises*, have a certain heroic *naivete*, which is very pleasing. Nevertheless the mind is still kept in suspense, concerning the issue of this interview between *Æneas* and *Evander*. The one is an *Arcadian*, and consequently an enemy of the

NOTES.

Trojans. We are solicitous to know how *Æneas* will bring himself off.

‡ It was a very lucky circumstance for *Virgil*, that the ancients were under an indispensable obligation of continuing the sacrifice, when they had once begun. By this means the poet finds an opportunity of introducing the praises of *Hercules*, and the noble episode of *Cacus*, without any inconsistency.

§ This justly famous and admirable episode is introduced with the greatest solemnity. The beginning of the description, pointing at the very place where the monster inhabited, awakens our attention, and fills us with an agreeable horror. And the whole is one of the most perfect pieces of poetry in being.

See from afar yon rock that mates the sky,
 About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie,
 Such indigested ruin; bleak and bare,
 How desart now it stands, expos'd in air!
 'Twas once a robber's den, inclos'd around
 With living stone, and deep beneath the ground.
 The monster *Cacus*, more than half a beast,*
 This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd:
 The pavement ever foul with human gore,
 Heads and their mangled members hung the door.
Vulcan this plague begot; and, like his fire,
 Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of liquid fire.
 Time long expected eas'd us of our load,
 And brought the needful presence of a God.
 Th' avenging force of *Hercules* from *Spain*
 Arriv'd in triumph, from *Geryon* slain;
 Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain. }
 His prize, the lowing herds, *Alcides* drove
 Near *Tiber's* bank, to graze the shady grove.
 Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
 By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
 The brutal *Cacus*, as by chance they stray'd,
 Four oxen thence and four fair kine convey'd.
 And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
 He dragg'd 'em backwards to his rocky den;
 The tracts averse a lying notice gave,
 And led the searcher backwards from the cave.
 Mean time the herdsman hero shifts his place,
 To find fresh pasture and untrodden grafs.
 The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all
 around
 With bellowsings, and the rocks restor'd the sound.
 One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
 Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
Alcides found the fraud: with rage he shook,
 And tofs'd about his head his knotted oak.
 Swift as the winds, or *Scythians* arrows flight,
 He climb'd with eager haste th' aerial height.
 Then first we saw the monster mend his pace,
 Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face,
 Confess'd the God's approach: trembling he springs,
 As terror had increas'd his feet with wings;

NOTES.

* This celebrated episode is not entirely fictitious. *Livy* and *Dionysius Halicarnassensis* relate the story, (we mean the bare circumstances) as we find it in our poet. All the beauties requisite to form a complete narrative, are here united. In the hands of an *Italian* poet, this episode would have made one entire canto; but here no circumstance is drawn out beyond it's due bounds. The spirit with which the combat between *Hercules* and *Cacus* is told, is beyond imitation.

No. 8.

Nor slay'd for stairs, but down the depth he threw
 His body, on his back the door he drew.
 The door a rib of living rock; with pains
 His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains.
 He broke the heavy links, the mountain clos'd,
 And bars and leavers to his foe oppos'd.
 The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast,
 The fierce avenger came with bounding haste;
 Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold,
 And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd;
 He gnash'd his teeth, and thrice he compass'd round
 With winged speed the circuit of the ground.
 Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
 And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.
 A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,
 Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:
 Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
 Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.
 The leaning head hung threat'ning o'er the flood,
 And nodded to the left: the hero stood
 Averse, with planted feet, and from the right
 Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might:
 Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
 Gave way; heav'n echo'd at the rattling shock:
 Tumbling it choak'd the flood: on either side
 The banks leap backward, and the streams divide.
 The sky shrunk upwards with unusual dread,
 And trembling *Tiber* div'd beneath his bed.
 The court of *Cacus* stands reveal'd to sight;
 The cavern glares with new admitted light. †
 So pent, the vapours with a rumbling sound
 Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground:
 A sounding flaw succeeds; and from on high,
 The Gods with hate beheld the nether sky:
 The ghosts repine at violated night,
 And curse th' invading sun, and sicken at the sight.
 The graceless monster caught in open day,
 Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
 Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
 His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
 The hero stands above, and from afar
 Plies him with darts and stones, and distant war.

He

NOTES.

† *Madam Dacier* and *Mr. Pope* seem to be mistaken, in imagining this simile is copied from *Homer*. The *Greek* poet is speaking of the agitation all nature was in, while the Gods took the field. Among the rest of the confusion, *Pluto* is represented leaping from his throne, and afraid, lest *Neptune* (the shaker of the earth) should open the ground, and discover the regions of darkness. But he no where makes use of this image for a simile, as *Virgil* does; and the application is excellent.

O o

He from his nostrils and huge mouth expires
Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires.
Gath'ring with each repeated blast the night,
To make uncertain aim and erring fight.
The wrathful God then plunges from above,
And where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,
There lights, and wades through fumes, and gropes
his way,

Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasp'd his prey.
The monster spewing fruitless flames he found;
He squeez'd his throat, he writh'd his neck around,
And in a knot his crippled members bound.
Then from their sockets tore his burning eyes;
Roll'd on a heap the breathless robber lies:
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day,
And thorough lights disclose the ravish'd prey.
The bulls redeem'd breathe open air again;
Next by the feet they drag him from his den.
The wond'ring neighbourhood with glad surprize,
Beheld his shaggy breast, his giant size,
His mouth that flames no more, and his ex-
tinguish'd eyes.

From that auspicious day, with rites divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows,
As priests were added the *Pinarian* house;
Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,*
Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown.

NOTES.

* *Livy*, book 1, thus relates *Evander's* address to *Hercules*: "Hail *Hercules*, son of *Jove*! my mother, a true interpreter of heavenly things, has predicted that you will increase the number of the Gods, and that an altar will be dedicated to you; which, in future times, the most potent nation upon earth shall call *MAXIMA*, [greatest] and serve with your own rites." *Hercules*, joining hands, answered, he received the omen, and would fulfil the prophecy by building and consecrating an altar. *Ovid. Fast.* 1, 585, tells us, that this altar stood in the *Forum Boarium*.

† The *Salii* were instituted by *Numa*. They were twelve in number, and born of Patrician families. Their number was doubled by *Tullus Hostilius*. They danced in armour to the music of pipes, shaking a small kind of shield called *ancile*: their name is derived a *saliendo*. Though the *Salii* were instituted long after *Evander's* time, yet *Virgil* has not scrupled to introduce them.

‡ This transition from the third person to the

Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood,
And with deep draughts invoke our common God.
This said, a double wreath *Evander* twin'd,
And poplars black and white his temples bind;
Then brims his ample bowl: with like design
The rest invoke the Gods with sprinkled wine.
Mean time the sun descended from the skies,
And the bright ev'ning-star began to rise.
And now the priests, *Potitius* at their head,
In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led:
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands;
Then with a second course the tables load,
And with full chargers offer to the God.
The *Salii* sing, and cense his altars round †
With *Sabian* smoke, their heads with poplar bound.
One choir of old, another of the young,
To dance, and bear the burden of the song.
The lay records the labours, and the praise,
And all th' immortal acts of *Hercules*.
First how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
The serpents strangled with his infant hands.
Then as in years and matchless force he grew,
Th' *Oechalian* walls and *Trojan* overthrew.
Besides a thousand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by *Juno's* and *Euristheus'* hate.
Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
The cloud-born *Centaur*s, and the monster crew. ‡
Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood:
Nor he the roaring terror of the wood.

The

NOTES.

second, and from a mere relation to a panegyric address, is very artful. *Milton*, in his evening hymn, has finely imitated this; *Mr. Addison* seems not aware that it was borrowed from our poet:

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky, ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth and
heav'n,

Which they beheld; the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole:—Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent! and thou the day!

Parad. Lost, b. 4, 1720.

There is likewise a judicious copy of this way of speaking, b. 3. ver. 55, of *Leonidas*, in the hymn which the *Persians* sing to *Oromasdes*—

———If the hand

Of *Oromasdes* on precarious life
Shed wealth and pleasure, soon th' infernal God
With wild excess or avarice blasts the joy.
Thou, *Oromasdes*, victory dost give.
By thee with fame the regal head is crown'd.

The triple porter of the *Stygian* seat
 With lolling tongue lay fawning at thy feet,
 And seiz'd with fear, forgot thy mangled meat.
 Th' infernal waters tremble at thy sight:
 Thee, God, no face of danger could affright;
 Not huge *Typhæus*, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
 Increas'd with hissing heads, in *Lerna's* lake.
 Hail, *Jove's* undoubted son! an added grace
 To heav'n, and the great author of thy race.
 Receive the grateful off'rings which we pay,
 And smile propitious on thy solemn day.
 In numbers thus they sung: above the rest,
 The den and death of *Cacus* crown the feast.
 The woods to hollow vales convey the found;
 The vales to hills, and hills the notes rebound.
 The rites perform'd, the chearful train retire.
 Betwixt young *Pallas* and his aged fire
 The *Trojan* pass'd, the city to survey,
 And pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious way.
 The stranger cast around his curious eyes,
 New objects viewing still with new surprize.
 With greedy joy inquires of various things,
 And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
 Then thus the founder of the *Roman* tow'rs:
 These woods were first the seat of *Sylvan* pow'rs,*
 Of nymphs and fawns and savage men, who took
 Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.†
 Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care
 Of lab'ring oxen, nor the shining share;
 Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.‡
 Their exercise the chace; the running flood
 Supply'd their thirst, the trees supply'd their food.
 Then *Saturn* came, who fled the pow'r of *Jove*,
 Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.

NOTES.

* *Livy* tells all this story in the same manner, l. i, 7. *Virgil* is exact throughout, and follows the historians or tradition closely.

† It was a practice among the heathens, to expose those children which they would not, or could not educate. The places where they deposited them, were generally caverns, or hollow oaks. These children being frequently found, and preserved by strangers, were said to be the offspring of those trees or rocks where they were found. Hence the poet's fable, that men were born of oaks, &c.

‡ A place in the *Palatine* mount, where the *Arcadians* under *Evander* consecrated a temple to *Pan*, God of *Arcadia*. An annual festival in honour of *Pan* was here celebrated by young men who ran naked, with whips made of goat-skins, striking every one they met; more particularly women; who thought these strokes contributed to give them an easy delivery. They were called *Luperci*.

The men dispers'd on hills to towns he brought.
 And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught:
 And *Latium* call'd the land where safe he lay
 From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.
 With his mild empire peace and plenty came,
 And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
 A more degenerate and discolour'd age
 Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
 Th' *Ausonians* then and bold *Sicantians* came,
 And *Saturn's* empire often chang'd the name.
 Then kings, gigantic *Tibris*, and the rest,
 With arbitrary sway the land oppress'd:
 For *Tiber's* flood was *Albula* before,
 Till from the tyrant's fate his name it bore.
 I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home
 By fortune's pow'r, and fate's resistless doom.
 Long tofs'd on seas I fought this happy land,
 Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by heav'n's
 command.

Thus walking on he spoke, and shew'd the gate;
 Since call'd *Carmental* by the *Roman* state;
 Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
 Of old *Carmenta*, the prophetic dame:
 Who to her son foretold th' *Æthenean* race,
 Sublime in fame, and *Rome's* imperial place:
 Then shews the forest, which in after times
 Fierce *Romulus*, for perpetrated crimes,
 A sacred refuge made: with this the shrine
 Where *Pan* below the rock had rites divine.‡
 Then tells of *Argus's* death, his murder'd guest,§
 Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
 Thence to the steep *Tarpeian* rock he leads,||
 Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd with homely
 reeds.

A rev'rend

NOTES.

§ The commentators in general agree, that *Argus* was murdered, without the knowledge of *Evander*, by the *Arcadians*; from a suspicion of his aspiring to the throne. *Evander* buried him in this place, with great pomp; and here, *Virgil* says, *Evander testatur locum*, that is, he as it were witnesses, or swears on the spot of ground, that he was not guilty of violating the laws of hospitality by his death.

|| There were two Capitoliūms at *Rome*. The former of these was built by *Tarquinius Priscus*, near the place where the *Barbarini* palace now stands, and was called *Capitolium Vetus*; the other by the second *Tarquin*, on the hill which was thence called the *Capitoline Hill*. Nothing was ever more sublimely conceived than this image! The mountain on which in ages to come the Capitol was to be built, was even now, while in it's original desolate state, filled with religious horror, and supposed by
 the

A rev'rend fear (such superstition reigns
 Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains.
 Some God they knew, what God they could not tell,
 Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.
 Th' *Arcadians* thought him *Jove*, and said they saw
 The mighty thund'rer with majestic awe;
 Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around,
 And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.
 Then saw two heaps of ruins; once they stood
 Two stately towns, on either side the flood,
Saturnia's and *Fanacula's* remains,
 And either place the founder's name retains.
 Discoursing thus together, they resort
 Where poor *Evander* kept his country court.
 They view'd the ground of *Rome's* litigious hall;
 Once oxen low'd were now the lawyer's bawl.*
 Then stooping thro' the narrow gates they press'd,
 When thus the king bespoke his *Trojan* guest:†
 Mean as it is, this palace and this door
 Receiv'd *Alcides*, then a conqueror.
 Dare to be poor; accept our homely food
 Which feasted him, and emulate a God.‡
 Then underneath a lowly roof he led
 The weary prince, and laid him on a bed;
 The stuffing leaves with hides of bears o'er-spread. }
 Now night had shed her silver dews around, §
 And with her fable wings embrac'd the ground,
 When love's fair Goddess, anxious for her son,
 (New tumults rising, and new wars begun)

NOTES.

the wild *Arcadians* to be the residence of some deity; they imagined they had seen even *Jupiter* himself descending upon it in storms and clouds, shaking his black ægis. The *Romans* imagined *Jupiter* to be present in the capitol, as fully and in as much glory as in the highest heavens.

* It was certainly a very pleasing contemplation among the *Romans* to look back upon their original; to compare the magnificence of *Rome*, with the rural and unadorned state of things which formerly appeared on the very spot where it was built. No less than two poets besides *Virgil*, in the *Augustan* age, have made this comparison, *Tibullus* and *Propertius*.

† We fear there are some readers of such false delicacy, as to be disgusted with the simplicity and plainness of *Evander*, and his court. But let us be ingenuous, and confess, that while the moderns admire nothing but pomp, and can think nothing great or beautiful, but what is the produce of wealth, they exclude themselves from the pleasantest and most natural images that adorn the old poetry. State and form disguise man; and wealth and luxury

Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,
 With these alluring words invokes his aid;
 And, that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
 Inspires each accent with the charms of love.
 While cruel fate conspir'd with *Grecian* pow'rs
 To level with the ground the *Trojan* tow'rs,
 I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore,
 Nor did the succour of thy skill implore;
 Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
 A sinking empire longer to sustain.
 Tho' I much ow'd to *Priam's* house; and more
 The danger of *Aeneas* did deplore.
 But now by *Jove's* command, and *Fate's* decree,
 His race is doom'd to reign in *Italy*;
 With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
 O still propitious pow'r that rules my heart!
 A mother kneels a suppliant for her son.
 By *Thetis* and *Aurora* thou wert won
 To forge impenetrable shields, and grace
 With fated arms, a less illustrious race.
 Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
 Against the relicks of the *Phrygian* kind,
 With fire and sword my people to destroy;
 And conquer *Venus* twice in conqu'ring *Troy*.
 She said; and straight her arms, of snowy hue,
 About her unresolving husband threw.
 Her soft embraces soon infuse desire;
 His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire,
 And all the Godhead feels the wonted fire. }

Not

NOTES.

disguise nature. Their effects in writing are answerable; a lord-mayor's show, or grand procession of any kind, is not very delicious reading, if described minutely and at length; and great ceremony is at least equally tiresome in a poem, as in ordinary conversation.

‡ Never was a nobler welcome into any palace, than this. The simplicity, and at the same time the sublimity of this sentiment of *Evander*, is in every respect admirable. *Virgil*, who had a full view of all the *Roman* magnificence, has yet given a beauty to king *Evander's* poverty, and made it an ornament to his poem.

§ The poet, with infinite art, takes this opportunity of filling up the vacancy of night and sleep, by introducing *Venus* applying to *Vulcan* for a shield for her son, together with his formation of it. By this artifice, the business transacted between *Aeneas* and *Evander* is related with less interruption and embarrassment; neither is there any time lost or taken up in relating what passes between *Venus* and *Vulcan*, with his compliance, and execution of her request.

Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
 Or forked lightnings flash along the skies.
 The Goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
 And conscious of her form, in secret smiles.
 Then thus the pow'r obnoxious to her charms,
 Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:
 Why seek you reasons for a cause so just;
 Or your own beauties, or my love distrust?
 Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
 Th' artificer and art you might command,
 To labour arms for *Troy*: nor *Jove*, nor *Fate*,
 Confin'd their empire to so short a date;
 And if you now desire new wars to wage,
 My skill I promise, and my pains engage.*
 Whatever melting metals can conspire,
 Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
 Is freely your's; your anxious fears remove,
 And think no task is difficult to love.
 Trembling he spoke, and eager of her charms,
 He snatch'd the willing Goddess to his arms;
 Till in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
 Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.
 Now when the night her middle race had rode,
 And his first slumber had refresh'd the God;
 The time when early housewives leave the bed,
 When living embers on the hearth they spread,

NOTES.

* *Æneas*, as well as *Achilles*, has arms of a celestial make, and temperament. One of the great tenets of the old poets is, that "Man can do nothing without the Gods assisting or impelling him:" and they carry this so far, as to attribute such an action of a man to such a deity, as in the case of *Palinurus*, b. 5. But this was not imagined by them to lessen the guilt of the man in bad actions, or draw any thing from his glory in good ones. All power of action was supplied from the Gods; but the manner of acting, and the choice of it, was in the man's own determination. In judging of the ancients, we should go by the ideas which prevailed among them; and not those, which prevail now. The emperor *Aurelian*, in his letter to the senate, giving an account of a victory obtained by him over his enemies, mentions the assistance of his Gods towards it, as a credit to him, rather than a discredit. And in those honorary columns erected at *Rome*, in memory of the victories of *Trajan* and *Marcus Aurelius*, the Gods are represented as assisting them to gain these victories.

† *Hiera*.

‡ *Homer* places *Vulcan's* forge in heaven; *Virgil* upon earth; and whatever other reasons may be given to prefer this before that, we think this is one,

No. 9.

Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise,
 With yawning mouths, and with half-open'd eyes,
 They ply the distaff by the winking light,
 And to their daily labour add the night.
 Thus frugally they earn their children's bread,
 And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed,
 Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
 Rose from his downy couch the forging pow'r.

Sacred to *Vulcan's* name an isle † there lay,
 Betwixt *Sicilia's* coasts and *Lipare*,
 Rais'd high on smoaking rocks, and deep below,
 In hollow caves the fires of *Ætna* glow.
 The *Cyclops* here their heavy hammers deal; ‡
 Loud strokes and hissings of tormented steel
 Are heard around: the boiling waters roar,
 And smoaky flames through fuming tunnels soar.
 Hither the father of the fire by night
 Thro' the brown air precipitates his flight,
 On their eternal anvils here he found
 The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
 A load of pointless thunder now there lies
 Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:
 These darts for angry *Jove* they daily cast,
 Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste.
 Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more, §
 Of winged southern winds and cloudy store

As

NOTES.

that it has given occasion to a far better description, indeed to one of the noblest descriptions that ever was made. As the eruptions of *Ætna* are matter of plain fact, nothing could be more ingeniously or more poetically imagined, than to make a place adjoining to that mountain the shop of the *Cyclops*.

§ We cannot forbear transcribing a very elegant parody of this passage, from a beautiful burlesque poem, entitled, *The School Mistress*. Speaking of the rod, the author has these lines:

And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprags; with anxious fear en-
 twin'd,

With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;
 And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
 And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

This composition of *Virgil's* is partly natural, and partly poetical. The natural ingredients of it, are clouds, wind, fire, rain, and hail; for his *imber tor-tus* seems to signify the same, as *durus imber* does in *Columella*. The word *tres*, so often repeated in it, may have some relation to the epithets *trifidum* and *trifulcum*, so often given to *fulmen* by the poets, and so very well agreeing with the figures of it, in most antiques; as the epithet of *alitis*, may have some reference to the wings given to it, in some of them.

P p

The

As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior ministers for *Mars* repair
His broken axle-trees and blunted war,
And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
To wake the lazy war with trumpets loud alarms.
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold
The shield of *Pallas*, and renew their gold.
Full on the crest the *Gorgon's* head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.

My sons, said *Vulcan*, set your tasks aside,*
Your strength and master skill must now be try'd,
Arms for a hero forge; arms that require
Your force, your speed, and all your foaming fire.
He said: they set their former work aside,
And their new toils with eager haste divide.
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
And deadly steel in the large furnace roll'd;
Of this their artful hands a shield prepare,
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
Sev'n orbs within a spacious round they close;
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns their arms advance, in equal time;
By turns their hands descend, and hammers chime.
They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs;
The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs.
While at the *Lemnian* God's command they urge
Their labours thus, and ply th' *Æolian* forge,
The cheerful morn salutes *Evander's* eyes;
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.†

NOTES.

The poetical ingredients were, fear, wrath, and terror.

* The poet in this place artfully dignifies his hero, and marks out his importance. The lightning of *Jupiter*, the chariot of *Mars*, the ægis of *Minerva*, are all laid aside for the shield of *Æneas*. The instruments of the most powerful deities are instantly deserted, and left unfinished, that a mortal hero may be furnished with armour. This is an artifice of *Virgil*, tending to the true sublime; and in this respect the *Greek* poet, *Iliad* 18, is surpassed by the *Roman*.

† There is a beautiful simplicity in these lines, as well as in the thing described.

‡ It was customary for princes and heroes of old, to be attended with dogs. Thus *Telemachus*, *Odysseus* b. 2. did not go out alone, but was followed by two domestic dogs. And *Syphax*, in *Livy*, standing between two dogs, address *Scipio*. *Iliad*, b. 23.

He leaves his lowly bed; his buskins meet
Above his ancles; sandals sheath his feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
And o'er his shoulders throws a panther's hide,
Two menial dogs before their master press'd: ‡
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.

Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace,
But meets *Æneas* in the middle space.
Young *Pallas* did his father's steps attend,
And true *Achates* waited on his friend.
They join their hands; a secret feat they choose;
Th' *Arcadian* first their former talk renews.
Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The *Trojan* empire lost when you survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful friend;
But feeble are the succours I can send:
Our narrow kingdom here the *Tiber* bounds;
That other side the *Latian* state surrounds;
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare to join
Their arms with your's, and aid your just design.
You come as by your better genius sent,
And fortune seems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient building and of high renown,
Torn from the *Tuscans* by the *Lydian* race,
Who gave the name of *Cære* to the place,
Once *Agyllina* call'd: it flourish'd long
In pride of wealth, and warlike people strong;
Till curs'd *Mezentius*, in a fatal hour, §
Assum'd the crown with arbitrary pow'r.

What

NOTES.

Achilles is described with nine large dogs at his board.—Poetry is like painting, which draws the greatest beauties from the simplest customs: and even in history, we receive a sensible pleasure from the least circumstance that denotes the customs of ancient times. It may be added, that the poet, as well as the painter, is obliged to follow the custom of the age, of which he writes or paints. A modern dress would ill become *Achilles* or *Ulysses*; such a conduct would be condemned as an absurdity in painting, and ought to be so in poetry. To blame the ancient poets for copying nature faithfully, is to find fault with the greatest masters for drawing exact pictures. Ought *Momus* to be drawn like *Jupiter*? *Silenus* like *Apollo*? *Alecto* like *Venus*? &c. Must our present court be painted with the ruffs and beards used in former reigns?

§ This is a narrative of great importance to the poem; and it is very properly and judiciously inserted.

What words can paint those execrable times,*
 The subjects sufferings, and the tyrant's crimes!
 That blood, those murders, O ye Gods, replace
 On his own head, and on his impious race:
 The living and the dead, at his command,
 Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand;
 Till choak'd with stench, in loath'd embraces ty'd,
 The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and dy'd.
 Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more,
 The people's patience try'd, no longer bore
 The raging monster; but with arms beset
 His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.
 They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,
 They force his guards, and execute his friends:
 He cleaves the crowd, and favour'd by the night,
 To *Turnus*' friendly court directs his flight.
 By just revenge the *Tuscans* set on fire,
 With arms their king to punishment require:
 Their num'rous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
 My counsel shall submit to your command.
 Their navy swarms upon the coasts: they cry
 To hoist their anchors, but the Gods deny.
 An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
 With these foreboding words restrains their hate:
 Ye brave in arms, ye *Lydian* blood, the flow'r
 Of *Tuscan* youth, and choice of all their pow'r,
 Whom just revenge against *Mezentius* arms
 To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;
 Know this; no native of our land may lead
 This pow'rful people: seek a foreign head.

Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide,
 And wait with longing looks their promis'd guide.
Tarchon, the *Tuscan* chief, to me has sent
 Their crown, and ev'ry regal ornament:
 The people join their own with his desire,
 And all my conduct as their king require.
 But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
 And age, and listless limbs, unfit for pains,
 And a soul-conscious of it's own decay,
 Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.
 My *Pallas* were more fit to mount the throne,
 And should, but he's a *Sabine* mother's son,
 And half a native; but in you combine
 A manly vigour, and a foreign line:
 Where fate and smiling fortune shew the way,
 Pursue the ready path to sov'rein sway.

NOTES.

serted in this place. The action very much turns upon *Mezentius*, and his concerns. For without the auxiliary forces of the *Tuscans*, which his tyranny occasioned, *Aeneas* could not have carried on the war.

The staff of my declining days, my son,
 Shall make your good or ill success his own:
 In fighting fields from you shall learn to dare,
 And serve the hard apprenticeship of war:
 Your matchless courage and your conduct view,
 And early shall begin to admire and copy you.
 Besides, two hundred horse he shall command,
 Tho' few, a warlike and well-chosen band:
 These in my name are list'd, and my son
 As many more has added in his own.
 Scarce had he said, *Achates* and his guest,
 With down-cast eyes their silent grief express;
 Who short of succours, and in deep despair,
 Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
 But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
 To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud;
 Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky,
 And *Tyrrhene* trumpets thrice were heard on high.
 Then gazing up, repeated peals they hear,
 And in a heav'n serene refulgent arms appear;
 Red'ning the skies, and glitt'ring all around,
 The temper'd metals clath, and yield a silver sound.
 The rest stood trembling, struck with awe divine;
Aeneas only conscious to the sign,
 Presag'd th' event, and joyful view'd above
 Th' accomplish'd promise of the queen of love.
 Then to th' *Arcadian* king: This prodigy
 (Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.
 Heav'n calls me to the war: th' expected sign
 Is giv'n of promis'd aids, and arms divine.
 My Goddess-mother, whose indulgent care
 Forefaw the dangers of the growing war,
 This omen gave; when bright *Vulcanian* arms,
 Fated from force of steel by *Stygian* charms,
 Suspended, shone on high: she then foreshow'd
 Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn;
 And corps, and swords, and shields, on *Tiber* borne,
 Shall choke his flood: now sound the loud alarms,
 And, *Latian* troops, prepare your perjur'd arms.

He said, and raising from his homely throne,
 The solemn rites of *Hercules* begun;
 And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires;
 Then chearful to his household Gods retires,
 There offers chosen sheep: th' *Arcadian* king
 And *Trojan* youth the same oblations bring.

Next

NOTES.

* The abhorrence which this good old king expresses for the cruelties of *Mezentius* is extremely natural, and they are artfully mentioned by the poet to raise our hatred of his barbarous character, which makes a fine contrast to *Evander's*.

As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
 And fears are added, and avenging flame.
 Inferior ministers for *Mars* repair
 His broken axle-trees and blunted war,
 And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
 To wake the lazy war with trumpets loud alarms.
 The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold
 The shield of *Pallas*, and renew their gold.
 Full on the crest the *Gorgon's* head they place,
 With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted
 face.

My sons, said *Vulcan*, set your tasks aside,*
 Your strength and master skill must now be try'd,
 Arms for a hero forge; arms that require
 Your force, your speed, and all your foaming fire.
 He said: they set their former work aside,
 And their new toils with eager haste divide.
 A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
 And deadly steel in the large furnace roll'd;
 Of this their artful hands a shield prepare,
 Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
 Sev'n orbs within a spacious round they close;
 One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
 The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
 The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
 By turns their arms advance, in equal time;
 By turns their hands descend, and hammers chime.
 They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongues;
 The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs.
 While at the *Lemnian* God's command they urge
 Their labours thus, and ply th' *Æolian* forge,
 The chearful morn salutes *Evander's* eyes;
 And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.†

NOTES.

The poetical ingredients were, fear, wrath, and terror.

* The poet in this place artfully dignifies his hero, and marks out his importance. The lightning of *Jupiter*, the chariot of *Mars*, the ægis of *Minerva*, are all laid aside for the shield of *Æneas*. The instruments of the most powerful deities are instantly deserted, and left unfinished, that a mortal hero may be furnished with armour. This is an artifice of *Virgil*, tending to the true sublime; and in this respect the *Greek* poet, *Iliad* 18, is surpassed by the *Roman*.

† There is a beautiful simplicity in these lines, as well as in the thing described.

‡ It was customary for princes and heroes of old, to be attended with dogs. Thus *Telemachus*, *Odyss.* b. 2. did not go out alone, but was followed by two domestic dogs. And *Syphax*, in *Livy*, standing between two dogs, address *Scipio*. *Iliad*, b. 23.

He leaves his lowly bed; his buskins meet
 Above his ancles; sandals sheath his feet:
 He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
 And o'er his shoulders throws a panther's hide,
 Two menial dogs before their master press'd:‡
 Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly
 guest.

Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace,
 But meets *Æneas* in the middle space.
 Young *Pallas* did his father's steps attend,
 And true *Achates* waited on his friend.
 They join their hands; a secret feat they choose;
 Th' *Arcadian* first their former talk renews.
 Undaunted prince, I never can believe
 The *Trojan* empire lost when you survive.
 Command th' assistance of a faithful friend;
 But feeble are the succours I can send:
 Our narrow kingdom here the *Tiber* bounds;
 That other side the *Latian* state surrounds;
 Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds. }
 But mighty nations I prepare to join
 Their arms with your's, and aid your just design.
 You come as by your better genius sent,
 And fortune seems to favour your intent.
 Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
 Of ancient building and of high renown,
 Torn from the *Tuscan* by the *Lydian* race,
 Who gave the name of *Cære* to the place,
 Once *Agyllina* call'd: it flourish'd long
 In pride of wealth, and warlike people strong;
 Till curs'd *Mezentius*, in a fatal hour, §
 Assum'd the crown with arbitrary pow'r.

What

NOTES.

Achilles is described with nine large dogs at his board. — Poetry is like painting, which draws the greatest beauties from the simplest customs: and even in history, we receive a sensible pleasure from the least circumstance that denotes the customs of ancient times. It may be added, that the poet, as well as the painter, is obliged to follow the custom of the age, of which he writes or paints. A modern dress would ill become *Achilles* or *Ulysses*; such a conduct would be condemned as an absurdity in painting, and ought to be so in poetry. To blame the ancient poets for copying nature faithfully, is to find fault with the greatest masters for drawing exact pictures. Ought *Momus* to be drawn like *Jupiter*? *Silenus* like *Apollo*? *Alecto* like *Venus*? &c. Must our present court be painted with the ruffs and beards used in former reigns?

§ This is a narrative of great importance to the poem; and it is very properly and judiciously in-

What words can paint those execrable times,*
 The subjects suff'rings, and the tyrant's crimes!
 That blood, those murders, O ye Gods, replace
 On his own head, and on his impious race:
 The living and the dead, at his command,
 Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand;
 Till choak'd with stench, in loath'd embraces ty'd,
 The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and dy'd.
 Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more,
 The people's patience try'd, no longer bore
 The raging monster; but with arms beset
 His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.
 They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,
 They force his guards, and execute his friends:
 He cleaves the crowd, and favour'd by the night,
 To *Turnus*' friendly court directs his flight.
 By just revenge the *Tuscans* set on fire,
 With arms their king to punishment require:
 Their num'rous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
 My counsel shall submit to your command.
 Their navy swarms upon the coasts: they cry
 To hoist their anchors, but the Gods deny.
 An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
 With these foreboding words restrains their hate:
 Ye brave in arms, ye *Lydian* blood, the flow'r
 Of *Tuscan* youth, and choice of all their pow'r,
 Whom just revenge against *Mezentius* arms
 To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;
 Know this; no native of our land may lead
 This pow'rful people: seek a foreign head.

Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide,
 And wait with longing looks their promis'd guide.
Tarchon, the *Tuscan* chief, to me has sent
 Their crown, and ev'ry regal ornament:
 The people join their own with his desire,
 And all my conduct as their king require.
 But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
 And age, and listless limbs, unfit for pains,
 And a soul-conscious of it's own decay,
 Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.
 My *Pallas* were more fit to mount the throne,
 And should, but he's a *Sabine* mother's son,
 And half a native; but in you combine
 A manly vigour, and a foreign line:
 Where fate and smiling fortune shew the way,
 Pursue the ready path to sov'rein sway.

NOTES.

serted in this place. The action very much turns upon *Mezentius*, and his concerns. For without the auxiliary forces of the *Tuscans*, which his tyranny occasioned, *Aeneas* could not have carried on the war.

The staff of my declining days, my son,
 Shall make your good or ill success his own:
 In fighting fields from you shall learn to dare,
 And serve the hard apprenticeship of war:
 Your matchless courage and your conduct view,
 And early shall begin t'admire and copy you.
 Besides, two hundred horse he shall command,
 Tho' few, a warlike and well-chosen band:
 These in my name are list'd, and my son
 As many more has added in his own.
 Scarce had he said, *Achates* and his guest,
 With down-cast eyes their silent grief express;
 Who short of succours, and in deep despair,
 Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
 But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
 To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud;
 Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky,
 And *Tyrrhene* trumpets thrice were heard on high.
 Then gazing up, repeated peals they hear,
 And in a heav'n serene refulgent arms appear;
 Red'ning the skies, and glitt'ring all around,
 The temper'd metals clath, and yield a silver sound.
 The rest stood trembling, struck with awe divine;
Aeneas only conscious to the sign,
 Presag'd th' event, and joyful view'd above
 Th' accomplish'd promise of the queen of love.
 Then to th' *Arcadian* king: This prodigy
 (Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.
 Heav'n calls me to the war: th' expected sign
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Next of his men and ships he makes review,
 Draws out the best and ablest of the crew.
 Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
 To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
 Steeds are prepar'd to mount the *Trojan* band,
 Who wait their leader to the *Tyrrhene* land.
 A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest,
 The king himself presents his royal guest.
 A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
 Precious with studded works, and paws of gold.
 Fame thro' the little city spreads aloud
 'Th' intended march amid the fearful crowd:
 The matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,
 And double their devotion in their fears.
 The war at hand appears with more affright,
 And rises ev'ry moment to the fight.
 Then old *Evander*, with a close embrace,
 Strain'd his departing friend, and tears o'erflow his face.

Would heav'n, said he, my strength and youth recall,
 Such as I was beneath *Præneste's* wall; *
 Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
 And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire. †
 When *Herilus* in single fight I slew, ‡
 Whom with three lives *Feronia* did endue,
 And thrice I sent him to the *Stygian* shore,
 Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more:
 Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,
 Nor death, should rend me from my *Pallas's* arms;
 Nor proud *Mezentius* thus unpunish'd boast
 His rapes and murders on the *Tuscan* coast.
 Ye Gods! and mighty *Jove*, in pity bring
 Relief, and hear a father and a king.
 If fate and you reserve these eyes to see
 My son return with peace and victory;

NOTES.

* This speech has two parts; and both of exquisite beauty. In the former, this old king, at seeing *Aeneas* and his son with the troops going forth to battle, is filled with the heroic ideas of his youth; and wishes he was now equal to those brave exploits which he had formerly achieved. In the latter, he turns the discourse to his son, and assures him, that though oppress'd with age and misfortune, he will be content still to live, so that his dear *Pallas* returns safe. But how pathetically does the poet prepare the incidents of *Pallas's* death, by making *Evander* afterwards suppose the other alternative, and in the midst of this supposition, representing him as fainting away, and carried off by the attendants! How much this last circumstance would shine on the stage, need not be insisted on.

If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's fight,
 If we shall meet again with more delight;
 Then draw my life in length, let me sustain,
 In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
 But if your hard decrees, which, O! I dread,
 Have doom'd to death his undeserving head;
 This, O this very moment, let me die,
 While hopes and fears in equal balance lie;
 While yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
 I strain him close within these aged arms;
 Before that fatal news my soul shall wound!
 He said, and swooning, sunk upon the ground: §
 His servants bore him off, and softly laid
 His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.
 The horsemen march, the gates are open'd wide,
Aeneas at their head, *Achates* by his side.
 Next these the *Trojan* leaders rode along;
 Last follows in the rear th' *Arcadian* throng.
 Young *Pallas* shone conspicuous o'er the rest,
 Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
 So from the seas exerts his radiant head
 The star, by whom the lights of heav'n are led;
 Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dew,
 Disperses the darkness, and the day renews.
 The trembling wives the walls and turrets crowd,
 And follow with their eyes the dusty cloud,
 Which winds disperse by fits, and shew from far
 The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.
 The troops drawn up in beautiful array,
 O'er healthy plains pursue the ready way.
 Repeated peals of shouts are heard around;
 The neighing coursers answer to the sound,
 And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground. }
 A greenwood shade, for long religion known, ||
 Stands by the streams that wash'd the *Tuscan* town,
 Incompass'd

NOTES.

† Shields may seem an unusual sort of fuel; but *Servius* says it alludes to a piece of history: *Tarquinius Priscus* burnt the shields of the *Sabines* in honour of *Vulcan*. Shields in those days were made chiefly of wood, and leather, with only a plate of iron.

‡ *Herilus* king of *Præneste* opposed the coming of *Evander* into *Italy*. *Evander* slew him and his followers, and burnt their shields.

§ The pause in the original at the first word in the line, *vulneret*—judiciously represents the king's stopping short, and fainting away.

|| *Virgil* here makes an elegant poetical use of the religious character of the place, in describing a venerable grove of firs, which stood near it. In the *Old Testament* frequent mention is made of consecrated

Incompas'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.
The first inhabitants, of *Grecian* blood,
That sacred forest to *Sylvanus* vow'd,
The guardian of their flocks and fields; they pay
Their due devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the river's side,
In tents secure, the *Tuscan* troops abide,
By *Tarchon* led. Now from a rising ground
Æneas cast his wond'ring eyes around,
And all the *Tyrrhene* army had in fight,
Stretch'd on the spacious plain from left to right.
Thither his warlike train the *Trojan* led,
Refresh'd his men, and weary'd horses fed.
Mean time the mother-goddeſs, crown'd with
 charms,
Breaks thro' the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
Within a winding vale ſhe finds her ſon,
On the cool river's banks retir'd alone.
She ſhews her heav'nly form without diſguiſe,
And gives herſelf to his deſiring eyes.
Behold, ſhe ſaid, perform'd in ev'ry part,
My promiſe made, and *Vulcan's* labour'd art.
Now ſeek ſecure the *Latian* enemy,
And haughty *Turnus* to the field deſy.
She ſaid; and having firſt her ſon embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak ſhe plac'd.
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy ſight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vaſt delight: *

NOTES.

crated groves among the followers of idolatry. Thus, 2 *Chron.* xxiv. 18. "And they left the houſe of the Lord God of their fathers, and ſerved groves and idols." And, 2 *Chron.* xiv. 3. "He brake down the images, and cut down the groves." The *Jewiſh* law forbade the planting groves near God's altar, as a part of the *Pagan* ſuperſtition. *Deuteron.* xiv. 21. "Thou ſhalt not plant thee a grove of any trees near unto the altar of the Lord thy God, which thou ſhalt make thee."

* When *Jafon* brings the golden fleece from the grove to the ſhip, in *Apollonius Rhodius*, book 3, the *Argonauts* gaze on it with infinite ſurprize and delight; every one takes a pride in handling it, and turning it round. *Virgil* ſeems here to have had that beautiful paſſage in his eye. Thus *Sir Triftram*, in *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, book 6, canto 2, ſtanza 39:

But *Triftram* then deſpoiling that dead knight
Of all thoſe goodly ornaments of praiſe,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair ſight
Of the bright metal, ſhining like ſunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thouſand wayes.

No. 9.

He liſts, he turns, he poiſes, and admires
The creſted helm, that vomits radiant fires:
His hands the fatal ſword and corſlet hold,
One keen with temper'd ſteel, one ſtiff with gold;
Both ampie, flaming both, and beamy bright:
So ſhines a cloud, when edg'd with adverſe light.
He ſhakes the pointed ſpear, and longs to try
The plaited cuſhes on his manly thigh;
But moſt admires the ſhield's myſterious mould, †
And *Roman* triumphs riſing on the gold.
For thoſe embos'd, the heav'nly ſmith had wrought
(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught,)
The wars in order, and the race divine,
Of warriors, iſſuing from the *Julian* line.
The cave of *Mars* was drefs'd with moſſy greens;
There by the wolf ‡ were laid the martial twins: §
Intrepid on her ſwelling dugs they hung;
The foſter dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
They ſuck'd ſecure, while bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as
 they fed.

Not far from thence new *Rome* appears, with games
Projected for the rape of *Sabine* dames.
The pit reſounds with ſhrieks: a war ſucceeds,
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the *Sabine* troops contend:
The *Romans* there with arms the prey defend.
Weary'd with tedious war, at length they ceaſe,
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.

The

NOTES.

† We are now come to the laſt part of this admirable book, (which, all things conſidered, is perhaps but little, if at all, inferior to any of the whole *Æneid*;) and never certainly was book more nobly finiſhed. It is the famous, and never enough to be applauded, deſcription of the ſculptures upon the ſhield. To deſcribe the engravings of a ſhield, is *Homer's* invention; but to give us, by way of prophecy, a moſt important piece of hiſtory in thoſe engravings, and by that means to make them one of the moſt important parts of the whole poem, thus by an unexampled art to make the very ornaments and decorations one of the ſtrongest and moſt neceſſary parts of the building, is entirely new, and entirely *Virgil's*. It is from this ſhield that all the modern advices to painters, engravers, ſtone-cutters, and weavers of hangings, have been borrowed.

‡ *Virgil*, ſays *Servius*, was careful to expreſs the particular attitude, which we ſee in ſtatues of this wolf. She is often to be ſeen in this attitude, in gems and relievos.

§ *Remulus* and *Remus*.

The friendly chiefs before *Jove's* altar stand,
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand:
A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
With imprecations on the perjur'd head.
Near this the traitor *Metius*, stretch'd between
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,
By *Tullus'* doom: the brambles drink his blood,
And his torn limbs are left the vulture's food.
There *Porfena* to *Rome* proud *Tarquin* brings,
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow tyrant fights:
The *Roman* youth assert their native rights.
Before the town the *Tuscan* army lies,
To win by famine, or by fraud surprise:
Their king, half threat'ning, half disdain'g flood;
While *Cocles* broke the bridge, and stem'd the flood.
The captive maids there tempt the raging tide,
'Scap'd from their chains, with *Clelia* for their guide.

High on a rock heroic *Manlius* stood,
To guard the temple, and the temple's God.
Then *Rome* was poor; and there you might behold
The palace thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.*

The silver goose before the shining gate †
There flew, and by her cackle sav'd the state.
She told the *Gauls'* approach: th' approaching *Gauls*,
Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
The gold dissembled well their yellow hair,
And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
Gold are their vests: long *Alpine* spears they wield,
And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
Hard by, the leaping *Salian* priests advance;
And naked thro' the streets the mad *Luperci* dance

NOTES.

* In these days of luxury, we can scarce conceive any such thing, as a thatched house to have been a palace; or of great men and princes having no other beds than a heap of straw: and yet the latter was not so far from our times, as we may be apt to imagine.—Thus *Camden*, in speaking of *Edburton*, (a little village near *Ailsbury*, in *Buckinghamshire*) says, that it was a manor-royal; and that several yardlands were given to it by the king, on condition, “That the holders thereof should find litter, that is straw, for the king's bed, whenever he should come hither.” *Britan.* p. 280, ed. 1695. There is a street in part of the university of *Paris*, now called *La Rue de Fouarre*; and formerly called *La Rue de Fourrage*; where the straw-market was kept formerly, to supply the students with fresh litter. Their schools were littered with straw too, when they held their *Quodlibets*, or any other great disputations. It was so in *Dante's* time, according

In caps of wool. The targets dropp'd from heav'n:
Here modest matrons in soft litters driv'n,
To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear,
And od'rous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the *Stygian* seats are seen;
Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd *Cataline*;
Hung on a rock the traitor, and around,
The furies hissing from the nether ground.
Apart from these the happy souls he draws,
And *Cato's* holy ghost dispensing laws.
Betwixt the quarters flows a golden sea;
But foaming surges there in silver play.
The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
The glitt'ring waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main two mighty fleets engage,
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
Aetium surveys the well-disputed prize;
Leucate's wat'ry plain with foamy billows fries.
Young *Cesar* on the stern, in armour bright,
Here leads the *Romans* and their Gods to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar,
And o'er his head is hung the *Julian* star.
Agrippa seconds him with prosp'rous gales,
And with propitious Gods his foes assails.
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.

Rang'd on the line oppos'd, *Antonius* brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings.
Th' *Arabians* near, and *Bactrians* from afar,
Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war.
And rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
His ill fate follows him, th' *Egyptian* wife. ‡
Moving they fight; with oars and fork'y prows
The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.

It

NOTES.

to *Naudé*. Hence when *Rablais* makes his pantagruel dispute against all comers, he makes him hold his disputations in the *Ruë du Fouarre*. The word litter probably comes from the *French* word for a bed, *lit*: the *French* still generally use a *pallaisé*, or straw-bed, under their feather-beds.

† The antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* at first sight may appear inconsistent with the simplicity of *Virgil*; but we are to remember, that he is describing a piece of art, in which the porticoes were represented in gold, and the geese (agreeable to their natural colour) in silver. Thus afterwards the ocean is represented in gold, and the dolphin in silver. *Servius* observes, that the poet in the epithet *argenteus*, alludes to a silver goose, which was kept in the capitol, in memory of it's being preserved by the noise of these birds.

‡ *Cleopatra*.

It seems as if the *Cyclades* again
 Were rooted up, and jostled in the main ;
 Or floating mountains floating mountains meet ;
 Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
 Fire-balls are thrown, and pointed javelins fly ;
 The fields of *Neptune* take a purple dye.
 The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
 With cymbals tof'd her fainting soldiers warms.
 Fool as she was, who had not yet divin'd
 Her cruel fate, nor saw the snakes behind.*
 Her country Gods, the monsters of the sky,
 Great *Neptune*, *Pallas*, and love's queen defy.
 The dog *Anubis* barks, but barks in vain,
 Nor longer dares oppose th' ætherial train.
Mars, in the middle of the shining shield†
 Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
 The *Diræ* soule from heav'n with swift descent,
 And Discord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
 Divides the peace : her steps *Bellona* treads,
 And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
 This seen, *Apollo*, from his *Ætian* height,
 Pours down his arrows ; at whose winged flight
 The trembling *Indians* and *Egyptians* yield,
 And soft *Sabæans* quit the wat'ry field.
 The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
 And shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
 Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,
 Panting and pale with fear of future death.
 The God had figur'd her as driv'n along
 By winds and waves, and scudding thro' the throng.
 Just opposite, sad *Nilus* opens wide
 His arms and ample bosom to the tide,

NOTES.

* As she was to die by the bite of asps, it is here elegantly supposed, that *Vulcan* had engraved them behind her, to shew what was to be her destiny ; though she was not then apprehensive of it.

† *Virgil* makes use of three different metals in the relieve of this shield, and each is applied not without reference to the colour or nature of the thing represented : mention has been already made of silver and gold ; and here the poet, with great propriety, figures the image of the God of war in steel.

‡ It has been objected to the poet, that he hath made *Vulcan* represent nations that spoke different languages ; a thing impossible to be expressed in sculpture. But we may vindicate him by observing, that, if a painter should put into a picture one town of *France*, and another of *Flanders*, might not one

And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
 In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
 The victor to the God his thanks express'd,
 And *Rome* triumphant with his presence blest'd.
 Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd,
 With spoils and altars ev'ry temple grac'd.
 Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
 The fields resound with shouts, the streets with
 praise ;

The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
 All altars flame : before each altar lies,
 Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
 Great *Cæsar* sits sublime upon his throne,
 Before *Apollo's* porch of *Parian* stone ;
 Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,
 And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
 Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
 Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.‡
 Here *Mulciber* assigns the proper place
 For *Carians*, and th' ungirt *Numidian* race ;
 Then ranks the *Thracians* in the second row,
 And *Scythians*, expert in dart and bow.
 And here the tam'd *Euphrates* humbly glides,
 And there the *Rhine* submits her swelling tides.
 And proud *Araxes*, whom no bridge could bind,
 The *Danes'* unconquer'd offspring march behind ;
 And *Morini*, the last of human kind.

These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
 By *Vulcan* labour'd, and by *Venus* brought,
 With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
 Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,
 And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.§

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say, they were two towns that spoke different languages ?—Thus *Pliny* says of *Apelles*, that he painted *Clytus* on horseback, going to battle, and demanding his helmet of his squire ; of *Aristides*, that he drew a beggar whom he could almost understand ; of *Ctesibolus*, that he had painted *Jupiter* bringing forth *Bacchus*, and crying out like a woman ; and of *Nicæarchus*, that he had drawn a piece, in which *Hercules* was seen very melancholy on reflecting upon his madness. No one sure will condemn those ways of expression, which are so common.

§ This verse is thought by Mr. *Addison* to be the wittiest in *Virgil*. There is doubtless a mixture of ideas in it, very much in the manner of our modern writers, who make one part of their descriptions relate to the representation, and the other to the thing represented.

The NINTH BOOK of the ÆNEID.*

A R G U M E N T.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, fires some of his ships, (which are transformed into sea-nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recal Æneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventures.

WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,
The various *Iris Juno* sends with haste,
To find bold *Turnus*, who, with anxious thought,
The secret shade of his great grandsire sought.

Retir'd alone she found the daring man;
And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began:
What none of all the Gods could grant thy vows;
That, *Turnus*, this auspicious day bestows.

Æneas,

NOTES.

* This book is more particularly remarkable, because the hero has nothing to do in it; and it is the only one through all the poem of that kind. The moderns have taken too much liberty in this point; for how many entire books are there in *Tasso's Jerusalem*, where *Godfrey* never appears? Not that the poet is always under a necessity of following his hero, without so much as quitting him once; on the contrary, it is proper that the poet should sometimes magnify the valour of the enemy, to render that of his hero more conspicuous. But by the episode of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, we may perceive how deficient those episodes are, which depart entirely from the subject; and have no connection, either with the action or the fable. Such are the amours of *Rinaldo* and *Armida*, and the greater part of the adventures of *Tancred*, *Erminia*, and *Glorinda*; as *F. Mambrun* has judiciously remarked. It is not a fault to depart sometimes from the hero; but it is necessary, that all which passes in his absence should have some connection with the principal action, or at least with the fable, as may be seen from this book. The action of this poem is the arrival of *Æneas* in Italy.

NOTES.

and the foundation of a city; there is no doubt but that all which *Turnus* performs against this action, is part of the action itself: because it is necessary, that this action should have a beginning, middle, and end; and of all these the fable or subject is composed; which is no more than the action, and its ornaments, or episodes; and which are so much the more beautiful, as they fall in more naturally with the subject. It is the very essence of episodes, that they may be taken away without hurting the subject; not that they should have no manner of connection with the subject. *Virgil* observes all this exactly; but we are to consider, that the poet makes these episodes, where the hero does not much appear, far shorter than those where he has the principal part. For instance, the recital which *Æneas* makes of the taking of *Troy*, and his amour with *Dido*, are much longer than the history of *Cacus* related by *Evander*, or the adventures of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* which the poet himself relates. This last example of generous friendship, was an ornament not to be neglected: it is the chief beauty of this book; but it is not the only passage where the poet exerts

Æneas, gone to seek th' *Arcadian* prince,
Has left the *Trojan* camp without defence;
And, short of succours there, employs his pains
In parts remote to raise the *Tuscan* swains:
Now snatch an hour that favours thy designs,
Unite thy forces, and attack their lines.
This said, on equal wings she pois'd her weight,
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.

The *Daunian* hero lifts his hands and eyes;
And thus invokes the Goddesses as she flies.
Iris, the grace of heav'n, what pow'r divine
Has sent thee down, thro' dusky clouds to shine?
See they divide; immortal day appears;
And glitt'ring planets dancing in their spheres!
With joy, these happy omens I obey;*
And follow to the war, the God that leads the way.

Thus having said, as by the brook he stood,
He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;
Then with his hands the drops to heav'n he throws,
And loads the pow'rs above with offer'd vows.

Now march the bold confederates thro' the plain;
Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and shining train:
Messapus leads the van; and in the rear,
The sons of *Tyrrheus* in bright arms appear.
In the main battle, with his flaming crest,
The mighty *Turnus* tow'rs above the rest:
Silent they move; majestically flow,
Like ebbing *Nile*, or *Ganges* in his flow.
The *Trojans* view the dusty cloud from far:
And the dark menace of the distant war.

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exerts himself: the complaints of the mother of *Euryalus*, the invectives of *Numanus*, and the attack of the camp in which the poet makes *Turnus* perform so many brave exploits; are all beyond imitation. This book has the most fighting of any, and by that circumstance is likewise distinguished from the rest, and that in this too is the beginning of the warlike action.

* That the stars should at all appear in the day time, was prodigious; but that they should appear notwithstanding the additional light brought by *Iris*, was much more so. This therefore confirms him in his opinion, that it was something preternatural and divine.

† The character of *Turnus* is all through continued, just as at the beginning. We do not remember, that *Virgil* flags once in describing the resolute impetuosity, which this young hero every where exerts. He attempts every pass and avenue, as a hungry wolf in a tempestuous night tries to enter a fold, his rage and hunger being still exasperated

No. 9.

Caicus from the rampire saw it rise,
Black'ning the fields, and thick'ning thro' the skies.
Then to his fellows thus aloud he calls,
What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls?

Arm, arm, and man the works; prepare your spears,
And pointed darts; the *Latian* host appears.
Thus warn'd, they shut their gates; with shouts ascend

The bulwarks, and secure their foes attend.
For their wise gen'ral with foreseeing care,
Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful war:
Nor, tho' provok'd, in open fields advance;
But close within their lines attend their chance.
Unwilling, yet they kept the strict command;
And stoutly wait in arms the hostile band.
The fiery *Turnus* flew before the rest,†
A pye-ball'd steed of *Thracian* stain he prefs'd;‡
His helm of massy gold; and crimson was his crest.

With twenty horse to second his designs,
An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.

Is there, he said, in arms who bravely dare,
His leader's honour, and his danger share?
Then spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw,
In sign of war; applauding shouts ensue.§

Amaz'd to find a dastard race that run
Behind the rampires, and the battle shun,
He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,
And stops at ev'ry post; and ev'ry passage tries.

So

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by the bleating of the lambs within: and, though he finds at last the fortrefs of the *Trojans* impregnable, he does not desist; but instantly makes an attempt to burn the ships. This character is conducted with a truly poetical fire.

† *Virgil*, says *Catrou*, seems to be particularly fond of *Thracian* horses, marked with spots of various colours. He has before mentioned this breed, speaking of young *Priam's* horse, the son of *Polites*.

§ The throwing a javelin into the air, was a ceremony practised by the *Romans*, when they declared war against any nation. This they derived from the *Greeks*. Before this was done, it was unlawful to commit any acts of hostility. This declaration was made by the *pater patratus*, who was chief of the *faciales*. He used to pronounce with a loud voice the reasons for going to war, and then threw a javelin into the country of the new enemy. *Numa* was the first who introduced this custom. The declaring war was called *clarigatio*.

R r

So roams the nightly wolf about the fold,
 Wet with descending show'rs, and stiff with cold;
 He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain;
 His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain:
 And impotent of anger, finds no way
 In his distended paws to grasp the prey.
 The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs
 Securely swig the dug, beneath the dams.
 Thus ranges eager *Turnus* o'er the plain,
 Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain:
 Surveys each passage with a piercing sight;
 To force his foes in equal field to fight.
 Thus, while he gazes round, at length he spies
 Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies;
 Close underneath the walls: the washing tide
 Secures from all approach this weaker side.
 He takes the wish'd occasion; fills his hand
 With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand:
 Urg'd by his presence, ev'ry soul is warm'd,
 And ev'ry hand with kindled firs is arm'd.
 From the fir'd pines the scatt'ring sparkles fly;
 Fat vapours mix'd with flames involve the sky.
 What pow'r, O muses, could avert the flame
 Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the *Trojan* name!
 Tell: for the fact, thro' length of time obscure,
 Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.
 'Tis said, that when the chief prepar'd his flight,
 And fell'd his timber from mount *Ida's* height,*
 The grandam Goddess then approach'd her son,
 And with a mother's majesty begun.
 Grant me, she said, the sole request I bring,
 Since conquer'd heav'n has own'd you for it's
 king: †
 On *Ida's* brows, for ages past, there stood,
 With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood:

NOTES.

* *Aeneas* built his fleet at *Antandros*, which was at the foot of the *Phrygian*, not the *Cretan Ida*.

† He had dethroned *Saturn*, and reduced all the Gods to his obedience. The mention of this circumstance is very emphatical: kings are most apt to grant favours upon their first accession to their thrones. And besides, it was particularly proper to be mentioned by her; because it was by her means that he was so advanced.

‡ *Virgil* here, very artfully, saves *Aeneas* from the imputation of impiety, which he certainly must have been guilty of, had he cut down *Cybele's* trees without her consent.

§ *Virgil* has not here given us the same image of *Jupiter* nodding, which we find in his great *Grecian* pattern. He has preserved the nod, with it's stupendous effect, the making the heavens tremble.

And on the summit rose a sacred grove,
 Where I was worship'd with religious love;
 These woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
 I gave the *Trojan* prince to speed his flight. ‡
 Now fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
 Let neither winds o'erfet, nor waves intomb
 The floating forests of the sacred pine:
 But let it be their safety to be mine.
 Then thus reply'd her awful son, who rolls
 The radiant stars, and heav'n and earth controls:
 How dare you, mother, endless date demand,
 For vessels moulded by a mortal hand?
 What then is fate? Shall bold *Aeneas* ride
 Of safety certain, on th' uncertain tide?
 Yet what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
 The chief is landed on the *Latian* shore,
 Whatever ships escape the raging storms,
 At my command shall change their fading forms
 To nymphs divine; and plow the wat'ry way,
 Like *Dotis* and the daughters of the sea.

To seal his sacred vow, by *Styx* he swore,
 The lake with liquid pitch, the dreary shore;
 And *Phlegethon's* innavigable flood,
 And the black regions of his brother God:
 He said; and shook the skies with his imperial
 nod. §

And now at length the number'd hours were
 come,

Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,
 When the great mother of the Gods was free
 To save her ships, and finish *Jove's* decree.
 First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung ||
 A light that sign'd the heav'ns, and shot along:
 Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
 Were timbrels heard, and *Berecynthian* quires:

And

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But he has neglected the description of the hair, and the eye-brows, those chief pieces of imagery, from whence *Phidias* (as *Macrobius* informs us) took the idea of a countenance proper for the king of Gods and men, when he made his *Olympian Jupiter*. *Virgil* on this occasion has described *Jupiter* in the properest manner that could be among the *Romans*, and *Homer* has described him in the noblest manner that could be among the *Greeks*.

|| The previous appearances with which *Virgil* ushers in this metamorphosis, are beautifully imagined, and finely painted. As to the metamorphosis itself, he undoubtedly introduced it, as an old tradition among the *Romans*. We cannot but observe, that *Virgil*, in relating this transformation, has very judiciously avoided that affectation of conceit and witticism to be found in *Ovid's* description of it.

And last a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
Both hosts in arms oppos'd, with equal horror
wounds.

O *Trojan* race, your needless aid forbear;
And know my ships are my peculiar care.
With greater ease the bold *Rutulian* may,
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
Than singe my sacred pines. But you may charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors launch at large,
Exalted each a nymph: forsake the sand,
And swim the seas, at *Cybele's* command.
No sooner had the Goddess ceas'd to speak,
When lo, th' obedient ships their haulsers break;
And, strange to tell, like dolphins in the main,
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring
again:

As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
The foes surpriz'd with wonder, stood aghast,
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste;
Old *Tiber* roar'd; and raising up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock;
And with these words his trembling troops be-
spoke.

These monsters for the *Trojans'* fate are meant,*
And are by *Jove* for black presages sent.
He takes the cowards last relief away;
For fly they cannot; and, constrain'd to stay,
Must yield unfought, a base inglorious prey.
The liquid half of all the globe is lost;
Heav'n shuts the seas, and we secure the coast.
Their's is no more, than that small spot of ground,
Which myriads of our martial men surround.
Their fates I fear not; or vain oracles;
'Twas giv'n to *Venus*, they should cross the seas:
And land secure upon the *Latian* plains,
Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.

NOTES.

* The abruptness of the original is very remarkable. The whole speech is a noble instance of *Turnus's* violent temper. The *Trojans*, *Il. b. 15*, falsely interpret *Jupiter's* thunder in favour of themselves. This self-partiality of men, in appropriating to themselves the protection of heaven, has always been natural to them. History furnishes many instances of oracles, which, by reason of this partial interpretation, have proved an occasion to lead men into great misfortunes: it was the case of *Cræsus* in his wars with *Cyrus*; and a like mistake engaged *Pyrrhus* to make war upon the *Romans*.

† Never were finer instances of a malicious sneer, than in this speech: "One would think the *Trojans*

'Tis in the fate of *Turnus* to destroy
With sword and fire, the faithless race of *Troy*.
Shall such affronts as these alone inflame
The *Grecian* brothers, and the *Grecian* name?
My cause and their's is one; a fatal strife,
And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.
Was't not enough, that punish'd for the crime,
They fell; but will they fall a second time? †
One would have thought they paid enough before,
To curse the costly sex; and durst offend no more.
Can they securely trust their feeble wall,
A slight partition, a thin interval,
Betwixt their fate and them; when *Troy*, tho' built
By hands divine, yet perish'd by their guilt?
Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
To force from out their lines these dastard bands.
Less than a thousand ships will end this war;
Nor *Vulcan* needs his fatal arms prepare.
Let all the *Tuscans*, all th' *Arcadians* join,
Nor these, nor those, shall frustrate my design.
Let them not fear the treasons of the night;
The robb'd palladium, the pretended flight;
Our onset shall be made in open light.
No wooden engine shall their town betray,
Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.
No *Grecian* babes before their camp appear,
Whom *Hector's* arms detain'd to the tenth tardy
year.

Now, since the sun is rolling to the west,
Give me the silent night to needful rest:
Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare,
The morn shall end the small remains of war.
The post of honour to *Messapus* falls,
To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls;
To pitch the fires at distances around,
And close the *Trojans* in their scanty ground.
Twice sev'n *Rutulian* captains ready stand:
And twice sev'n hundred horse their chiefs command.
Al

NOTES.

had enough of women; as they have already lost so much by them. Can they imagine a slight trench will protect them? It is not long since they saw their own *Troy*, which was built by the hands of *Neptune*, burnt to the ground. Let us hasten to the attack; I believe, we can easily overcome them, though we have not the advantage of a thousand ships, and arms forged by *Vulcan*. We will deal fairly with them, they need not be afraid of our stealing their palladium, or concealing ourselves in the belly of an horse. We disdain a conquest in the dark; we will set their fortress on fire in broad day-light. They will soon find themselves engaged with a more powerful enemy, &c."

All clad in shining arms the works invest;
Each with a radiant helm, and waving crest.
Stretch at their length, they press the grassy ground;
They laugh, they sing, the jolly bowls go round:
With lights, and cheerful fires renew the day;
And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.

The *Trojans*, from above, their foes beheld;
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd:
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore;
Join works to works with bridges; tow'r to tow'r:
Thus all things needful for defence abound;
Mnestheus and brave *Serefibus* walk the round:
Commission'd by their absent prince, to share
The common danger, and divide the care.
The soldiers draw their lots; and as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the wall.

Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance
To watch the gate, was warlike *Nisus*' chance.*
His father *Hyrtacus* of noble blood;
His mother was a hunt'ress of the wood:
And sent him to the wars; well could he bear
His lance to fight, and dart the flying spear:
But better skill'd unerring shafts to send:
Beside him stood *Euryalus* his friend;
Euryalus, than whom the *Trojan* host
No fairer face, or sweeter air could boast.
Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun;
One was their care, and their delight was one.
One common hazard in the war they shar'd;
And now were both by choice upon the guard.
Then *Nisus* thus: Or do the Gods inspire
This warmth, or make we Gods of our desire?

NOTES.

* Here begins the celebrated episode of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*. The poet had in the 4th book exhausted the subject of love: and now he gives us a specimen of his skill upon the power of friendship. And the latter is no way inferior to the former; considering each of them in it's kind. Never was any thing more artfully disposed, more fiery and noble, more moving and pathetical, than this consummate piece. The poet with great judgment naturally slides into it without any formal preparation. He was speaking of the several posts which were defended: and among the rest, one was committed to the care of these two friends; whose characters he here judiciously gives us.

† This obscure hint of his design comes with much more grace than if it had been delivered in full and plain terms, as it implies a decent and ingenuous diffidence in so young a warrior.

‡ *Euryalus*, suspecting that *Nisus* had but a mean opinion of his martial abilities, as he does not at first

A gen'rous ardour boils within my breast,
Eager of action, enemy to rest:
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
To leave a memorable name behind.
Thou see'st the foe secure: how faintly shine
Their scatter'd fires! the most in sleep supine
Along the ground, an easy conquest lie;
The wakeful few, the fuming flaggons ply:
All hush around. Now hear what I revolve;
A thought unripe, and scarcely yet resolve.
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
By message both would hasten his return:
If they confer what I demand, on thee,
(For fame is recompence enough for me)
Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espy'd
A way that safely will my passage guide.†
Euryalus stood list'ning while he spoke;
With love of praise, and noble envy struck;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind:
All this alone, and leaving me behind,
Am I unworthy, *Nisus*, to be join'd?‡
Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the field?
Not so my father taught my childhood arms,
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms;
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heav'n-born hero I attend.
The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim;
And think it over-sold to purchase fame.
Then *Nisus* thus: Alas! thy tender years §
Would minister new matter to my fears:

So

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propose to admit him a sharer in his intended adventure, breaks forth into this beautiful vindication of his own courage. A noble instance this, of the delicate sensibility of true friendship!

§ *Nisus* replies, that he never suspected his friend's courage; but as the undertaking seemed to be attended with no small danger, he would not chuse that his friend's life should be exposed; and adds, that his younger years are a reason why he should not engage in so hazardous an enterprize. This is extremely well contrived to add a pathos to the whole; the more manly prudence and care of the one being opposed to the youthful fire and sprightliness of the other. But (says *Nisus* by a most beautiful transition) if you remain, there will then be one, who will redeem my body from the enemy, and bury it; or at least build a tomb to my memory. Besides, continues he, think of your poor mother! what must she feel for the loss of you, to accompany whom she left the rest of the *Trojan* matrons with *Acestes*!

So may the Gods, who view this friendly strife,
 Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
 Condemn'd to pay my vows, (as sure I trust)
 This thy request is cruel and unjust.
 But if some chance, as many chances are,
 And doubtful hazards in the deeds of war;
 If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
 And spare thy life; I wou'd not perish all.
 Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date:
 Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate:
 To bear my mangled body from the foe;
 Or buy it back, and fun'ral rites bestow.
 Or if hard fortune shall those dues deny,
 Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
 O let not me the widow's tears renew;
 Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue;
 Thy pious parent, who for love of thee,
 Forsook the coasts of friendly *Sicily*,
 Her age, committing to the seas and wind,
 When ev'ry weary matron staid behind.
 To this *Euryalus*: You plead in vain,
 And but protract the cause you cannot gain:
 No more delays, but haste. With that he wakes
 The nodding watch; each to his office takes.
 The guard reliev'd, the gen'rous couple went
 To find the council at the royal tent.
 All creatures else forgot their daily care;*
 And sleep, the common gift of nature, share:
 Except the *Trojan* peers, who wakeful sat
 In nightly council for th' endanger'd state.
 They vote a message to their absent chief;
 Shew their distress; and beg a swift relief.
 Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,
 Remote from clamour, and secure from foes.
 On their left arms their ample shields they bear,
 Their right reclin'd upon the bending spear.
 Now *Nisus* and his friend approach the guard,
 And beg admission, eager to be heard:
 Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.
Ascanius bids 'em be conducted in;
 Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin.
 Then *Nisus* thus. Ye fathers, lend your ears,
 Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.

NOTES.

tes! There is a kind of anticipation in what *Nisus* objects concerning *Euryalus's* mother, which is inexpressibly fine.

* This is a beautiful military night-piece. Every thing is hushed in sleep and silence, except the *Trojans*, who, leaning on their spears, are consulting how to recal their absent prince: in the midst of this consultation, these two young adventurers are introduced, who voluntarily offer their service in the point debated. The reply of *Alethes* to their pro-

No. 9.

The foe securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
 Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine:
 And where the smoke in cloudy vapours flies,
 Cov'ring the plain, and curling to the skies,
 Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide,
 Close by the sea, a passage we have spy'd,
 Which will our way to great *Aeneas* guide.
 Expect each hour to see him safe again,
 Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
 Snatch we the lucky minute while we may:
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way;
 For hunting in the vales we both have seen
 The rising turrets, and the stream between:
 And know the winding course, with ev'ry ford.
 He ceas'd: and old *Alethes* took the word.
 Our country Gods, in whom our trust we place,
 Will yet from ruin save the *Trojan* race:
 While we behold such dauntless worth appear
 In dawning youth; and souls so void of fear.
 Then into tears of joy the father broke;
 Each in his longing arms by turns he took:
 Panted and paus'd; and thus again he spoke.
 Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
 In recompence of such desert, decree?
 The greatest, sure, and best you can receive,
 The Gods and your own conscious worth will give.
 The rest our grateful gen'ral will bestow;
 And young *Ascanius* till his manhood owe.
 And I, whose welfare in my father lies,
Ascanius adds, by the great Deities,
 By my dear country, by my household-gods,
 By hoary *Vesta's* rites, and dark abodes,
 Adjure you both; (on you my fortune stands,
 That and my faith I plight into your hands:)
 Make me but happy in his safe return,
 Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;
 Your common gift shall two large goblets be
 Of silver, wrought with curious imagery;
 And high emboss'd, which, when old *Priam* reign'd,
 My conqu'ring fire at sack'd *Arisba* gain'd.†
 And more, two tripods cast in antick mould,
 With two great talents of the finest gold:

Beside

NOTES.

posal is very moving; and the contrast between youth and age, produced in his speech and embrace, has a fine effect.

† Most of the commentators suppose, that *Arisba* was taken and pillaged by the *Trojans*: on the contrary, it was a *Trojan* town, and one of the new dynasties of *Priam's* kingdom. *Virgil* means, that these two bowls were saved by *Aeneas*, out of the sacking of *Arisba*, when it was taken by the *Greeks*.

Sf

Beside a costly bowl, engrav'd with art,
Which *Dido* gave, when first she gave her heart.
But if in conquer'd *Italy* we reign,
When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain,*
Thou saw'st the courser by proud *Turnus* press'd,†
That, *Nisus*, and his arms, and nodding crest,
And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share;
Twelve lab'ring slaves, twelve handmaids young
and fair,
And clad in rich attire, and train'd with care.
And last, a *Latian* field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the king's domains.
But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd,
No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
From thee, heroic youth; be wholly mine:
Take full possession; all my soul is thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate shall both attend;
My life's companion, and my bosom friend;
My peace shall be committed to thy care,
And to thy conduct, my concerns in war.
Then thus the young *Euryalus* reply'd;
Whatever fortune, good or bad betide,
The same shall be my age, as now my youth;
No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your goodness let me gain; ‡
(And this ungranted, all rewards are vain)
Of *Priam's* royal race my mother came;
And sure the best that ever bore the name:
Whom neither *Troy*, nor *Sicily* could hold
From me departing, but o'erspent, and old,
My fate she follow'd; ignorant of this,
Whatever danger, neither parting kifs,
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave;
And, in this only act of all my life deceive.
By this right-hand, and conscious night I swear,
My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place,
(Permit me to presume so great a grace)

NOTES.

* This presumption of *Ascanius*, that *Aeneas* would certainly succeed in gaining this new kingdom, is quite consistent with the warmth and levity of a young mind.

† A beautiful horse, and fine armour, were objects which must naturally have made an impression on the mind of one so young as *Ascanius*. He therefore promises these, as esteeming them a very great reward.

‡ The filial piety which *Euryalus* so passionately expresses, endears him to us, and prepossesses us greatly in his favour; and by that means, contributes to interest us so much the more in the success of his adventure.

Support her age, forsaken and distress'd;
That hope alone will fortify my breast
Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears.
He said: the mov'd assistants melt in tears. §
Then thus *Ascanius*, wonder-struck to see
That image of his filial piety;
So great beginnings, in so green an age,
Exact the faith, which I again engage.
Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim
Creüsa had; and only want the name.
Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have,
'Tis merit to have borne a son so brave.
Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
(My father us'd it) what returning here
Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share.

He said; and weeping while he spoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,
Magnificent with gold. *Lycaon* made,
And in an iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the blade:
This was his gift: great *Mnestheus* gave his friend
A lion's hide, his body to defend:
And good *Alethes* furnish'd him beside,
With his own trusty helm, of temper try'd.

Thus arm'd they went. The noble *Trojans* wait
Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate.
With prayers and vows, above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far beyond his years.
And messages committed to their care,
Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd; then took their
way
Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;
To many fatal, ere themselves were slain:
They found the careless host dispers'd upon the
plain.

Who gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore:
Unharnes'd chariots stand along the shore:

Amidst

NOTES.

§ What an affecting picture is here! The brevity and simplicity of the original is inimitable. And how artfully does the poet, from this instance of *Euryalus*, take an opportunity of extolling the filial piety of *Ascanius*! *Virgil*, beside the other proofs of his humanity and good-nature, appears to have a strong idea of that swell in a good man's breast, which fills the eye with tears, on his hearing any great or good moral action or resolution. And this is the more remarkable, because it is scarce ever mentioned or described by any other of the ancient writers.

Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medley of debauch and war they lie.*
Observing *Nisus* shew'd his friend the fight;
Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.
Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd:
There lies our way; be thou upon the guard,
And look around; while I securely go,
And hew a passage, thro' the sleeping foe.
Softly he spoke; then striding, took his way,
With his drawn sword, where haughty *Rhamnes*
lay:

His head rais'd high, on tapestry beneath,
And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath:
A king and prophet by king *Turnus* lov'd;
But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd;
Him, and his sleeping slaves he slew. Then spies
Where *Rhemus*, with his rich retinue lies:
His armour-bearer first, and next he kills
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels
And his lov'd horses: last invades their lord;
Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword:
The gasping head flies off; a purple flood
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood;
Which by the spurning heels, dispers'd around,
The bed he sprinkles, and bedews the ground.
Lamus the bold, and *Lamyrus* the strong,
He slew; and then *Serranus* fair and young.
From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
And puff'd the fummy God from out his breast:
Even then he dreamt of drink and lucky play;
More lucky had it lasted till the day.

The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold;
And tears the peaceful flocks: with silent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.

NOTES.

* This whole description of the camp and of the slaughter in it, is a most masterly piece of painting. Especially in that verse, where we see his breast rising full against the point of the sword, and meeting it half way. But may not an objection be urged against this conduct? It is certainly none, to say (as some do) that it was cruel to kill so many men in their sleep: they were enemies in war, and but two against a whole army. The difficulty is in point of probability; how they were able to do it, without being discovered. It is strange that the whole army should be dead drunk, or fast asleep; however debauched they had been. Nay, we are told, one was actually awake, and saw it all. It is much he should not cry out to alarm his friends; at least after he was stabbed, if he was afraid before.

Nor with less rage *Euryalus* employs
The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys:
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew:
He *Fadus*, *Hebesus*, and *Rhætus* slew.
Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fall,
But *Rhætus* wakeful, and observing all,
Behind a spacious jar he slink'd for fear:
The fatal iron found, and reach'd him there.
For as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
And reeking, thence return'd in crimson dy'd.
The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood,
The purple soul comes floating in the flood.
Now where *Messapus* quarter'd they arrive;
The fires were fainting there, and just alive.
The warrior-horses ty'd in order fed;
Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said,
Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;
And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,
Foe to nocturnal thefts: no more, my friend,
Here let our glutt'd execution end:
A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have made:
The bold *Euryalus*, tho' loth, obey'd.
Of arms, and arras, and of plate they find
A precious load; but these they leave behind.
Yet fond of gaudy spoils the boy would stay
To make the rich caparison his prey,
Which on the steed of conquer'd *Rhamnes* lay. }
Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
The girdle belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.
This present *Cedicus* the rich bestow'd †
On *Remulus*, when friendship first they vow'd:
And absent, join'd in hospitable ties;
He dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize:
Till by the conqu'ring *Ardean* troops oppress'd
He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd.

These

NOTES.

It is likewise very strange, that these two adventurers themselves should not think they would come off very well, if they could get safe through the enemy's camp; without taking it into their thoughts, to do so much execution among them. To all this we have nothing to answer, but that the thing, though very strange, is possible: and possible and probable in heroic poetry signify much the same. If we deny it this boldness, we take away it's greatest beauty; which is, the marvellous and surprising.

† It was antiently a custom, to make these military presents to brave adventurers. So *Jonathan* in the first book of *Sam.* stript himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to *David*; and his garments even to his sword, and his bow, and his girdle, chap. viii. ver. 4.

These glitt'ring spoils (now made the victor's gain)
 He to his body suits; but suits in vain.
Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,
 And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
 Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
 They leave the camp, and take the ready way.

But far they had not pass'd, before they spy'd
 Three hundred horse with *Volsens* for their guide.
 The queen a legion to king *Turnus* sent,
 But the swift horse the slower foot prevent:
 And now advancing fought the leader's tent.
 They saw the pair; for thro' the doubtful shade
 His shining helm *Euryalus* betray'd,*
 On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
 'Tis not for nought, cry'd *Volsens*, from the crowd,
 These men go there; then rais'd his voice aloud:
 Stand, stand: why thus in arms, and whither bent:
 From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?
 Silent they scud away, and haste their flight,
 To neighbouring woods, and trust themselves to
 night.

The speedy horse all passages belay.
 And spur their smoaking steeds to cross their way;
 And watch each entrance of the winding wood;
 Black was the forest, thick with beach it stood;
 Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,
 Few paths of human feet or tracks of beasts were
 worn.

The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
 And fear, mis-led the younger from his way.
 But *Nisus* hit the turns with happier haste,
 And thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd:
 And *Alban* plains, from *Alba's* name so call'd,
 Where king *Latinus* then his oxen stall'd.
 Till turning at the length, he stood his ground;
 And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around;
 Ah wretch, he cry'd where have I left behind †
 Th' unhappy youth, where shall I hope to find?
 Or what way take! Again he ventures back,
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 The sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd
 The foes inclosing, and his friend pursu'd:
 Forelay'd and taken, while he strove in vain,
 The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
 What should he next attempt! what arms employ,
 What fruitless force to free the captive boy?
 Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,
 With odds oppress, in such unequal strife?
 Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he shook;
 And casting on the moon a mournful look,
 Guardian of groves, and Goddess of the night,
 Fair queen, he said, direct my dart aright:
 If e'er my pious father for my sake
 Did grateful off'rings on thy altars make;
 Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
 And hung the holy roofs, with savage spoils;
 Give me to scatter these. Then from his ear
 He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling
 spear.

The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
 Impetuous on the back of *Sulmo* drove;
 Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
 And in his body left the broken wood.
 He staggers round, his eyeballs roll in death,
 And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
 All stand amaz'd; a second javelin flies,
 With equal strength, and quivers thro' the skies;
 This thro' thy temples, *Tagus*, forc'd the way,
 And in the brain-pan warmly bury'd lay.
 Fierce *Volsens* foams with rage, and gazing round,
 Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound: ‡
 Nor knew to fix revenge: but thou, he cries,
 Shall pay for both, and at the pris'ner flies
 With his drawn sword. Then struck with deep
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That cruel sight the lover could not bear:
 But from his covert rush'd in open view,
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* *Aristotle* advises epic writers to intermix the tragic in their works. It is the epic poem, says he, which furnishes matter for tragedy; and *Homer* in his two poems has exhibited an infinity of actions, proper for the heroic stage. He says likewise, that the dramatic species has great advantages over the epic. The same critic, after having laid it down as a rule, that the epic and the dramatic poem are both an imitation of an action; but that the epopœia imitates by reciting, and the drama by placing before our eyes each particular actor, who has his respective share in the action, adds these words: It is necessary, that a poem which is carried on by a narration, and whose imitation is in words, should approach as near as possible to the dramatic manner of tragedy. *Virgil* understood the importance of this precept. He has observed it in many parts of his *Æneid*; but one would think, he had made it his business to give this episode of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* all the beauties of tragedy. 1. His narrative is as busy and active, as that of the drama. The poet says but little in his own person, but makes his actors say a great deal. What he says himself, is only to make out the necessary connections between the speeches which he puts into the mouth sometimes of *Nisus*, sometimes of *Euryalus*, and sometimes of his mother. Think that you see each of them delivering their sentiments on the stage. 2. He attributes to his heroes manners intirely agreeable to tragedy. To move compassion for the personages represented in the theatre, it is not proper to form their characters so perfect, that their misery should provoke the indignation of the spectator against the Gods, when he sees them fallen, or ready to fall into misfortune. Nor must they be painted so vicious, that they may raise rather abhorrence for their persons, than pity for their misfortunes. Foibles and faults of a lighter kind, joined with a good deal of virtue, make the hero of a tragedy deserve our tears. *Euryalus* is here completely formed to become the object of our most tender compassion. His birth, his beauty, his youth, his valour, his fidelity to his friend; his imprudence in wearing an helmet, by which he is discovered; his loading

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His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
 Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd:
 Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
 Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
 Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd,
 Drove *Nisus* headlong on the hostile crowd:
Volsens he seeks; on him alone he bends:
 Borne back, and bor'd, by his surrounding friends,
 Onward he press'd: and kept him still in fight;
 Then whirl'd aloft his sword, with all his might:
 Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke;
 Pierc'd his wide mouth, and thro' his weazon
 broke:

Dying he flew; and flagg'ring on the plain,
 With swimming eyes he fought his lover slain:
 Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell;
 Content in death, to be reveng'd so well.

O happy friends! for if my verse can give
 Immortal life, your fame shall ever live:
 Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies;
 And spread, where-e'er the *Roman* eagle flies!

The conqu'ring party first divide the prey,
 Then their slain leader to the camp convey.
 With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
 To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.
Serranus, *Rhamnes*, and the rest they found;
 Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround:
 And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground. }
 All knew the helmet which *Messapus* lost;
 But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.

Now rose the ruddy morn from *Tithon's* bed;
 And with the dawn of day, the skies o'erspread.
 Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
 But added colours to the world reveal'd.
 When early *Turnus* wak'ning with the light,
 All clad in armour calls his troops to fight.

NOTES.

* Though what is commonly and strictly called the episode of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, concludes with their death, yet the lamentation which is made by the mother of the latter, most agreeably brings us back to that subject, when we thought it was entirely ended. And whether we call it a part of that episode, or the sequel of it, is not at all material. However that be, it certainly equals, if not excels, any part of it.

† The manner in which *Euryalus's* mother is affected, on hearing the fatal news of her son's death, is highly moving; but the speech which she breaks out into on the occasion is still more pathetic; the circumstances of distress are all finely chosen, and express in a most striking manner. *Scaliger* had

His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd;
 And his own ardor, in their souls inspir'd.

This done, to give new terror to his foes,
 The heads of *Nisus*, and his friend he shows,
 Rais'd high on pointed spears: a ghastly sight;
 Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.

Mean time the *Trojans* run, where danger calls,
 They line their trenches, and they man their
 walls:

In front extended to the left they stood:
 Safe was the right surrounded by the flood.
 But casting from their tow'rs a frightful view,
 They saw the faces, which too well they knew;
 Tho' then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er
 With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.
 Soon hasty fame thro' the sad city bears

The mournful message to the mother's ears: *
 An icy cold benumbs her limbs: she shakes:
 Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.
 She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
 Nor fears the flying darts: she rends her hair,
 And fills with loud laments the liquid air. }

Thus then my lov'd *Euryalus* appears; †
 Thus looks the prop of my declining years!
 Was't on their face, my famish'd eyes I fed!
 Ah how unlike the living, is the dead!
 And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
 Not one kind kiss from a departing son!
 No look, no last adieu before he went,
 In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!
 Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,
 To *Latian* dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
 Nor was I near to close his dying eyes, ‡
 To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies;
 To call about his corpse his crying friends,
 Or spread the mantle (made for other ends,)

On

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reason to be in raptures upon it; for there is nothing in the fourth book itself more moving and pathetic.

‡ *Catrou* translates this passage, "Nor was it permitted me to conduct you — what have I said? to conduct your corpse to the tomb." In this interpretation he follows *Donatus*; who observes, that the afflicted mother is obliged, by the violence of her grief, to make this abrupt stop in the middle of her speech, *Nec te——: Hic quoque aliud dictura fuit*, says he. To this explication of *Donatus*, *Catrou* subjoins, that she makes here a correction of what she had said, *Nec te produxi*, I did not conduct you; what have I said? I would have said your dead body, *immo tua funera*. This interpretation is truly poetical;

On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour spare.
Where shall I find his corpse, what earth sustains
His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?
For this, alas, I left my needful ease,
Expos'd my life to winds, and winter seas!
If any pity touch *Rutulian* hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:
Or if they fail, thou *Jove* conclude my woe,
And send me thunderstruck to shades below!

Her shrieks and clamours pierce the *Trojans*
ears,

Unman their courage and augment their fears:
Nor young *Ascanius* could the sight sustain,
Nor old *Ilioneus* his tears restrain:
But *Astor* and *Idæus*, jointly sent,
To bear the madding mother to her tent.
And now the trumpets terribly from far,*
With rattling clangor, rouse the sleepy war,
The soldiers shouts succeed the brazen sounds,†
And heav'n, from pole to pole, their noise rebounds.
The *Volsicians* bear their shields upon their head,
And rushing forward, form a moving shed;
These fill the ditch, those pull the bulwarks down:
Some raise the ladders, others scale the town.
But where void spaces on the walls appear,
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.
With poles and missile weapons, from afar,
The *Trojans* keep aloof the rising war.
Taught by their ten years siege defensive fight;
They roll down ribs of rocks, and unresisted weight:
To break the penthouse with the pond'rous blow;
Which yet the patient *Volsicians* undergo.
But could not bear th' unequal combat long;
For where the *Trojans* find the thickest throng,
The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way,
And their crush'd heads become an easy prey.
They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,
No longer dare in a blind fight engage.
Contented now to gall them from below
With darts and slings, and with the distant bow.

Elsewhere *Mezentius*, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.

But brave *Messapus*, *Neptune's* warlike son,
Broke down the palisades, the trenches won,
And loud for ladders calls, to scale the town.

Calliope begin: ye sacred nine,
Inspire your poet in his high design:
To sing what slaughter manly *Turnus* made:
What souls he sent below the *Stygian* shade.
What fame the foldiers with their captain share,
And the vast circuit of the fatal war.
For you in singing martial facts excel;
You best remember; and alone can tell.

There stood a tow'r, amazing to the sight,
Built up of beams; and of stupendous height;
Art, and the nature of the place conspir'd
To furnish all the strength that war requir'd.
To level this, the bold *Italians* join;
The wary *Trojans* obviate their design:
With weighty stones o'erwhelm'd their troops be-
low,
Shoot through the loop-holes, and sharp jav'lines
throw.

Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thund'ring hand,
Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
It stuck, the fiery plague: the winds were high;
The planks were season'd, and the timber dry.
Contagion caught the posts: it spread along,
Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd throng.
The *Trojans* fled; the fire pursu'd amain,
Still gathering fast upon the trembling train;
Till crowding to the corners of the wall,
Down the defence, and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heav'n itself resound,
The dead, and dying *Trojans* strew the ground.
The tow'r that follow'd on the fallen crew,
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and bury'd whom it
flew:

Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent;
All, the same equal ruin underwent.

Young *Lycus* and *Helenor* only 'scape;
Sav'd, how they know not, from the steep leap.
Helenor, eldest of the two; by birth,
On one side royal, one a son of earth,

Whom

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poetical; without recurring to the uncertain expli-
cation of the word *funera*, as some of the commen-
tators have done.

* After this exquisite piece of pathos, and the
damp struck into the *Trojans* by the lamentations of
this distracted mother, how are we roused at the
sudden sound of the trumpet! It is to be observed,
that the warlike action (we mean what may be called

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the regular warlike action) begins with these fine
lines.

† It was customary with the *Romans* to begin the
engagement with loud shouts. This practice was
derived from the ancient *Italians*. *Livy* tells us, that
the shouts of the *Romans*, in engaging the *Cartha-*
ginians, so frightened the elephants of the enemy, that
they turned back upon them.

Whom to the *Lydian* king, *Lycimnia* bare,*
 And sent her boasted bastard to the war:
 (A privilege which none but freemen share.)
 Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield,†
 No marks of honour charg'd it's empty field.
 Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,
 And rising, found himself amidst his foes.
 Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way:
 Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay:
 And like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds
 Of eager huntsmen, and invading hounds;
 Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,
 And bounds aloft, against the pointed spears:
 So dares the youth, secure of death; and throws
 His dying body on his thickest foes:

But *Lycus*, swifter of his feet, by far,
 Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidst the war:
 Springs to the wall, and leaves his foes behind,
 And snatches at the beam he first can find.
 Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,
 In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to
 reach;

But *Turnus* follow'd hard his hunted prey,
 (His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,
 Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind,)
 Fool, said the chief, tho' fleetest than the wind,
 Could'st thou presume to 'scape, when I pursue?
 He said, and downward by the feet he drew
 The trembling dastard: at the tug he falls,
 Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking
 walls.

Thus on some silver swan, or tim'rous hare,
Jove's bird comes fowling down, from upper air;
 Her crooked talons trusts the fearful fray:
 Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.
 So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,
 In vain lamented by the bleating dam.‡

NOTES.

* *Virgil* and *Apollonius Rhodius* attribute more bravery to the illegitimate brother than to the legitimate one.

† There is a difference to be made between those troops which were armed with a buckler and javelin, and those which were only armed with a sword. *Virgil* says above, speaking of a squadron of horse, *tercentum scutati omnes*: this was for distinction-sake. *Helenor* was a soldier lightly armed, *levis*, and had no weapon besides his sword. It is true that he wore a round buckler, called *parma*; but he did not make use either of arrows, or a lance.

‡ *Helenor* is compared to a tiger, or a leopard, who

Then rushing onward, with a barb'rous cry,
 The troops of *Turnus* to the combat fly.
 The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe
 Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets throw.

Hilioneus, as bold *Lucetius* came
 To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
 Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so right,
 It crush'd him double underneath the weight.
 Two more young *Liger* and *Afyllas* flew;
 To bend the bow young *Liger* better knew:
Afyllas best the pointed jav'lin threw.
 Brave *Cæneas* laid *Ortygius* on the plain,
 The victor *Cæneas* was by *Turnus* slain.
 By the same hand, *Clonis* and *Itys* fall,
Sagar and *Ida*, standing on the wall,
 From *Capy's* arms his fate *Privernus* found;
 Hurt by *Themilla* first; but slight the wound;
 His shield thrown by to mitigate the smart,
 He clapt his hand upon the wounded part:
 The second shaft came swift and unesp'y'd,
 And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his side:
 Transfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart;
 The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the dart.

The son of *Arcens* shone amid the rest,
 In glitt'ring armour and a purple vest.
 Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love,
 Bred by his father in the *Martian* grove:
 Where the fat altars of *Palicus* flame,||
 And sent in arms to purchase early fame.
 Him, when he spy'd from far the *Thuscan* king,
 Laid by the lance, and took him to the sling:
 Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and
 threw:

The heated lead half melted as it flew:
 It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain:
 The youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the
 plain.

Then

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makes his way through the weapons of the hunters: *Lycus* is compared to an hare, or a lamb. These comparisons are proportioned to the bravery of the one, and the cowardice of the other.

|| *Palicus*, or rather the *Palici*, were two brothers, whom the *Sicilians* ranked among the Gods; they were the sons of *Jupiter* and *Thalia*, one of the daughters of *Vulcan*; or rather of *Vulcan* himself, and the nymph *Æthna*. These *Palici* gave oracles, and were reputed, in doubtful matters, to have the power of distinguishing between the man who spoke truth, and the impostor. They were very favourable to the *Sicilians* during a famine, and ever afterwards their altars were loaded with gifts.

Then young *Ascanius*, who before this day*
 Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,
 First bent, in martial strife, the twanging bow;
 And exercis'd against a human foe.
 With this bereft *Numanus* of his life,
 Who *Turnus*' younger sister took to wife.
 Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,
 Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with
 a stride,
 In these insulting terms the *Trojans* he defy'd. }
 Twice conquer'd cowards, now your shame is
 shown,
 Coop'd up a second time within your town!
 Who dare not issue forth in open field,
 But hold your walls before you for a shield.
 Thus threat you war, thus our alliance force!
 What Gods, what madness hither steer'd your
 course!
 You shall not find the sons of *Atræus* here,
 Nor need the frauds of sly *Ulysses* fear.
 Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
 We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
 There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,
 With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
 They wake before the day to range the wood,
 Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.
 No sports, but what belong to war, they know,
 To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.

NOTES.

* If the *Æneid* takes up no more than a year, how could *Ascanius*, who was a child carried in *Venus*'s arms in the first book, be so wise a counsellor, and so considerable a warrior, in the ninth? Mr. *Segrais* answers the objection at large, in his last remark upon this book; and though what he says may be defended, yet we are not wholly of his opinion. He makes *Ascanius* betwixt thirteen and fourteen years of age, when he was at *Carthage*. But sure such an one must be too big a boy, and too near a man, to be carried to bed in arms, as this prince was by *Venus*; or kissed and dandled upon a lady's lap, as *Cupid* in his shape was by *Dido*. Nor is there any necessity of allowing him so many years at that time. It was seven years, says Mr. *Segrais*, since the destruction of *Troy*; and then he was big enough to walk by his father's side: this, continues he, cannot be said of a child in a cradle. True; but it may be said of a child of two years old: however, we will allow him three; so that at *Carthage*, he shall be ten; and in *Italy*, between ten and eleven. The caresses of *Dido* may well enough agree with that age; nor is there any thing in the
 No. 10.

Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;
 Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
 From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,
 They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town.
 No part of life from toils of war is free;
 No change in age, or difference in degree.
 We plough, and till in arms; our oxen feel,
 Instead of goads, the spur, and pointed steel;
 Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain;
 Ev'n time that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
 The body, not the mind: nor can control
 Th' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.
 Our helms defend the young, disguise the grey:
 We live by plunder, and delight in prey.
 Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine: †
 In sloth you glory, and in dances join.
 Your vests have sweeping sleeves: with female pride,
 Your turbans underneath your chins are ty'd.
 Go, *Phrygians*, to your *Dindymus* again;
 Go, less than women, in the shapes of men.
 Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the mother's rites,
 Where with unequal sound the flute invites.
 Sing, dance, and howl by turns in *Ida*'s shade;
 Relinquish the war to men, who know the martial trade.
 This foul reproach, *Ascanius* could not hear
 With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
 At the full stretch of both his hands he drew, ‡
 And almost join'd the horns of the tough eugh.

But

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idea at all incongruous, or unnatural. *Venus*'s carrying him in her arms, and laying him asleep, was upon an extraordinary occasion. At the same age, he might very well be considerable enough to be informed of the state of things by his father: and strong and bold enough to ride a hunting. And here in *Italy*, he may be supposed (as an extraordinary person, and the son of a demi-god) to have discretion enough to discourse, as he does, upon the expedition of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*; and strength and skill enough to draw a bow, and kill a man: the thing is possible; for the rest, it ought to be extraordinary, and was intended to be so.

† *Homer* originally makes use of this kind of scoff, in the *Iliad* and *Odyssæy*. *Milton* has put it likewise into the mouth of *Satan*, where he is speaking against *Abdiel*, and his party:

I see that most thro' sloth had rather serve,
 Minst'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song:
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heaven.

Par. Lost, b. 6.

‡ The original very elegantly expresses the disposition of both arms in drawing a bow.

U u

But first, before the throne of *Jove* he stood:
And thus with lifted hands invok'd the God.
My first attempt, great *Jupiter*, succeed;
An annual off'ring in thy grove shall bleed:
A snow-white steer, before thy altar led,
Who like his mother bears aloft his head,
Buts with his threat'ning brows, and bellowing
stands,

And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands.
Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.
Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hisses thro' the skies.
The steel thro' both his temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the ground *Numanus* lay.
Go now, vain boaster, and true valour scorn;
The *Phrygians*, twice subdu'd, yet make this third
return.

Ascanius said no more: the *Trojans* shake
The heav'ns with shouting, and new vigour take.

Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
And thus the beardless victor, he bespoke aloud. }
Advance illustrious youth, increase in fame,
And wide from east to west extend thy name.
Offspring of Gods thyself; and *Rome* shall owe
To thee, a race of demigods below.*
This is the way to heav'n: the pow'rs divine
From this beginning date the *Julian* line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,†
The conquer'd war is due, and the vast world is
their's.

Troy is too narrow for thy name. He said,
And plunging downward shot his radiant head;
Dispell'd the breathing air, that broke his flight,
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal fight.
Old *Butes*' form he took, *Anchises*' squire,
Now left to rule *Ascanius*, by his fire;
His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs,
His mien, his habit, and his arms he wears; }
And thus salutes the boy, too forward for his years.

NOTES.

* The Gods, from whom *Ascanius* was descended, were *Jupiter* the father of *Dardanus*, and *Venus* the mother of *Aeneas*: the Gods, to whom he was, as it were, to give birth, were *Romulus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Augustus*.

† *Virgil* takes all opportunities of flattering *Augustus*. He makes *Apollo* predict, even in the time of *Ascanius*, the happiness which the world was to enjoy under this emperor; that he was to put an end to war throughout the world, and shut the tem-

Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,
The warlike prize thou hast already won;
The God of archers gives thy youth a part
Of his own praise; nor envies equal art.
Now tempt the war no more. He said, and flew
Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.
The *Trojans*, by his arms, their patron knew;
And hear the twanging of his heav'nly bow.
Then duteous force they use, and *Phæbus*' name,
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.
Undaunted they themselves no danger shun:
From wall to wall the shouts and clamours run:
They bend their bows, they whirl their slings }
around:

Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the ground;
And helms, and shields, and rattling arms resound. }
The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the show'ry kids arise:
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,
When *Jupiter* descends in harden'd rain.
Or bellowing clouds, burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.

Pand'rus and *Bitias*, thunder-bolts of war, ‡
Whom *Hiera* to bold *Alcanor* bare
On *Ida*'s top two youths of height and size,
Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise;
Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averse, against their king's command,
Arm'd on the right, and on the left they stand,
And flank the passage: shining steel they wear,
And waving crests above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that *Padus*' banks adorn,
Lift up to heav'n their leafy heads unshorn;
And overpress'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other
nod.

In flows a tide of *Latians*, when they see
The gate set open, and the passage free.
Bold *Quercens*, with rash *Tmaris* rushing on,
Equiculus, that in bright armour shone,

And

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ple of *Janus*.—How sublime are those expressions of the Psalmist on the like subject! He maketh wars to cease through all the world; he breaketh the bow, and snappeth the spear asunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire. *Psalms* xli. ver. 9.

‡ *Macrobius* tells us, that this passage is taken from the 15th book of *Ennius*'s annals. *Virgil* (says *Fulvius Ursinus*) has here, according to custom, expressed *Homer*'s verses, in the words of *Ennius*. The passage of *Ennius* is lost.

And *Hæmon* first, but soon repuls'd they fly,
Or in the well-defended pass they die
These with success are fir'd, and those with rage;
And each on equal terms at length engage.
Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,
The *Trojans* hand to hand the fight maintain.

Fierce *Turnus* in another quarter fought,
When suddenly th' unhop'd for news was brought;
The foes had left the fastness of their place,
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chase.
He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,
Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.

The first he met, *Antiphates* the brave,
But base begotten on a *Theban* slave;
Sarpedon's son he slew: the deadly dart
Found passage thro' his breast, and pierc'd his heart.
Fix'd in the wound th' *Italian* cornel stood;
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.

Aphidnus next, and *Erymanthus* dies,
And *Meropes*, and the gigantic size
Of *Bitias*, threat'ning with his ardent eyes.

Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd,
A dart were lost within that roomy breast;
But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong;
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along: *
Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force with-hold;
Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.
Down sunk the monster bulk, and press'd the
ground:

His arms and clatt'ring shield, on the vast body
found.

Not with less ruin, than the *Bajan* mole, †
(Rais'd on the seas the furies to control,)

At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall
Off the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud
arise.

The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores:
Then trembles *Prochyta*, then *Ischia* roars:
Typhæus thrown beneath, by *Jove*'s command,
Altonish'd at the flaw, that shakes the land,
Soon shifts his weary side, and scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his
back.

The warrior-god the *Latian* troops inspir'd;
New strung their sinews, and their courage fir'd,
But chills the *Trojan* hearts with cold affright:
Then black despair precipitates their flight.

When *Pandarus* beheld his brother kill'd,
The town with fear, and wild confusion fill'd,
He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
With both his hands; and adds his shoulders to the
weight.

Some happier friends within the walls inclos'd;
The rest shut out, to certain death expos'd.
Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
T' admit young *Turnus*, and include the war.
He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold;
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold. ‡
Too late his blazing buckler they descry;
And sparkling fires that shot from either eye:
His mighty members, and his ample breast,
His rattling armour and his crimson crest. §

Far from that hated face the *Trojans* fly;
All but the fool who sought his destiny.

Mad

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* *Servius* tells us, this was a vast dart, with a turned handle; its iron was a cubit long, above which was a kind of ball plated with lead; this sometimes was wrapped round with pitch and tow, for firing buildings, &c. with this dart they used to fight from a sort of turrets called *phalæ*.

† Now called *Castella di Baia*, in the *Terra Lavara*. It was the place the *Romans* chose for their winter retreat; and which they frequented upon account of its warm baths. Some few ruins of the beautiful villas that once covered this delightful coast, still remain; and nothing can give one an higher idea of the prodigious expence and magnificence of the *Romans* in their private buildings, than the manner in which some of these were situated. It appears from a letter of *Pliny*, book 9, and from several other passages in the classic writers, that they actually projected into the sea; being erected upon vast piles sunk for that purpose. *Virgil* draws a

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beautiful simile from this custom, where he compares the massy spear which *Turnus* let fly at *Bitias*, to one of those enormous piles thrown into the *Baian* sea.

‡ This puts us in mind of a simile conceived in the genuine spirit of the ancients, where *Spencer* represents the Gods looking on *Mutability* with surprise.

———— Like a sort of fleers

'Mongst whom some beast of strange and foreign
race

Unwares is chanc'd, far straying from his peers.

Fa. Qu. b. 7.

§ This is prodigiously noble: one would have thought that as he was shut in single among his enemies, his courage should, at first at least, have failed him: but it is just the reverse. If it be objected, that this, with what follows, is more noble than probable; we must consider, first, that it is allowable.

Mad *Pandarus* steps forth, with vengeance vow'd
For *Bittas*' death, and threatens thus aloud.
These are not *Ardea*'s walls, nor this the town
Anata proffers with *Lavinia*'s crown:
'Tis hostile earth you tread; of hope bereft,
No means of safe return by flight are left.
To whom with count'nance calm, and soul sedate,
Thus *Turnus*: Then begin; and try thy fate:
My message to the ghost of *Priam* bear,
Tell him a new *Achilles* sent thee there.

A lance of tough ground-ash the *Trojan* threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew.
With his full force he whirl'd it first around;
But the soft yielding air receiv'd the wound:
Imperial *Juno* turn'd the course before;
And fix'd the wand'ring weapon in the door.

But hope not thou, said *Turnus*, when I strike,
To shun thy fate, our force is not alike:
Nor thy steel temper'd by the *Lemnian* God:
Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood;
And aim'd from high: the full descending blow
Cleaves the broad front, and beardless cheeks in
two:

Down sinks the giant with a thund'ring sound,
His pond'rous limbs oppress the trembling ground;
Blood, brains, and foam, gush from the gaping
wound.

Scalp, face, and shoulders, the keen steel divides;
And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.
The *Trojans* fly from their approaching fate;
And had the victor then secur'd the gate,
And, to his troops without, unclos'd the bars;
One lucky day had ended all his wars.
But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,
Push on his fury, to pursue the crowd;
Hamstring'd behind unhappy *Gyges* dy'd;
Then *Phalaris* is added to his side:
The pointed javelins from the dead he drew,
And their friends arms against their fellows threw.
Strong *Halys* stands in vain; weak *Phlegys* flies;
Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies.

NOTES.

allowable to paint bigger than the life: secondly,
that this hero, in his amazing exploits, is assisted by
a divine power.

* *Virgil* hints, that this poet and musician did
not employ his art in celebrating low and indecent
subjects, but those of a sublime and noble nature.
Upon this account we are more concerned for his
death. This puts us in mind of the following fine
passage in *Glover's Leonidas*:

 Him *Dithyrambus* lov'd, a sacred bard,
 Rever'd for justice, for his verse renown'd,

Then *Halius*, *Prytanis*, *Alcander* fall;
(Engag'd against the foes, who scal'd the wall!)
But whom they fear'd without, they found within:
At last, tho' late, by *Linceus* he was seen.
He calls new succours, and assaults the prince,
But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,
And at one blow the bold aggressor flew.
He joints the neck: and with a stroke so strong
The helm flies off; and bears the head along.
Next him, the huntsman *Amycus* he kill'd,
In darts invenom'd, and in poison skill'd.
Then *Clytus* fell beneath his fatal spear,
And *Cretus*, whom the muses held so dear:
He fought with courage, and he sung the fight:
Arms were his bus'ness, verses his delight.*

The *Trojan* chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.
Bold *Mnestheus* rallies first the broken train,
Whom brave *Seresthus* and his troop sustain.
To save the living, and revenge the dead:
Against one warrior's arms all *Troy* they led.
O, void of sense and courage, *Mnestheus* cry'd,
Where can you hope your coward heads to hide?
Ah, where beyond these rampires can you run!
One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you shun!
Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,
And pass unpunish'd from a num'rous host?
Forfaking honour, and renouncing fame,
Your Gods, your country, and your king you shame.

This just reproach their virtue does excite,
They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.

Now *Turnus* doubts, and yet disdains to yield:
But with slow paces measures back the field;
And inches to the walls, where *Tiber*'s tide,
Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.
The more he loses, they advance the more;
And tread in ev'ry step he trod before.
They shout, they bear him back, and whom by
might

They cannot conquer, they oppress with weight.

As

NOTES.

Which sung the deeds of heroes, those who fell,
Or those who conquer'd, in their country's cause,
Th' inraptur'd soul inflaming with the thirst
Of glory won by virtue—His high strain
The muses favour'd from their neighb'ring groves,
And bless'd with heav'nly melody his lyre.
No more from *Thespia* shall his feet ascend
The shady steep of *Helicon*.

Book 4, ver. 213.

As compass'd with a wood of spears around,
 The lordly lion still maintains his ground;
 Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
 Threats his distended paws, and shakes his mane;
 He loses while in vain he presses on,
 Nor will his courage let him dare to run:
 So *Turnus* fares, and unresolv'd of flight,
 Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight.*
 Yet twice, enrag'd, the combat he renews,
 Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues:
 But now they swarm; and with fresh troops sup-
 ply'd,
 Come rolling on, and rush from ev'ry side.
 Nor *Juno*, who sustain'd his arms before,
 Dares with new strength suffice, th' exhausted store.
 For *Jove*, with four commands, sent *Iris* down,
 To force th' invader from the frightened town.
 With labour spent, no longer can he wield †
 The heavy faulchion, or sustain the shield:

NOTES.

* The retreat of *Turnus* is noble: though at-
 tacked by the whole army of the *Trojans*, he doth
 not fly, but moves off by degrees; and still keeps up
 his courage, till he perceives himself deserted by
Juno.

† This whole description is imitated by *Tasso*,
 b. 9, ver. 97.

Meantime the soldan in this latest charge,
 Had done as much as human force was able:

O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they
 fling,

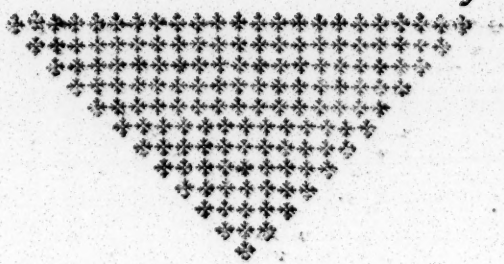
The weapons round his hollow temples ring:
 His golden helm gives way: with stony blows
 Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows,
 His crest is rash'd away, his ample shield
 Is falsify'd, and round with javelins fill'd.

The foe now faint, the *Trojans* overwhelm:
 And *Mnestheus* lays hard load upon his helm.
 Sick sweat succeeds, he drops at ev'ry pore,
 With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er,
 Shorter and shorter ev'ry grasp he takes,
 And vain efforts, and hurtless blows he makes.
 Arm'd as he was, at length, he leap'd from high;
 Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
 The yellow God, the welcome burden bore,
 And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore:
 Then gently wafts him to the farther coast;
 And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

NOTES.

All sweat and blood appear'd his members large,
 His breath was short, his courage wax'd un-
 stable;

His arm grew weak to bear his mighty targe,
 His hand to rule his heavy sword unable:
 Which bruise'd, not cut, so blunted was the blade,
 It lost the use for which a sword was made.



The TENTH BOOK of the ÆNEID.*

A R G U M E N T.

Jupiter calling a council of the Gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth: the different actions and death of these two, are the subject of a noble episode.

THE gates of heav'n unfold; Jove summons all
The Gods to council in the common hall.
Sublimely seated he surveys from far,
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war;

NOTES.

* Those who have carefully perused these last books of the *Æneid* cannot doubt of the valour of Æneas; for in these, the poet omits nothing that belongs to the wisdom of a great general, or the courage of a brave soldier, to make the character of his hero complete. Though these three books contain in general only combats, yet how different are these combats the one from the other? And even how different are the wounds, the deaths, and the surprising events, which happen in this war? This tenth book chiefly is that, wherein the peripeties are the most beautiful. *Aristotle*, according to *F. Mambrun*, defines this part of a poem to be, a change of things into their contraries, which happens either probably or necessarily. For though the epic writers ought to make use of peripeties more sparingly than the writers of romance, it would nevertheless be a great defect in their works, if these changes were not sometimes to be found there; for instance, if a poet was to represent the party of his hero always triumphant, and every where victorious. *Virgil* distributes with so much address the favours

And all th' inferior world: from first to last
The sov'reign senate in degrees are plac'd.
Then thus th' almighty Sire began. Ye Gods,
Natives, or denizens, of blest abodes;

From

NOTES.

of fortune, that one cannot enough admire his conduct throughout this whole book. If Æneas conquers on his side, *Turnus* likewise performs several brave exploits on his. This last kills the young *Pallas*; who had just killed *Lausus*, one of the principal leaders, and some other of the bravest of the *Latian* army. Æneas immediately hastens to revenge the death of *Pallas*, and kills *Lausus* and *Mezentius*. But as the single combat of *Turnus* and Æneas must make the unravelling of the poem, the address of the poet is worthy observation; who makes use of the mediation of *Juno*, to hinder these two men, who were so brave, and so much animated one against the other, from meeting. For without doubt, according to the rules of probability, they should seek for each other; and it would be difficult, that they should not meet, as they are so desirous of it. The complaints of *Turnus* in the vessel which carries him off, and the two harangues of *Juno* and *Venus*, are master-pieces of eloquence: and all that passes in the deaths of *Lausus* and *Mezentius* is described with great art.

From whence these murmurs, and this change of mind,

This backward fate from what was first design'd?
Why this protracted war? When my commands
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the *Latian* lands.
What fear or hope on either part divides
Our heav'ns, and arms our pow'rs on different sides?
A lawful time of war at length will come,
(Nor need your haste anticipate the doom,)
When *Carthage* shall contend the world with *Rome*:
Shall force the rigid rocks, and *Alpine* chains;*
And like a flood come pouring on the plains.

Then is your time for faction and debate,
For partial favour, and permitted hate.
Let now your immature dissension cease:
Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace.

Thus *Jupiter* in few unfolds the charge:
But lovely *Venus* thus replies at large. †
O pow'r immense, eternal energy!
(For to what else protection can we fly,)
Seest thou the proud *Rutulians*, how they dare
In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care?
How lofty *Turnus* vaunts amidst his train,
In shining arms triumphant on the plain?
Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend;
And scarce their walls the *Trojan* troops defend:
The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erflows,
With a red deluge, their increasing moats.
Æneas ignorant, and far from thence,
Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.
This endless outrage shall they still sustain?
Shall *Troy* renew'd be forc'd, and fir'd again?
A second siege my banish'd issue fears,
And a new *Diomedes* in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be found;
And I thy daughter wait another wound.
Yet, if with fates averse, without thy leave,
The *Latian* lands my progeny receive;
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid withdraw.
But if the Gods their sure success foretel,
If those of heav'n consent with those of hell,
To promise *Italy*; who dare debate
The pow'r of *Jove*, or fix another fate?
What should I tell of tempests on the main,
Of *Eolus* usurping *Neptune's* reign?

NOTES.

* This alludes to *Hannibal's* forcing his way through the *Alps*, which were (as *Livy* says) like a wall to *Italy*.

† The art and address which *Venus* makes use of in her speech, is finely contrasted by the haughti-

Of *Iris* sent, with *Bacchanalian* heat,
T' inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet.
Now *Juno* to the *Stygian* sky descends,
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
That new example wanted yet above:
An act that well became the wife of *Jove*.
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames
The peaceful bosoms of the *Latian* dames.
Imperial sway no more exalts my mind:
(Such hopes I had indeed, while heav'n was kind)
Now let my happier foes possess my place,
Whom *Jove* prefers before the *Trojan* race;
And conquer they, whom you with conquest }
grace.

Since you can spare, from all your wide command,
No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
Which may my wand'ring fugitives receive:
(Since haughty *Juno* will not give you leave)
Then, father, (if I still may use that name)
By ruin'd *Troy*, yet smoaking from the flame,
I beg you let *Ascanius* be my care,
Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war:
Inglorious let him live, without a crown:
The father may be cast on coasts unknown,
Struggling with fate; but let me save the son. }
Mine is *Cythera*, mine the *Cyprian* tow'rs;
In those recesses, and those sacred bow'rs
Obscurely let him rest; his right resign
To promis'd empire, and his *Julian* line.
Then *Carthage* may th' *Ausonian* towns destroy,
Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
What profits it my son, to 'scape the fire,
Arm'd with his Gods, and loaded with his fire:
To pass the perils of the seas and wind;
Evade the *Greeks*, and leave the war behind;
To reach th' *Italian* shores: if after all,
Our second *Pergamus* is doom'd to fall?
Much better had he curb'd his high desires,
And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.
To *Simois'* banks the fugitives restore,
And give them back to war, and all the woes be-
fore. ‡

Deep indignation swell'd *Saturnia's* heart:
And must I own, she said, my secret smart?
What with more decency were in silence kept,
And but for this unjust reproach had slept.

Did

NOTES.

ness which runs through that of *Juno*. *Venus* begins with the greatest reverence and modesty: but *Juno* begins like a fury.

‡ As she began with moving pity, so she concludes. It is one of the grand rules in rhetoric, to handle

Did God, or man, your fav'rite son advise,
 With war unhop'd the *Latians* to surprise?
 By fate you boast, and by the Gods decree,
 He left his native land for *Italy*:
 Confess the truth; by mad *Cassandra*, more
 Than heav'n inspir'd, he fought a foreign shore!
 Did I persuade to trust his second *Troy*
 To the raw conduct of a beardless boy?
 With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
 And thro' the waves a wand'ring voyage takes?
 When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
 The *Tuscan* aid, and arm a quiet land?
 Did I or *Iris* give this mad advice,
 Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?
 You think it hard, the *Latians* should destroy
 With swords your *Trojans*, and with fire your *Troy*:
 Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw
 Their native air, nor take a foreign law:
 That *Turnus* is permitted still to live,
 To whom his birth a God and Goddess give:
 But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line,
 To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join.
 Realms not your own, among your clans divide,
 And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride:
 Petition, while you public arms prepare;
 Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war.
 'Twas giv'n to you, your darling son to shroud,
 To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd;
 And for a man obtend an empty cloud. }
 From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
 And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
 But 'tis my crime, the queen of heav'n offends,
 If she presume to save her suff'ring friends.
 Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
 You say is absent: absent let him be.
 Your's is *Cythera*, your's the *Cyprian* tow'rs,
 The soft recesses, and the sacred bow'rs.
 Why do you then these needless arms prepare,
 And thus provoke a people prone to war?

NOTES.

handle the exordium and peroration after the same manner. The same rule is likewise observed in *Juno's* speech.

* In the last words of the original, the very cadence of them tells us, that *Juno* strikes her hands one against another, and sits down in the same abrupt rage with which she rose. They are distinguished too by this circumstance; that *Venus* all along applies herself to *Jupiter*; and reflects upon *Juno* only in the third person; and that too, but once, only by hints and insinuations; and when she does name her, it is as softly, though as invidiously, as possible. *Juno* on the contrary speaks to her adversary directly, and attacks her in person.

Did I with fire the *Trojan* town deface,
 Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
 Was I the cause of mischief, or the man,
 Whose lawless lust the fatal war began?
 Think on whose faith th' adult'rous youth rely'd:
 Who promis'd, who procur'd the *Spartan* bride?
 When all th' united states of *Greece* combin'd,
 To purge the world of the perfidious kind;
 Then was your time to fear the *Trojan* fate:
 Your quarrels and complaints are now too late.*

Thus *Juno*. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause;

Just as they favour, or dislike the cause:
 So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,
 In whispers first their tender voices try: †
 Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
 And storms to trembling mariners preface.

Then thus to both reply'd th' imperial God,
 Who shakes heav'n's axles with his awful nod.
 (When he begins, the silent senate stand
 With reverence, list'ning to the dread command:
 The clouds dispel; the winds their breath restrain;
 And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main.)

Celestials! your attentive ears incline;
 Since, said the God, the *Trojans* must not join }
 In wish'd alliance with the *Latian* line, }
 Since endless jarrings, and immortal hate, }
 Tend but to discompose our happy state; }
 The war henceforward be resign'd to fate. }
 Each to his proper fortune stand or fall,
 Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.
Rutulians, *Trojans*, are the same to me;
 And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.
 Let these assault, if fortune be their friend;
 And if she favours those, let those defend:
 The fates will find their way. The Thund'rer
 said;

And shook the sacred honours of his head;

Attesting

NOTES.

† *Milton* has finely improved upon this hint:

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
 The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night
 long

Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men, o'erwatch'd; whose bark, by
 chance,

Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay,
 After the tempest: such applause was heard
 As Mammon ended. —

Par. Lost, b. 2, ver. 284.

Attesting *Styx*, th' inviolable flood,
And the black regions of his brother God:
Trembled the poles of heav'n; and earth confess'd
the nod:

This end the sessions had: the senate rise,
And to his palace wait their sov'reign thro' the
skies.

Mean time, intent upon their siege, the foes
Within their walls the *Trojan* host inclose:
They wound, they kill, they watch at ev'ry gate:
Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.

Th' *Æneans* wish in vain their wanted chief,
Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief;
Thin on the tow'rs they stand; and ev'n those few,
A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew:
Yet in the face of danger some there stood:
The two bold brothers of *Sarpedon's* blood,
Asius and *Acmon*: both th' *Assaraci*;
Young *Hæmon*, and tho' young, resolv'd to die.
With these were *Clarus* and *Thymetes* join'd;
Tibris and *Castor*, both of *Lycian* kind.
From *Acmon's* hands a rolling stone there came,
So large, it half deserv'd a mountain's name!
Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of bone,
His brother *Mnestheus* could not more have done:
Or the great father of th' intrepid son.
Some firebrands throw, some flights of arrows send;
And some with darts, and some with stones de-
fend.

Amid the prefs appears the beauteous boy,
The care of *Venus*, and the hope of *Troy*.^{*}
His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare,
In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair.
His forehead circled with a diadem;
Distinguish'd from the crown he shines a gem,
Enchas'd in gold, or polish'd iv'ry set,
Amidst the meaner foil of sable jet.

NOTES.

* How artfully is this graceful description of the appearance of *Ascanius* introduced, amidst the more tumultuous and ruder scenes of the battle! He is represented bare-headed (says *Donatus*) because he was forbidden by *Apollo* to fight. Some commentators think, that *Virgil* alluded to the custom of the *Romans*, who were always bare-headed, but during the *Saturnalia*. We rather think, from the description that follows immediately, that he is painted bare-headed, to make the more graceful appearance.

† The *Roman* poets scarce say any thing in a personal manner of mount *Ida*; unless possibly *Virgil* may be understood in that manner, where he is speaking of the figures wrought in the fore-part of *Æneas's* ship.

No. 10.

Nor *Ismarus* was wanting to the war,
Directing pointed arrows from afar,
And death with poison arm'd: in *Lydia* born,
Where plenteous harvests the fat fields adorn:
Where proud *Pætolus* floats the fruitful lands,
And leaves a rich manure of golden sands.
There *Capys*, author of the *Capuan* name:
And there was *Mnestheus* too increas'd in fame:
Since *Turnus* from the camp he cast with shame.

Thus mortal war was wag'd on either side.
Meantime the hero cuts the mighty tide:
For, anxious, from *Evander* when he went,
He fought the *Tyrrhene* camp, and *Tarchon's* tent;
Expos'd the cause of coming to the chief,
His name and country told, and ask'd relief:
Propos'd the terms; his own small strength de-
clar'd,

What vengeance proud *Mezentius* had prepar'd:
What *Turnus*, bold and violent, design'd;
Then shew'd the slipp'ry state of human kind,
And fickle fortune; warn'd him to beware:
And to his wholesome counsel added pray'r.
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs;
And to the *Trojan* troops the *Tuscan* joins.

They soon set sail; nor now the fates withstand;
Their forces trusted with a foreign hand.
Æneas leads; upon his stern appear
Two lions carv'd, which rising *Ida* bear;
Ida, to wand'ring *Trojans* ever dear.†
Under their grateful shade *Æneas* sat,
Revolving war's events, and various fate.
His left young *Pallas* kept, fix'd to his side,
And oft of winds inquir'd, and of the tide:
Oft of the stars, and of their wat'ry way;
And what he suffer'd both by land and sea.

Now sacred sisters open all your spring,‡
The *Tuscan* leaders, and their army sing;

Which

NOTES.

† *Macrobius* has made an objection to *Virgil*, upon the subject of the catalogue in this tenth book. He thinks, that *Virgil* ought not to have made it without order, as we see it is; and that *Homer*, having treated of the same thing, passes from one subject to another, according to the neighbourhood of the countries whose inhabitants he has celebrated. Instead of which, *Virgil* has not observed any rule, but jumps from one subject to another, without any manner of exactness. But we may remark, that as the poet seeks to ravish his reader, and above all aims at the beauty of surprize, it is not necessary that he should confine himself to that exactness, which would be of no ornament, but on the contrary, by discovering his own artifice, would take off all the

- Y y

surprize

Which follow'd great *Aeneas* to the war:
Their arms, their numbers, and their names declare.

A thousand youths brave *Massicus* obey,
Borne in the *Tiger*, thro' the foaming sea;
From *Asium* brought, and *Cosa*, by his care;
For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts they bear.
Fierce *Abas* next, his men bright armour wore;
His stern, *Apollo's* golden statue bore.
Six hundred *Populonea* sent along,
All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.
Three hundred more for battle *Iuva* joins,
An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.
Afyllas on his prow the third appears,
Who heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring stars:
From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,
And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.
A thousand spears in warlike order stand,
Sent by the *Pisans* under his command.

Fair *Astur* follows in the wat'ry field,
Proud of his manag'd horse, and painted shield.
Gravisca noisome from the neighb'ring fen,
And his own *Cære* sent three hundred men:
With those which *Minio's* fields, and *Pyrgi* gave;
All bred in arms, unanimous and brave.

Thou muse the name of *Cinyras* renew;
And brave *Cupavo* follow'd but by few:
Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,
And bore, with wings display'd, a silver swan.
Love was the fault of his fam'd ancestry,
Whose forms and fortunes in his ensigns fly.
For *Cygnus* lov'd unhappy *Phaeton*,
And sung his loss in poplar groves, alone;
Beneath the sister shades to sooth his grief:
Heav'n heard the song, and hasten'd his relief:

NOTES.

surprize from his narration, so that he would interest the reader the less. For if *Virgil* had placed in a genealogical order all those heroes, which *Anchises* celebrates in his prediction, this prediction had been less pleasing. It would be the same with this catalogue; if those who are there mentioned, were ranged according to the order of their respective places, the reader would prevent the artifice of the poet; and would find fewer graces in such an arrangement, than what he finds in this miscellaneous manner, which nevertheless, as we may observe, is without disorder or confusion.

* *Ocnus* built the walls of *Mantua*; but the colony for whom he built them was by far more ancient than his time. This colony was originally made up of *Thebans*, afterwards re-inforced by the

And chang'd to snowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
His son *Cupavo* brush'd the briny flood:
Upon his stern a brawny centaur flood,
Who heav'd a rock, and threat'ning still to throw,
With lifted hands, alarm'd the seas below:
They seem to fear the formidable fight,
And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.

Ocnus was next, who led his native train,*
Of hardy warriors thro' the wat'ry plain,
The son of *Manto*, by the *Tuscan* stream,
From whence the *Mantuan* town derives the name,
An ancient city, but of mix'd descent,
Three several tribes compose the government;
Four towns are under each: but all obey
The *Mantuan* laws, and own the *Tuscan* sway.

Hate to *Mezentius*, arm'd five hundred more,
Whom *Mincius* from his fire *Benacus* bore;
(*Mincius* with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd o'er.)

These grave *Auletes* leads. A hundred sweep,
With stretching oars at once the glassy deep:
Him, and his martial train, the *Triton* bears,
High on his poop the sea-green God appears:
Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound,
And at the blast the billows dance around.
A hairy man above the waist he shows,
A porpoise tail beneath his belly grows;
And ends a fish: his breast the waves divides,
And froth and foam augment the murmur'ring tides.

Full thirty ships transport the chosen train,
For *Troy's* relief, and scour the briny main.

Now was the world forsaken by the sun,
And *Phæbe* half her nightly race had run.

The

NOTES.

Tuscans, and lastly by the *Gauls*, or, as some will have it, by the *Sarfinates*. This mixture of different nations is implied in the *non genus omnibus unum*; and hence too the *genus illi* [*Mantua*] *triplex* is made out. By the *populi sub gente quarterni* is to be understood, that beside the city of *Mantua*, there were three other cities in the *Mantuan* territories all respectively governed by their lucumonies, or petty kings; of all these *Mantua* was the chief. But though *Mantua* was composed of three different lucumonies or nations, yet the mightiest of them all were the *Tuscans*. Thus *Virgil* in four lines has sketched out the present state, and the complicated genealogy, of his country. The *Ocnus* above-mentioned is *Bianor*, whose tomb is spoken of in the third eclogue.

The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes,
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies. *
A choir of *Nereids* meet him on the flood,
Once his own gallies, hewn from *Ida's* wood:
But now as many nymphs the sea they sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
They know him from afar; and in a ring
Inclose the ship that bore the *Trojan* king.
Cymodocce, whose voice excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast.
Her right hand stops the stern, her left divides
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides:
She spoke for all the choir; and thus began
With pleasing words to warn th' unknowing man.
Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-born! awake,
Spread ev'ry sail, pursue your wat'ry track;
And haste your course. Your navy once were we,
From *Ida's* height descending to the sea:
Till *Turnus*, as at anchor fix'd we stood,
Presum'd to violate our holy wood.
Then loos'd from shore we fled his fires profane;
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain)
And since have fought you thro' the *Tuscan* main. †
The mighty mother chang'd our forms to these,
And gave us life immortal in the seas.
But young *Ascanius*, in his camp distress'd,
By your insulting foes is hardly press'd,
Th' *Arcadian* horsemen, and *Etrurian* host
Advance in order on the *Latian* coast:
To cut their way the *Daunian* chief designs,
Before their troops can reach the *Trojan* lines.
Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,
First arm thy soldiers for th' ensuing fight;
Thyself the fated sword of *Vulcan* wield,
And bear aloft th' impenetrable shield.
To-morrow's sun, unless my skill be vain,
Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain.

NOTES.

* The leader of a colony should be equal to every task which that business requires. *Æneas* does not disdain to pilot his own vessel in the night. This he had done before, after *Palinurus* fell into the sea, b. 5.

† *Catrou* mentions this part of *Cymodocce's* speech as a specimen of the politeness of a sea nymph. Nothing (says this refined *Frenchman*) can be more polite than the language of this new nymph. She gives *Æneas* to understand, that she was turned into a goddess solely against her own will, and that she had rather still have continued in his service under her original shape.

‡ The transformation of the ships, as violent a

Parting, she spoke; and with immortal force,
Push'd on the vessel in her wat'ry course:
(For well she knew the way) impell'd behind,
The ship flew forward, and outstript the wind. ‡
The rest make up: unknowing of the cause;
The chief admires their speed, and happy omens draws.

Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heaven his eyes;
Hear thou, great mother of the deities,
With turrets crown'd, (on *Ida's* holy hill,
Fierce tygers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)
Firm thy own omens, lead us on to fight,
And let thy *Phrygians* conquer in thy right.

He said no more. And now renewing day
Had chac'd the shadows of the night away.
He charg'd the soldiers with preventing care,
Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
Warn'd of th' ensuing fight, and bad 'em hope the }
war. }

Now from his lofty poop, he view'd below,
His camp encompass'd, and th' inclosing foe.
His blazing shield embrac'd, he held on high;
The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts
reply.

Hope arms their courage: from their tow'rs they
throw

Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
Thus, at the signal giv'n, the cranes arise
Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.

King *Turnus* wonder'd at the fight renew'd;
Till, looking back, the *Trojan* fleet he view'd;
The seas with swelling canvass cover'd o'er;
And the swift ships descending on the shore.
The *Latians* saw from far, with dazzled eyes,
The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,
And dart diffusive fires around the field;
And the keen glitt'ring of the golden shield.

Thus

NOTES.

machine as it may appear to be, serves here to carry on the main design. These new-made divinities not only tell *Æneas* what had passed in his camp during his absence; and what was the present distress of his besieged people; and that his horsemen, whom he had sent by land, were ready to join him at his descent; but warn him to provide for battle next day, and foretel him good success: so that this epifodical machine is properly a part of the great poem; for besides what we have said, they push on his navy with celestial vigour, that it might reach the port more speedily, and take them more unprovided to resist his landing.

Thus threat'ning comets when by night they rise,
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies: *
So *Sirius*, flashing forth sinister lights,
Pale human kind with plagues, and with dry famine
frights.

Yet *Turnus*, with undaunted mind is bent
To man the shore, and hinder their descent:
And thus awakes the courage of his friends.
What you so long have with'd, kind fortune sends:
In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:
You find, and find him at advantage now.
Your's is the day, you need but only dare:
Your swords will make you masters of the war.
Your fires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,
And dearest wives, are all within your hands.
Be mindful of the race from whence you came;
And emulate in arms your father's fame.
Now take the time, while stagg'ring yet they stand
With feet unfirm; and prepossess the strand:
Fortune befriends the bold. No more he said,
But balanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:
Then these elects, the landing to prevent;
And those he leaves to keep the city pent.

Mean time the *Trojan* sends his troops ashore:
Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
With lab'ring oars they bear along the strand,
Where the tide languishes, and leap a-land.
Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,
And where no ford he finds, no water fries,
Nor billows with unequal murmur roar,
But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore;
That course he steer'd, and thus he gave command,
Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:
Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound
This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.
Let me securely land, I ask no more,
Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore;
This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends,
They tug at ev'ry oar; and ev'ry stretcher bends:

NOTES.

* *Virgil* has finely improved this simile from *Homer*. *Milton* has also copied it, and treated it with great sublimity.

——— Like a comet burn'd
That fires the length of *Ophiuchus* huge
In th' Arctic sky; and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. ———

Par. Lost. b. 2.

† By the *turmas agrestes*, we are to understand, men levied in the country by the *Latins*. These were much better soldiers than the militia raised in towns. The army of the *Latins* was made up in a hurry, and did not consist of regular troops.

They run their ships aground, the vessels knock,
(Thus forc'd ashore) and tremble with the shock.
Tarchon's alone was lost, and stranded flood,
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood.
She breaks her back, the loosen'd sides give way,
And plunge the *Tuscan* soldiers in the sea.
Their broken oars, and floating planks withstand
Their passage, while they labour to the land;
And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain
sand.

Now *Turnus* leads his troops, without delay,
Advancing tow'rd the margin of the sea.
The trumpets sound: *Aeneas* first assail'd †
The clowns new rais'd and raw; and soon prevail'd.
Great *Theron* fell, an omen of the fight:
Great *Theron* large of limbs, of giant height.
He first in open fields defy'd the prince,
But armour scal'd with gold was no defence
Against the fated sword, which open'd wide
His plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.

Next, *Lycas* fell; who, not like others born,
Was from his wretched mother rip'd and torn:
Sacred, O *Phæbus*! from his birth to thee,
For his beginning life from biting steel was free.
Not far from him was *Gyas* laid along,
Of monstrous bulk; with *Cisseus* fierce and strong;
Vain bulk and strength; for when the chief assail'd,
Nor valour, nor *Herculean* arms avail'd;
Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go
With great *Alcides*, while he toil'd below.
The noisy *Pharæ*s next receiv'd his death,
Aeneas writh'd his dart, and stopt his bawling breath.
Then wretched *Cydon* had receiv'd his doom,
Who courted *Clyti*us in his beardless bloom,
And fought with lust obscene polluted joys: ‡
The *Trojan* sword had cur'd his love of boys,
Had not his seven bold brethren stop'd the course
Of the fierce champion, with united force. §

Sev'n

NOTES.

† *Virgil* here observes, that the unnatural passion for boys had well nigh been the cause of *Cydon's* destruction. We appeal to the impartial reader whether or no the poet does not here insinuate a disapprobation of a vice, of which he has been strongly accused.

§ Some critics remark, that *Virgil* will not suffer the execrable *Cydon* to die by the hands of *Aeneas*, as so glorious a death would be improper for so dissolute a debauchee, and at the same time be a disgrace to his hero. *La Cerda* observes, that *Virgil* saves *Cydon* on purpose to please *Augustus*, who, according to *Plutarch*, was guilty of *pæderasty*. But we can never

Sev'n darts are thrown at once, and some rebound
From his bright shield, some on his helmet found:
The rest had reach'd him, but his mother's care
Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.

The prince then call'd *Achates* to supply
The spears that knew the way to victory.
Those fatal weapons, which inur'd to blood,
In *Grecian* bodies under *Ilium* stood:
Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain
Against our foes, on this contended plain.
He said: then seiz'd a mighty spear, and threw;
Which, wing'd with fate, thro' *Mæon's* buckler flew:
Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:
He stagger'd with intolerable smart.

Aleonor saw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
His helping hand, his brother to sustain.
A second spear, which kept the former course,
From the same hand, and sent with equal force,
His right arm pierc'd, and holding on, bereft
His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.
Then *Numitor* from his dead brother drew
Th' ill-omen'd spear, and at the *Trojan* threw:
Preventing fate directs the lance awry,
Which glancing, only mark'd *Achates'* thigh.

In pride of youth the *Sabine Clausus* came,
And from afar, at *Dryops* took his aim.
The spear flew hissing thro' the middle space,
And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face:
It stop'd at once the passage of his wind,
And the free soul to fitting air resign'd:
His forehead was the first that struck the ground;
Life-blood and life rush'd mingled thro' the wound.
He slew three brothers of the *Borean* race,*
And three, whom *Ismarus*, their native place,
Had sent to war, but all the sons of *Thrace*.

Halesus next, the bold *Aurunci* leads;
The son of *Neptune* to his aid succeeds,
Conspicuous on his horse: on either hand
These fight to keep, and those to win the land.
With mutual blood th' *Ausonian* foil is dy'd,
While on it's borders each their claim decide.

As wintry winds contending in the sky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try:
They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heav'n
Stands without motion, and the tide undriv'n:

NOTES.

be induced to believe, that *Virgil* was so abject a cringer as to make his flattery subservient to the vicious and immoral part of his patron's character.

* These words in the original may have two significations; viz. that these three first *Thracians* were of the divine family of *Boreas*; that is to say,

No. 11.

Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield;
They long suspend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can;
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.

But in another part, th' *Arcadian* horse,
With ill-success, engage the *Latian* force.
For where th' impetuous torrent rushing down,
Huge craggy stones, and rooted trees had thrown:
They left their courfers, and unus'd to fight
On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.
Pallas, who with disdain and grief had view'd
His foes pursuing, and his friends pursu'd;
Us'd threat'nings mix'd with pray'rs, his last re-

source;

With these to move their minds, with those to fire
their force:

Which way, companions! whither would you run!
By you yourselves, and mighty battles won;
By my great fire, by his establish'd name,
And early promise of my future fame;
By my youth emulous of equal right,
To share his honours, shun ignoble flight.
Trust not your feet, your hands must hew your way
Thro' yon black body, and that thick array:

'Tis thro' that forward path that we must come:
There lies our way, and that our passage home.

Nor pow'rs above, nor destinies below,
Oppress our arms; with equal strength we go;
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.

See on what foot we stand: a scanty shore;
The sea behind, our enemies before:

No passage left, unless we swim the main;
Or forcing these, the *Trojan* trenches gain.

This said, he strode with eager haste along,
And bore amidst the thickest of the throng.

Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,
Had heav'd a stone of mighty weight to throw;
Stooping, the spear descended on his chine,
Just where the bone distinguish'd either loin:
It stuck so fast, so deeply bury'd lay,
That scarce the victor forc'd the steel away.

Hylbon came on; but while he mov'd too slow
To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow;
For warding his at once, at once he press'd;
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast.

Then

NOTES.

sons of *Zethus* or *Calais*, who were the offspring of *Boreas* and *Orythia*: but the most simple and plain interpretation is, that these three brothers were of the most northern part of *Thrace*, where *Boreas* reigns.

Z z

Then leud *Anchemolus* he laid in dust,
 Who stain'd his stepdam's bed with impious lust,
 And after him the *Daunian* twins were slain,
Laris and *Thimbrus*, on the *Latian* plain:
 So wond'rous like in feature, shape, and size,*
 As caus'd an error in their parent's eyes.
 Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
 The nice distinction, and their fate divides.
 For *Thimbrus*' head was lop'd: and *Laris*' hand
 Dismember'd, fought it's owner on the strand:
 The trembling fingers yet the faulchion strain,
 And threaten still th' intended stroke in vain.

Now, to renew the charge, th' *Arcadians* came,
 Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,
 And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame. }
 Then, with a casual blow was *Rhæteus* slain,
 Who chanc'd, as *Pallas* threw, to cross the plain!
 The flying spear was after *Ilus* sent,
 But *Rhæteus* happen'd on a death unmeant:
 From *Teuthras*, and from *Tyrus* while he fled,
 The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead.
 Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
 And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground.

As when in summer, welcome winds arise,
 The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
 And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
 And catching flames infect the neighb'ring heads;
 Around the forest flies the furious blast,
 And all the leafy nation sinks at last;
 And *Vulcan* rides in triumph o'er the waste: }
 The pastor pleas'd with his dire victory, †
 Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:
 So *Pallas*' troops their scatter'd strength unite;
 And pouring on their foes, their prince delight.
Halefus came, fierce with desire of blood,
 (But first collected in his arms he stood)
 Advancing then he ply'd the spear so well,
Ladon, *Demodochus*, and *Pheres* fell:

NOTES.

* This description of our poet is simple and chaste enough, considering that the subject is purely epigrammatical.

† This circumstance, foreign to the comparison, of the shepherd's fitting to look down on the flames, is quite in *Homer*'s manner; and indeed the words seem to be translated from him.

‡ *Virgil* here alludes to two customs, the one belonging to the civil law, and the other to the pontifices. By the words *injecere manum paræ*, we are to understand what the lawyers signify by the *manus injectio*, that is, seizing or taking possession. The *telis sacrarunt*, alludes to the practice of the pontifices when they destined a victim to the altar.

Around his head he tofs'd his glitt'ring brand,
 And from *Strymonius* hew'd his better hand,
 Held up to guard his throat: then hurl'd a stone
 At *Theas*' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
 It struck beneath the space of either eye,
 And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.
 Deep skill'd in future fates, *Halefus*' fire
 Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
 But when the father's mortal race was run,
 Dire *Destiny* laid hold upon the son, †
 And haul'd him to the war: to find beneath
 Th' *Evandrian* spear, a memorable death.
Pallas th' encounter seeks, but ere he throws,
 To *Tuscan Tiber* thus address'd his vows:
 O sacred stream, direct my flying dart;
 And give to pass the proud *Halefus*' heart:
 His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear.
 Pleas'd with the bribe, the God receiv'd his pray'r.
 For while his shield protects a friend distress'd,
 The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breast.

But *Laufus*, no small portion of the war,
 Permits not panic fear to reign too far,
 Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight:
 But by his own example cheers the fight.
 Fierce *Abas* first he flew, *Abas*, the stay
 Of *Trojan* hopes, and hind'rance of the day.
 The *Phrygian* troops escap'd the *Greeks* in vain,
 They, and their mix'd allies, now lead the plain.
 To the rude shock of war both armies came,
 The leaders equal, and their strength the same.
 The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield
 Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.
 Here *Pallas* urges on, and *Laufus* there,
 Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
 But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air. }
 Their congress in the field great *Jove* withstands,
 Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands. §

Mean

NOTES.

§ It was natural for the reader to think that these two young princes, being so equally matched, and now so near together, must meet and fight. The poet shews us, that he was not unmindful of this; and so starts this idea: but passes from it to a quite different one; and gives us an hint of what would be the fate of them both. This is extremely ingenious and judicious; first, causing in the mind that, which never fails to please it, vicissitude and surprize; secondly, shewing the art of the poet in telling us what he could have done, though he does it not. It may be observed too, that it was more glory to these two youthful heroes to be slain, as they were, by enemies so far superior to themselves, than

Mean time *Juturna* warns the *Daunian* chief
Of *Jus*' danger, urging swift relief.
With his driv'n chariot he divides the crowd,
And making to his friends, thus calls aloud;
Let none presume his needless aid to join;
Retire, and clear the field, the fight is mine:
To this right-hand is *Pallas* only due:
Oh were his father here my just revenge to view!
From the forbidden space his men retir'd;
Pallas, their awe, and his stern words admir'd:
Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wond'ring sight,
Struck with his haughty mien, and tow'ring height.
Then to the king: Your empty vaunts forbear;
Success I hope, and *Fate* I cannot fear.
Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name:
Jove is impartial, and to both the same.
He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace;
Pale horror sat on each *Arcadian* face.
Then *Turnus*, from his chariot leaping light,
Address'd himself on foot to single fight.
And, as a lion, when he spies from far
A bull that seems to meditate the war;
Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand,
Runs roaring downward from his hilly strand:
Imagine eager *Turnus* not more slow,
To rush from high on his unequal foe.

Young *Pallas*, when he saw the chief advance
Within due distance of his flying lance;
Prepares to charge him first: resolv'd to try
If *Fortune* would his want of force supply.
And thus to heav'n and *Hercules* address'd.
Alcides, once on earth *Evander*'s guest,
His son adjures you by those holy rites,
That hospitable board, those genial nights;
Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud *Turnus* view, with dying eyes,
His ravish'd spoils. 'Twas heard, the vain request;
Alcides mourn'd; and stifled sighs within his breast;
Then *Jove*, to sooth his sorrow, thus began,
Short bounds of life are set to mortal man,
'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow
span.

NOTES.

than for either to have killed the other, or for both to have been killed by each other. Not to mention the beautiful use, which the poet afterwards makes of their deaths.—In like manner the reader's expectation is raised in b. 4, of the *Par. Lost*, where an encounter is like to ensue between *Satan* and the angelic squadron.

* *Ruans* is singular in the exposition of this passage, *retulit oculos ad campos Trojanorum*; he turned his eyes towards, &c. which is bad sense, and worse

So many sons of Gods in bloody fight,
Around the walls of *Troy*, have lost the light:
My own *Sarpedon* fell beneath his foe,
Nor I, his mighty fire, could ward the blow.
Ev'n *Turnus* shortly shall resign his breath;
And stands already on the verge of death.
This said, the God permits the fatal fight,
But from the *Latian* fields averts his sight.*

Now with full force his spear young *Pallas* threw;
And having thrown, his shining faulchion drew:
The steel just graz'd along the shoulder joint,
And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point.
Fierce *Turnus* first to nearer distance drew,
And pois'd his pointed spear before he threw:
Then, as the winged weapon whiz'd along;
See now, said he, whose arm is better strung.
The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd
By plates of iron, which o'er the shield were laid:
Thro' folded brags, and tough bull-hides it pass'd,
His croslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last.
In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood,
The soul comes issuing with the vital blood:
He falls; his arms upon his body sound;
And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.

Turnus bestrode the corpse: *Arcadians* hear,
Said he; my message to your master bear:
Such as the fire deserv'd, the son I send:
It cost him dear to be the *Phrygians*' friend.
The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow,
Unask'd, to rest his wand'ring ghost below.
He said, and trampled down with all the force
Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse:
Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid;
The belt *Eurytion*'s artful hands had made:
Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to fight,
All, in the compass of one mournful night,
Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light.

In an ill hour insulting *Turnus* tore
Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.
O mortals! blind in fate, who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low! †

The

NOTES.

grammar. *Catrou* remarks, that *Jupiter*, in turning his eyes from the field of battle, shews, that he will espouse neither party, *Trojan* or *Rutulian*, according to his promise. But is not this promise afterwards broken, when he sends down a fury, b. 12, ver. 1204, to terrify *Turnus*? Is not this espousing the *Trojans*? Dr. *Trapp* tells us, that *Jupiter* turned his eyes away, that he might not see a death, which he would have prevented, and was not able.

† Thus *Homer* of *Chromias* and *Aretus*, Il. 17.

In

The time shall come, when *Turnus*, but in vain,
Shall with untouch'd the trophies of the slain:
Shall with the fatal belt were far away;
And curse the dire remembrance of the day.

The sad *Arcadians* from th' unhappy field,
Bear back the breathless body on a shield.
O grace and grief of war! at once restor'd
With praises to thy fire, at once deplor'd.
One day first sent thee to the fighting field,
Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd;
One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy
shield.

This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,
But sad spectators to the hero came:
His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,
Unless reliev'd by his victorious hand.
He whirls his sword around, without delay,
And hews through adverse foes an ample way;
To find fierce *Turnus*, of his conquest proud:
Evander, *Pallas*, all that friendship ow'd

To large deserts, are present to his eyes;
His plighted hand, and hospitable ties.

Four sons of *Sulmo*, four whom *Ufens* bred,
He took in fight, and living victims led,
To please the ghost of *Pallas*; and expire
In sacrifice, before his fun'ral fire.*
At *Magus* next he threw: he stoop'd below
The flying spear, and shun'd the promis'd blow.
Then creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd:
By young *Iulus*, by thy father's shade,
O spare my life, and send me back to see
My longing fire, and tender progeny.
A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,†
In silver ingots, and in bars of gold:
All these, and sums besides, which see no day,
The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.
If I survive, shall *Troy* the less prevail?
A single soul's too light to turn the scale.
He said. The hero sternly thus reply'd:
Thy bars, and ingots, and the sums beside, ‡

Leave

NOTES.

In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,

In vain advance, not fated to return!

These beautiful anticipations are frequent in the poets, who affect to speak in the character of prophets, and men inspired with a knowledge of futurity. So *Tasso*, *Cant.* 12, *St.* 58.

O vanity of man's unstable mind!

Puff'd up with ev'ry blast of friendly wind!

LIX.

Why joy'st thou, wretch? Oh what shall be thy gain?

What trophy this, the bold *Tancredi* rears?

Thine eyes shall shed, in case thou be not slain,

For ev'ry drop of blood, a sea of tears.

FAIRFAX.

Milton makes the like apostrophe to *Eve* at her leaving *Adam*, before she met the serpent:

— She, to him, engag'd

To be return'd by noon, amid the bower,

And all things in best order, to invite

Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.

O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless *Eve*!

Thou never from that hour in paradise,

Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose.

* Mr. *Pope* observes, that *Virgil* expresses no disapprobation of this cruel action, which the *Greek* poet does in plain terms, speaking of this in *Iliad* 23, ver. 176. It is not only (says he) the fierce *Achilles*, but the pious and religious *Aeneas*, whose very character is virtue and compassion, that reserves several young unfortunate captives taken in battle, to sacri-

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fice them to the manes of his favourite hero.—As this is to be considered as a religious rite, and not an action of revenge, we do not see why *Aeneas* should discover any detestation of it.

† Thus *Adrastus*, *Hom. Iliad*, b. 6, supplicates *Agamemnon*. *Virgil* has beautifully improved upon the *Greek* poet. Nothing can be a more artful piece of address than the first lines of this supplication, if we consider the character of *Aeneas*, to whom it is made: By young *Iulus*, &c.

‡ These tender and affecting expressions, with which *Magus* endeavours to sooth the wrath of *Aeneas*, but without effect, support a charge of great inhumanity against our hero, as well as the slaughter of *Liger* and *Lucagus*, the two brothers, who beg their lives of him, and whom he insults in sarcasms that do not become a man of any generosity. These instances, and his unrelenting revenge upon *Turnus*, raise a strong party against him: but, considering the importance of the objection, it is not to be supposed, that we are the first who have appeared in his defence. *Gallutius* is very copious in his apology for this poet, artic. 9, b. 1, where he discusses this important question, whether the man who kills his enemies, that beg their lives, who devotes the four children of *Ufens*, and the four children of *Sulmo*, to the manes of *Pallas*, to be slaughtered as a sacrifice on his tomb, had any claim to the appellation of just and merciful, by them, as the poet pretends. He goes through all these cases, and to every one gives a pertinent answer: we shall just mention his arguments, having already observed, that we are not to.

Leave for thy children's lot. Thy *Turnus* broke
All rules of war, by one relentless stroke,
When *Pallas* fell: so deems, nor deems alone,
My father's shadow, but my living son.*

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to judge of one age by another, much less of the religion of the ancients, by that we profess. Doubtless, according to the precepts of a religion so holy as the Christian, every such instance of unrelenting slaughter must be looked upon as the highest and most shocking barbarity. But such a censure makes nothing against *Virgil*: on the contrary, it proves that he is so far from having been guilty of a fault in this case, that if he had done otherwise, he would indeed have been much to blame, that is to say, if he had made his *Pagan* hero act like a *Christian* hero. We see clearly enough, that it was an instance of superstition most astonishing to think of, that the shades of the dead longed for these bloody sacrifices; and that the greatest misfortune that could befall the soul, was to remain unavenged of due vengeance for the death of the body. But this superstition was considered as a point of religion, and nothing was accounted more inhuman in the living, than to leave the shades of their friends unrevenged. All the works of the ancients are full of instances of what we say. *Achilles*, who refused to engage the *Trojans* out of pique to *Agamemnon*, stifles this resentment, when the death of *Patroclus* is to be avenged. *Lucan* says, that the soul of *Crassus* murmured, that he was not revenged upon the *Parthians*, the *Romans* not having sent forces to obtain satisfaction for his defeat and death. *Ovid* introduces *Althea* putting to death her son *Meleager*, to revenge the death of her other children. We all know the *Greeks*, on this account, sacrificed *Polyxena* at the tomb of *Achilles*. *Dido* in her death finds no circumstance more deplorable, than the thought of perishing unrevenged. And at the same time that *Diana*, b. II, sees the death of *Camilla* as inevitable, she thinks of nothing but revenging it. Upon the whole, as religion was concerned in this point, we ought to conclude *Virgil* acted very consistently, and with great propriety; that *Aeneas* would have appeared destitute of humanity and piety towards his friend, if he had been prevented from avenging the death of *Pallas*, by a compassion which in that age would have been interpreted weakness. The poet is justified by shewing, that he had reason sufficient for introducing his hero acting in this manner. To the death of *Turnus* he is actually obliged, by the express words of *Evander*; if we consider, b. II, what this unhappy father sends in charge to *Aeneas*,

No. II.

Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,
He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left:
Then with his right-hand, while his neck he wreath'd,
Up to the hilts his shining falchion sheath'd.†

Apollo's

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by the men who bear the body of his son. We must enter therefore into the sentiments that *Aeneas* must be supposed to derive from the morals of his religion, rather than those which the Christian inspires us with: we must figure to ourselves, that it would have been much more inhuman in this hero, to have given less attention to the misery of *Pallas* (whose soul he believed to be in a state of disconsolate wandering till his death was avenged) than to the prayer of *Magus*, of *Liger*, or even of *Turnus*; when, to remind him of the death of *Pallas*, the poet so judiciously contrives to make him see the belt which *Turnus* had spoiled him of; a circumstance not necessary at the deaths of *Liger* or *Magus*, as they followed that of *Pallas* so close. Nay, we see the wrath of *Aeneas* carries him so far, as to make him tell *Tarquillus* (another whom he kills in the heat of the combat), that he should not enjoy the rites of burial, which the ancients esteemed so great a misfortune. This shews how far the pity and affection of *Aeneas* to his friend, and to *Evander*, could push his courage. We cannot forbear adding, that our infidels seem not sufficiently to have considered, what a spirit of mildness Christianity hath introduced into the world, and how much it hath softened the minds of men. Witness the insolent and cruel treatment of captives, the exposing of children, the bloody gladiatorial spectacles, the dreadful proscriptions, the massacres of slaves, the frequent poisonings, and many other enormous barbarities, commonly practised by the so much admired *Greeks* and *Romans*.

* In reality the action of *Turnus*, in killing *Pallas*, is a piece of cowardice. He challenges to single combat, at the head of two armies, a youth unequal to himself either in strength or experience. On this action *Aeneas* justly founds his revenge. The verse under consideration is not so much a cruel sentiment, as it is an answer to the intercession of *Magus*, who begs his life in the names of *Anchises* and *Iulus*. *Laëtantius*, cited by *Catrou*, thinks the killing *Magus* too laborious a deed for the pious *Aeneas*; but we are to consider, that *Aeneas* has just lost his friend *Pallas*, and; seeking to be revenged on *Turnus*, meets *Magus*: that even at this time,

The genial feast, the son, the fire combin'd,
Leagues, friendship, all, came rushing on his mind:
† *Virgil* had this part of *Homer* in his view, when

3 A

he

Apollo's priest, *Hæmonides* was near,
His holy fillets on his front appear;
Glitt'ring in arms he shone amidst the crowd;
Much of his God, more of his purple proud:
Him the fierce *Trojan* follow'd thro' the field,
The holy coward fell: and forc'd to yield,
The prince stood o'er the priest; and at one blow,
Sent him an off'ring to the shades below.
His arms *Serephus* on his shoulders bears,
Design'd a trophy to the God of wars.

Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight;
And *Umbro* born upon the mountain's height.
The champion cheers his troops t'encounter those;
And seeks revenge himself on other foes.
At *Anxur's* shield he drove, and at the blow,
Both shield and arm to ground together go.
Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable arms;
So made by mutter'd spells: and from the spheres,
Had life secur'd in vain, for length of years.
Then *Tarquitus* the field in triumph trod;
A nymph his mother, and his fire a God.
Exulting in bright arms he braves the prince;
With his protended lance he makes defence:

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he described the death of *Magus* in the tenth *Æneid*. Those lines of his prayer, where he offers a ransom, are translated from this of *Adrastus*; but both the prayer and answer *Æneas* makes, when he refuses him mercy, are very much heightened and improved. They also receive a great addition of beauty and propriety from the occasion on which he inserts them: young *Pallas* is just killed, and *Æneas*, seeking to be revenged upon *Turnus*, meets this *Magus*. Nothing can be a more artful piece of address than the first lines of that supplication, if we consider the character of *Æneas*, to whom it is made. And what can exceed the closeness and fulness of the reply to it? This removes the imputation of cruelty from *Æneas*, which had less agreed with his character, than it does with *Agamemnon's*, whose reproof to *Menelaus* in this place, is not unlike that of *Samuel* to *Saul* for not killing *Agag*.

* After this manner *Hector* insults *Patroclus*:
Lie there, *Patroclus*! and with thee the joy
(Thy pride once promis'd) of subverting *Troy*,

* * * * *

But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made.

† *Amycla*, a city of *Peloponnesus*, is styled *Silent*, either because it's inhabitants were too modest to resent an injury done them by a neighbouring nation, according to *Ruæus*; or, as *Servius* remarks, because they followed the doctrine of *Pythagoras*,

Bears back his feeble foe; then pressing on,
Arrests his better hand, and drags him down.
Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
Mows off his head; the trunk a moment stood,
Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.

The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain;
Lie there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain: *
Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
Far from thy mother, and thy native home:
Expos'd to savage beasts, and birds of prey;
Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea.

On *Lycas* and *Antæus* next he ran,
Two chiefs of *Turnus*, and who led his van.
They fled for fear; with these he chac'd along,
Camers the yellow-look'd, and *Numa* strong,
Both great in arms, and both were fair and young: }
Camers was son to *Volsens* lately slain;
In wealth surpassing all the *Latian* train,
And in *Amycla* fix'd his silent easy reign. † }

And as *Ægeon*, when with heav'n he strove,
Stood opposite in arms to mighty *Jove*; ‡
Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
Defy'd the forked light'ning from afar:

At

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which enjoined to keep silence for five years, and never offer any violence to serpents: but this occasioned their destruction; for, upon some of these venomous animals breaking out of a lake near their city, they religiously forbore to attack and kill them, and so were devoured by them.

‡ *Æneas* in no part of the *Æneid* appears more formidably great than in this. He rages like the giant *Ægeon* besieging *Olympus* with an hundred arms, &c. The poet could not have represented, in a more expressive and lively manner, the terror that attended his hero, than by describing the horses of the enemy as frightened at his figure marching along (even when at a distance), and breathing revenge and destruction. *Spencer* has a very fine image of this kind, *F. Q. b. 5, l. 8, st. 37, &c.* Speaking of prince *Arthur* fighting with the soldan:

At last from his victorious shield he drew

The veil, which did his pow'ful light em-
peach;

And coming full before his horse's view,

As they upon him prest, it plain to them did
shew

38.

Like light'ning flash, that hath the gazer burn'd:
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That back again upon themselves they turn'd,
And with their rider ran perforce away, &c.

At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires :
In his right-hand as many swords he wields,
And takes the thunder on as many shields :
With strength like his the *Trojan* hero stood,
And soon the fields with falling crops were strow'd,
When once his faulchion found the taste of blood.
With fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
Against *Nipheus*, whom four couriers drew.
They when they see the fiery chief advance,
And pushing at their chests his pointed lance ;
Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear,
They drew their master headlong from the chair :
They stare, they start, nor stop their course, before
They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.

Now *Lucagus* and *Liger* scour the plains,
With two white steeds, but *Liger* holds the reins,
And *Lucagus* the lofty seat maintains.
Bold brethren both, the former wav'd in air
His flaming sword ; *Aeneas* couch'd his spear,
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear.
Then *Liger* thus. Thy confidence is vain
To 'scape from hence, as from the *Trojan* plain :
Nor these the steeds which *Diomedes* bestrode,
Nor this the chariot where *Achilles* rode :
Nor *Venus*' veil is here, nor *Neptune*'s shield :
Thy fatal hour is come ; and this the field.
Thus *Liger* vainly vaunts : the *Trojan* peer
Return'd his answer with his flying spear.
As *Lucagus* to lash his horses bends,
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends,
Prepar'd for fight, the fatal dart arrives,
And thro' the border of his buckler drives ;
Pass'd thro' and pierc'd his groin ; the deadly wound,
Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground,
Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful spight :
Blame not the slowness of your steeds in flight ;

NOTES.

* *Macrobiius* quotes this passage, among many others, to prove how great a master *Virgil* is of diversity of stile. We cannot forbear translating the beautiful simile with which he concludes his chapter. "If we diligently survey the world, we shall find a great resemblance between that divine work and this poem. For as the eloquence of *Maro* is ever fitted to the subject, is sometimes concise, at other times copious ; is here reserved, and there florid ; sometimes flows like a rivulet, and sometimes like a torrent ; and often comprehends at once all these different species ; so the earth itself is here beautified with corn and the green grass ; is there rough with rocks and forests ; exhibiting in one place sandy deserts ; and, in another place, is moist-

Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat :
But you yourself forsake your empty seat.
He said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd rein,
(For *Liger* lay already on the plain
By the same shock) then stretching out his hands,
The recreant thus his wretched life demands.
Now by thyself, O more than mortal man !
By her and him from whom thy breath began,
Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee spare
This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's pray'r.
Thus much he spoke, and more he would have said ;
But the stern hero turn'd aside his head,
And cut him short. I hear another man,
You talk'd not thus before the fight began ;
Now take your turn : and, as a brother should,*
Attend your brother to the *Stygian* flood :
Then thro' his breast his fatal sword he sent,
And the soul issu'd at the gaping vent.
As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground,
Thus rag'd the prince, and scatter'd deaths around :
At length *Ascanius*, and the *Trojan* train,
Broke from the camp, so long besieg'd in vain.

Mean time the king of Gods and mortal man,†
Held conference with his queen, and thus began :
My sister-goddes, and well-pleasing wife,
Still think you *Venus*' aid supports the strife ;
Sustains her *Trojans*, or themselves alone,
With inborn valour force their fortune on ?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd !
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid.
To whom the Goddess with the charming eyes,
Soft in her tone submissively replies.
Why, O my sov'reign lord, whose frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear ;
Why urge you thus my grief ? when if I still
(As once I was) were mistress of your will :

From

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tened with fountains : among the rest too is to be seen the vast ocean. Pardon me, continues he, nor call me an enthusiast, who have thus dared to compare *Virgil* to nature. I should indeed speak beneath the merit of this great poet, if I was to pronounce, that *Virgil* has blended all the different stiles of the ten rhetoricians which did so much honour to *Athens*." *Saturn*. c. 1, b. 5. The whole chapter is well worth the perusal of the curious critic. *Drayton*, in his beginning of the second song of the *Polyolbion*, introduces the above simile.

† We begin to be tired with so many deaths. *Virgil*, therefore, very artfully shifts the scene. The introducing divinities on these occasions is an excellent practice in an epic poet.

From your almighty pow'r, your pleasing wife
Might gain the grace of length'ning *Turnus*' life:
Securely snatch him from the fatal fight,
And give him to his aged father's sight.
Now let him perish, since you hold it good,
And glut the *Trojans* with his pious blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
And in the fourth degree, from God *Pilumnus* came!
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incense at your shrine.

Then shortly thus the sov'reign God reply'd;
Since in my pow'r and goodness you confide;
If for a little space, a lengthen'd span,
You beg reprieve for this expiring man:
I grant you leave to take your *Turnus* hence,
From instant fate, and can so far dispense.
But if some secret meaning lies beneath,
To save the short-liv'd youth from destin'd death:
Or if a farther thought you entertain,
To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain.

To whom the Goddess thus, with weeping eyes.
And what if that request your tongue denies,
Your heart should grant? and not a short reprieve,
But length of certain life to *Turnus* give.
Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,
If my presaging soul divines with truth.
Which, O! I wish might err thro' causeless fears,
And you, (for you have pow'r) prolong his years.

Thus having said, involv'd in clouds, she flies,
And drives a storm before her thro' the skies.
Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
Of air condens'd, a spectre soon she made,
And what *Aeneas* was, such seem'd the shade.*

NOTES.

* This fiction is imitated from *Homer*, II. b. 5, where *Apollo* raises a phantom in the shape of *Aeneas*. There the spectre is raised by *Apollo*, or the sun; and here by *Juno*, or the air; both equally proper to be employed in forming an apparition. Whoever will compare the two authors on this subject, will observe with what admirable art, and what exquisite ornaments, *Virgil* has improved and beautified his original. *Spencer*, F. Q. b. 3, l. 8, seems to have improved this imagination in the creation of his false *Florimel*, who performs all the functions of life, and gives occasion for many adventures. The formation is described with the utmost luxury of fancy:

St. 6.

The substance whereof she the body made,
Was purest snow in massy mould congeal'd,

5

Adorn'd with *Dardan* arms, the phantom bore
His head aloft, a plumy crest he wore:
This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,
And that sustain'd an imitated shield:
With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground;
Nor wanted voice bely'd, nor vaunting sound.
(Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,
Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night.)
The spectre seems the *Daunian* chief to dare,
And flourishes his empty sword in air:
At this advancing *Turnus* hurl'd his spear;
The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.
Deluded *Turnus* thought the *Trojan* fled,
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.
Whither, O coward, (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he spoke to wind, and chac'd a cloud;)
Why thus forsake your bride? Receive from me
The fated land you fought so long by sea.
He said, and brandishing at once his blade,
With eager pace pursu'd the flying shade.
By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,
Which from old *Clusium* king *Osinius* bore;
The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;
For shelter there the trembling shadow bent:
And skip'd and skulk'd, and under hatches went. }
Exulting *Turnus*, with regardless haste
Ascends the plank, and to the gally pass'd:
Scarce had he reach'd the prow, *Saturnia*'s had
The haulfers cut, and shoots the ship from land.
With wind in poop, the vessel ploughs the sea,
And measures back with speed her former way.
Mean time *Aeneas* seeks his absent foe,
And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades below.

The

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Which she had gather'd in a shady glade
Of the *Riphaean* hills, to her reveal'd
By errant sprites, but from all men conceal'd;
The same she temper'd with fine mercury,
And virgin-wax, that never yet was seal'd;
And mingled them with perfect vermily,
That like a lively sanguine it seem'd to the eye.

7.

Instead of eyes, two burning lamps she set
In silver sockets, shining like the skies;
And a quick-moving spirit did arrest
To stir and roll them like a woman's eyes:
Instead of yellow locks she did devise
With golden wire to weave her curled head;
Yet golden wire was not so yellow thrice
As *Florimel*'s fair hair; and in the stead
Of life, she put a sprite to rule the carcase dead,

The guileful phantom now forsook the shroud,
 And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud.
 Too late young *Turnus* the delusion found,
 Far on the sea, still making from the ground.
 Then thankless for a life redeem'd by shame;
 With sense of honour stung, and forfeit fame,
 Fearful besides of what in fight had pass'd,
 His hands, and haggard eyes to heav'n he cast.
 O *Jove*! he cry'd, for what offence have I
 Deserv'd to bear this endless infamy?
 Whence am I forc'd, and whither am I borne,
 How, and with what reproach shall I return!
 Shall ever I behold the *Latian* plain,
 Or see *Laurentum's* lofty tow'rs again?
 What will they say of their deserting chief?
 The war was mine, I fly from their relief:
 I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;
 And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.
 Here over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie,
 There scatter'd o'er the fields ignobly fly.
 Gape wide, O earth! and draw me down alive,*
 Or, oh ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve;
 On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive:
 Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert shore,
 Where no *Rutulian* eyes may see me more:
 Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious fame,
 Lest she should follow, and my flight proclaim.

Thus *Turnus* rav'd, and various fates revolv'd;
 The choice was doubtful, but the death resolv'd.
 And now the sword, and now the sea took place:
 That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace.
 Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,
 By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain:
 Thrice he the sword assay'd, and thrice the flood;
 But *Juno* mov'd with pity both withstood:
 And thrice repress'd his rage: strong gales supply'd,
 And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide.
 At length she lands him on his native shores,
 And to his father's longing arms restores.

NOTES.

* It may perhaps seem inconsistent, that *Turnus*, who is here on board a vessel, should wish the earth would open and swallow him. *Turnus* is worked up into a very high fit of phrensy, so that he has not leisure to consider his situation, and therefore makes use of this exclamation so common to persons in distress. *Servius* understands the passage, that "even the wishes of the wretched are taken from me, and I can here find no earth that will open and swallow me." But this seems to be a far-fetched interpretation. *Turnus*, after having made this inconsistent wish, immediately corrects himself,
 No. 11.

Meantime, by *Jove's* impulse, *Mezentius* arm'd:
 Succeeding *Turnus*, with his ardor warm'd
 His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful
 flight,

Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
 Against their king the *Tuscan* troops conspire,
 Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire
 Of with'd revenge: on him, and him alone,
 All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
 He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,
 To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd;
 From his proud summit looking down, disdains
 Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.

Beneath his feet fell haughty *Hebrus* dead.
 Then *Latagus*; and *Palmus* as he fled:
 At *Latagus* a weighty stone he slung,
 His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
 But *Palmus* from behind receives his wound,
 Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:
 His crest and armour from his body torn,
 Thy shoulders, *Lausus*, and thy head adora—
Evas and *Mymas*, both of *Troy*, he slew,
Mymas his birth from fair *Theano* drew: †
 Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,
 The queen produc'd young *Paris* to his fire,
 But *Paris* in the *Phrygian* fields was slain,
 Unthinking *Mymas* on the *Latian* plain.

And as a savage boar on mountains bred,
 With forest mast, and fat'ning marshes fed;
 When once he sees himself in toils inclos'd,
 By huntsmen and their eager hounds oppos'd;
 He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war:
 Th' invaders dart their jav'lines from afar;
 All keep aloof, and safely shout around,
 But none presumes to give a nearer wound.
 He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,
 And shakes a grove of lances from his side;
 Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd
 And just revenge, against the tyrant fir'd;

Their

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and, sensible of his circumstances, invokes the winds to drive his vessel on rocks and quicksands.

† *Homer* in Il. 6, ver. 299, calls *Theano*, *Cisseis*, from her father *Cisseus* king of *Thrace*; and there she is mentioned as the wife of *Antenor*. And in Il. 16, ver. 718, *Hecuba* is called the daughter of *Dymas* a *Phrygian*. Thus *Homer* and *Virgil* do not agree in this matter. From hence *Ruax* concludes, that *Theano* was not the sister of *Hecuba*, and that the *Theano* here mentioned is a name feigned by the poet.

Their darts with clamour at a distance drive,
And only keep the languish'd war alive.

From *Coritus* came *Acron* to the fight,
Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummate
night.

Mezentius sees him thro' the squadrons ride,
Proud of the purple favours of his bride.
Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gamesome goat, who frisks about the folds;
Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain;
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane;
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws,
The prey lies panting underneath his paws;
He fills his famish'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore:
So proud *Mezentius* rushes on his foes,
And first unhappy *Acron* overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy ground,
The lance besmear'd with blood, lies broken in the
wound.

Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd
Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursu'd:
Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,
But running gain'd th' advantage of the ground.
Then turning short, he met him face to face,
To give his victory the better grace.
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,
And rested lance: and thus aloud he cries,
Lo here the champion of my rebels lies,
The fields around with *Iō* *Pæan* ring,
And peals of shouts applaud the conqu'ring king.
At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly spoke, and prophecy'd in death: *
Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain;
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain.
Then, sourly smiling, thus the king reply'd,
For what belongs to me, let *Jove* provide:
But die thou first, whatever chance ensue:
He said, and from the wound the weapon drew:
A hov'ring mist came swimming o'er his sight,
And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.

By *Cædicius*, *Alcathous* was slain; †
Sacrator laid *Hydaspes* on the plain:

NOTES.

* *Virgil*, more than once, makes his dying warriors prophecy. In this he follows *Homer*, who makes the expiring *Hector* foretel the death of *Achilles* his conqueror.

† *Virgil* has been censured for not every-where distinguishing who were of the *Trojan*, and who of the *Latin* party. It is only observing what names are properly *Latin*,—such as *Cædicius*, *Sacrator*, *Rapo*, &c. and what are drawn from the *Greek*, as *Alcathous*,

Orfes the strong to greater strength must yield:
He, with *Parthenius*, were by *Rapo* kill'd.
Then brave *Messapus Ericetes* flew,
Who from *Lycæon's* blood his lineage drew.
But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,
Who threw his master as he made a bound,
The chief alighting, struck him to the ground.
Then *Clonius*, hand to hand, on foot assails,
The *Trojan* sinks, and *Neptune's* son prevails.
Agis the *Lycian* stepping forth with pride,
To single fight the boldest foe defy'd.
Whom *Tuscan Valerus* by force o'ercame,
And not bely'd his mighty father's fame. ‡
Salus to death the great *Antronius* sent,
But the same fate the victor underwent;
Slain by *Nealces'* hand, well skill'd to throw
The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.

Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance;
By turns they quit the ground, by turns advance;
Victors, and vanquish'd in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
The Gods from heav'n survey the fatal strife,
And mourn the miseries of human life.
Above the rest two Goddesses appear
Concern'd for each: here *Venus*, *Juno* there:
Amidst the crowd infernal *Atë* shakes
Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes.

Once more the proud *Mezentius*, with disdain,
Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain:
Where tow'ring in the midmost ranks he stood,
Like tall *Orion* stalking o'er the flood: §
When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves,
His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves.
Or like a mountain-ash, whose roots are spread,
Deep fix'd in earth, in clouds he hides his head.

The *Trojan* prince beheld him from afar,
And dauntless undertook the doubtful war.
Collected in his strength, and like a rock,
Poiz'd on his base, *Mezentius* stood the shock.
He stood, and measuring first with careful eyes,
The space his spear could reach, aloud he cries;
My strong right hand, and sword, assist my stroke;
(Those only Gods, *Mezentius* will invoke)

His

NOTES.

Hydaspes, *Parthenius*, &c. and the confusion is easily removed. This is a new proof that the *Trojan* tongue was derived from the *Grecian*.

‡ By mentioning *Valerus*, the poet pays a compliment to the noble *Valerian* family. The famous *Poplicola* was of this house.

§ There is great majesty and sublimity in this figure of *Orion*, stalking thro' the waves; and it is not borrowed from *Homer*.

His armour from the *Trojan* pirate torn,
By my triumphant *Lausus* shall be worn.
He said, and with his utmost force he threw
The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Reach'd the celestial shield that stop'd the course;
But glancing thence, the yet-unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
The side and bowels fam'd *Antiores* fix'd.
Antiores had from *Argos* travell'd far:
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war:
Till tir'd with toils, fair *Italy* he chose;
And in *Evander*'s palace sought repose:
Now falling by another wound, his eyes
He casts to heav'n, on *Argos* thinks, and dies.

The pious *Trojan* then his jav'lin sent,
The shield gave way: thro' treble plates it went
Of solid brass, of linen trebly roll'd,
And three bull-hides which round the buckler
roll'd;

All these it pass'd, resistless in the course,
Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent it's dying force.
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood;
The *Trojan*, glad with sight of hostile blood,
His faulchion drew, to closer fight address'd,
And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd.

His father's peril *Lausus* view'd with grief,
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.*
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I must
To thy immortal memory be just;
And sing an act so noble and so new,
Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,
The father sought to save himself by flight:
Incumber'd, slow he drag'd the spear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.

NOTES.

* This alludes to a circumstance in the *Roman* history. *Scipio Africanus*, when he was but seventeen years old, protected his father in this manner; nor did he retreat till he had received twenty-and-seven wounds. Thus *Virgil*, in *Lausus*, very artificially gives us an adumbration of a great achievement of one of his countrymen.

† *Pallas* is overcome and slain by *Turnus*, and *Lausus* by *Aeneas*. These young princes were equal in valour; but there is a wide difference betwixt the bravery of their conquerors. *Turnus* eagerly seeks the combat, boastfully challenges and insults his youthful enemy, who appeared in the field of battle for the first time. He wishes *Evander* himself was present, that he might murder the son before the father's eyes. This is the courage and behaviour of

§

The pious youth, resolv'd on death below
The lifted sword, springs forth to face the foe;
Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applause ran ringing thro' the field,
To see the son the vanquish'd father shield:
All fir'd with gen'rous indignation strive;
And with a storm of darts, at distance drive
The *Trojan* chief: who held at bay from far,
On his *Vulcanian* orb sustain'd the war.

As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
The ploughman, passenger, and lab'ring hind
For shelter to the neighb'ring covert fly;
Or, hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns lie;
But that o'erblown, when heav'n above 'em smiles,
Return to travel, and renew their toils:

Aeneas thus o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry side,
The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
And thus to *Lausus* loud with friendly threat'ning
cry'd.

Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage †
In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious love? Nor thus forborn
The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
Provokes the ling'ring prince: whose patience tir'd,
Gave place, and all his breast with fury fir'd.

For now the fates prepar'd their sharpen'd sheers;
And lifted high the flaming sword appears.
Which full descending, with a frightful sway,
Thro' shield and corset forc'd th' impetuous way,
And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.

The purple streams thro' the thin armour strove,
And drench'd th' embroider'd coat his mother
wove: ‡

And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But

NOTES.

an *Achilles*. *Aeneas* is very far from attacking *Lausus* in this manner, when he exposes himself for the sake of his father. On the contrary, he would fain save his life; he begs him to retire from the combat; tells him his tenderness for his father *Mezentius*, will bring on his destruction; and does not attack him with eagerness and fury, till he finds himself obliged to kill him in his own defence. This anger is worthy of *Aeneas*, and is the proper character and behaviour of an hero more brave than *Turnus*, but more pious than valiant. The extreme danger with which he sees himself surrounded, does not hinder him from admiring the filial affection of an enemy, who would willingly destroy him.

‡ The introducing his mother in this artful manner, produces a very affecting pathos.

But when, with blood, and paleness all o'erspread,
The pious prince beheld young *Lausus* dead;
He griev'd, he wept, the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought.*
Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said,
Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To love so great, to such transcendent store
Of earthly worth, and sure presage of more!
Accept what'er *Aeneas* can afford,
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword:
And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
Inviolate, and sacred to the flame.

NOTES.

* The contrast of character between *Lausus* and his father, is very striking. We are sorry so good a youth should have so impious a father. How heroic are the sentiments of *Aeneas* on the death of this young prince! The *patriæ pietatis imago*, may mean, that he is moved by considering how he himself should be affected, if the same thing should happen to *Ascanius*; or it may have respect to the piety of the son to the parent; and then, *Aeneas* is moved with the dutiful behaviour of *Lausus* to *Mezentius*, resembling his own to *Anchises*.

† It has been a question, whether or no it is consistent with decorum, for the hero to give testimony of himself, and boast as he does likewise in the first book, where the poet makes him say, *I am the pious Aeneas*. And there may be found perhaps some other passages like this, to all which we think it necessary to answer once for all, as it is but one question. We say then, that these forms of speaking are not contrary to decorum, as some imagine; and that there are some circumstances, where, without boasting, a man of honour may give that testimony of himself, which is due to him. This advantage is particular to heroes, who, being elevated above the common rank of men, ought to have sentiments agreeable to that elevation. What is necessary, is, that they should speak the truth, and that time and place should require them to do so. For there is no doubt, but that in the passage of book 1, where *Aeneas* is represented overwhelm'd with misfortune, bewildered in a desert, and wandering in an unknown country, there is no doubt we say, that the poet makes use of it with dignity, to shew by the discourse which he puts into his hero's mouth, that misfortune cannot debase his sentiments. There is a certain greatness in using it thus; and in this last example, we may answer besides, that the hero who has just performed such brave exploits, and in the whole course of the poem is sensible that he is so

Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
To rest thy soul, at least if shadows know,
Or have a sense of human things below.
There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,
'Twas by the great *Aeneas*' hand I fell.†
With this his distant friends he beckons near,
Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
Himself assists to lift him from the ground, ‡
With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out
the wound.

Meantime his father, now no father, stood,
And wash'd his wounds by *Tiber's* yellow flood:

Oppress'd

NOTES.

highly elevated above other men, should from thence conceive great ideas of himself. *Camilla*, in book 11, having killed *Orientus*, a famous hunter, insults his death, and comforts him nevertheless with the honour of dying from her hand, as *Aeneas* does the son of *Mezentius*. These sentiments have something of a poetical enthusiasm in them; and if poets are allowed to boast of themselves, this liberty may well be allowed their heroes. *Quintilian* allows poets this privilege; and indeed, provided the manner in which the poet expresses himself be elegant and noble, an expert critic will never find fault with him. *Montagne* says, upon the same principle, a great man may speak what is true of himself, when there is no reason to suspect him of affectation; and blames *Tacitus* for saying, "It was at a time when I was prætor, which I say without vanity." *Montagne* perhaps, as being a *Gascon*, thinks that a man ought not to make any scruple of speaking of his good fortune: he says, that so great a man as *Tacitus* ought not to have made use of this corrective; and that he ought not to have imagined there could be any vanity in saying what was true, though to his own advantage, since it was necessary to bring it as an instance by the circumstances of his discourse. It is only affectation therefore which makes boasting improper in persons of lower conditions. On the contrary, there is sometimes a magnanimity in publishing what a man has most meritorious, either belonging to himself, or his ancestors; that is to say, when our enemies, or adverse fortune, have lowered us; and above all, when a man says nothing that is not true: such are the charms of truth, that she even gives a value to words which might be suspected of ostentation! So much liberty does a noble courage assume, when it takes her for a guide in all its actions.

‡ *Virgil's* conduct is admirable, with regard to the difference of character discovered by *Turnus* and *Aeneas*.

Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,
His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.*
A bough his brazen helmet did sustain,
His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain:
A chosen train of youth around him stand,
His drooping head was rested on his hand:
His grizzly beard his pensive bosom fought,
And all on *Lausus* ran his restless thought.†
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
He much inquir'd, and many a message sent
To warn him from the field: alas! in vain;
Behold his mournful followers bear him slain:
O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
The dire event with a foreboding mind.

NOTES.

Æneas in killing *Pallas* and *Lausus*. The bravery which *Turnus* exerts in fighting with *Pallas*, is equal to that of *Æneas* in conquering *Lausus*. But the valour of the *Trojan* is accompanied with goodness and gentleness; that of the *Rutulian* with hard-heartedness and cruelty. *Turnus* seeks out *Pallas*, while *Lausus* falls into the hands of *Æneas*. *Turnus* exclaims, that the destinies had reserved *Pallas* for himself; but *Æneas*, conscious of the inequality of the combat, cries out to the young *Lausus*, "Why wilt thou rush to certain death?" *Pallas* is afraid of *Turnus*, which is one reason why he should have spared him; whereas, in the presence of *Æneas*, *Lausus* behaves with so forward and menacing a spirit, that *Æneas* is obliged to fight him against his own will. *Turnus* insults his wounded antagonist: I will give an account to your father, says he, of your behaviour and abilities. *Æneas* compassionates *Lausus* for the misfortune which he had drawn on himself by his own obstinacy. The *Rutulian* returns the body of *Pallas* to his father, on no other account than to distress the good old king; but the *Trojan* returns the body of *Lausus* to be buried among his ancestors. *Turnus* takes away *Pallas*'s belt; but *Æneas* suffers all *Lausus*'s arms to remain with him. This is an achievement of the same nature: the polite courage of *Æneas* is opposed to the cruel behaviour of *Turnus*.

* This is a fine subject for the canvass. The mixture of martial and pastoral circumstances is highly beautiful. What a noble principal figure would this old tyrant make, reclined, among his attendants, at the trunk of a large oak on the banks of a river, with the utmost anguish and despair in his countenance; and yet, at the same time, seeming to receive some refreshment from the coolness of the

No. 11.

With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head,
Then both his lifted hands to heav'n he }
spread; }
Last the dear corps embracing, thus he said.
What joys, alas! could this frail being give,
That I have been so covetous to live?
To see my son, and such a son, resign
His life a ransom for preserving mine? ‡
And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?
How much too dear has that redemption cost!
'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel;
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
My guilt thy growing virtues did defame,
My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.
Chac'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild:

Low'd!

NOTES.

shore; his helmet hung on the boughs, and the rest of his armour scattered, confusedly, around him! We are pleas'd to find some parental tenderness in *Mezentius*, whom we have hitherto looked upon as a most unnatural monster.

† The strong paternal love of *Mezentius* finely softens his savage character. There is no person, probably, however vicious and depraved, but who hath some spark of virtue, and some good qualities in his heart. The furious and inexorable *Achilles* is endowed with generosity, the warmest friendship, and a noble contempt of death. And it has been observed, that *Milton* would not paint the devil without some moral virtues: he has not only valour and conduct, but even compassionate concern:

Thrice he essay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, in grief, burst forth.

B. I. 619.

Upon these principles we cannot defend such a character as *Shakespeare's Richard III.* as proper for the stage: but much more faulty is the *Jew's* character in the *Merchant of Venice*; who is cruel without necessity. These are not pictures of human creatures, and are beheld with horror and detestation. Man is of a mixed nature; virtue and vice alternately prevailing; it being as difficult to find a person thoroughly vicious, as thoroughly virtuous.

‡ This speech of *Mezentius*, over his son's dead body, is perhaps as fine a piece of pathos as any in our poet. It is highly aggravated by the confession of his guilt. The pangs of the exile, and of the childless father, at once rush upon him. The one is awakened and augmented by the other. However, revenge soon re-assumes its station in his violent temper; and, notwithstanding his wound, he resolutely marches out to meet *Æneas*.

3 C

I ow'd my people these, and from their hate,
With less resentment could have borne my fate.
And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight
Of hated men, and of more hated light:
But will not long. With that he rais'd from

ground
His fainting limbs that stagger'd with his wound.
Yet with a mind resolv'd, and unappal'd
With pains or perils, for his courser call'd:
Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himself did

dress,
With daily care, and mounted with success;
His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.

Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,
The steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke:

O *Rhexus*, we have liv'd too long for me, *
(If life and long were terms that could agree)
This day thou either shalt bring back the head,
And bloody trophies of the *Trojan* dead:

This day thou either shalt revenge my woe

For murder'd *Lausus*, on his cruel foe;

Or if inexorable fate deny

Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die:

For after such a lord, I rest secure,

Thou wilt no foreign reins, or *Trojan* load en-
dure. †

He said: and strait th' officious courser kneels

To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills

With pointed jav'lines: on his head he lac'd

His glitt'ring helm, which terribly was grac'd

With waving horse-hair, nodding from afar;

Then spur'd his thund'ring steed amidst the war.

Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness wrought,

Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought

Of inborn worth, his lab'ring soul oppress'd, ‡

Roll'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breast.

NOTES.

* An hero of a different character would have invoked the assistance of the Gods, in this adventure; but *Mezentius*, as an atheist, addresses, and puts all his confidence in, his horse.

† However a mere modern may be facetious upon the absurdity of a man's making a speech to his horse; *Virgil* very judiciously imitates *Homer* in this particular. And to justify it we need not recur (as some do) to the ancient opinion of the *Metempsychosis*; since the thing is not only beautiful in poetry, but agreeable to fact. Many a man has made a short speech to his horse, nay to his sword, or the like; as *Turnus* in the 12th book does to his spear.

‡ This cruel king is not without his virtues; we are here almost apt to pity him. No character should be painted uniformly vile: perhaps there is no such thing in nature as a monster without the

Then loud he call'd *Aeneas* thrice by name,
The loud repeated voice to glad *Aeneas* came.
Great *Jove*, he said, and the far-shooting God,
Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good. §
He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of fear,
And threaten'd with his long protended spear.

To whom *Mezentius* thus. Thy vaunts are vain,
My *Lausus* lies extended on the plain:

He's lost! thy conquest is already won,

The wretched sire is murder'd in the son.

Nor fate I fear, but all the Gods defy, ||

Forbear thy threats, my business is to die;

But first receive this parting legacy.

He said; and strait a whirling dart he sent:

Another after, and another went.

Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,

And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield;

Thrice rode he round, and thrice *Aeneas* wheel'd, }
Turn'd as he turn'd; the golden orb withstood

The strokes; and bore about an iron wood.

Impatient of delay, and weary grown,

Still to defend, and to defend alone:

To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,

Urg'd, and o'er-labour'd in unequal fight:

At length resolv'd, he throws with all his force

Full at the temple of the warrior horse.

Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' unerring spear

Made way, and stood transfix'd thro' either ear.

Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpriz'd with fright,

The wounded steed curvets; and rais'd upright,

Lights on his feet before: his hoofs behind

Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.

Down comes the rider headlong from his height,

His horse came after with unwieldy weight;

And flound'ring forward, pitching on his head,

His lord's incumber'd shoulder overlaid. ¶

From

NOTES.

least spark of virtue; for as the most virtuous man has his vices, so the most vicious man has his virtues.

§ This address of *Aeneas* to the Gods is a fine contrast to the impiety of *Mezentius*, who acknowledges no other divinity than his own arm. It is to be observed, that this prayer is very short; the presence of a furious enemy would not permit him to say more.

|| *Mezentius* is supposed to defy the Gods, so far as to say, If there were any Gods, and if they were here, I would not spare them; i. e. I would attack them, as I do thee.

¶ He reared himself upon his hinder feet, and then again sprung forward upon his fore-feet, and so tumbled upon his face. *Ruæus* supposes *calcibus* to be meant of his hinder feet; and it may be so, though

From either host the mingled shouts, and cries,
Of *Trojans* and *Rutulians* rend the skies:
Aeneas hast'ning, wav'd his fatal sword
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word:
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce disdain
Of proud *Mezentius*, and the lofty strain?

Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies,
With scarce recover'd sight, he thus replies.
Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,
To souls undaunted, and secure of death?
'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die,
Nor came I here with hope of victory:
Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design:
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.

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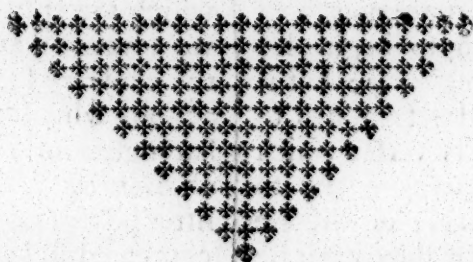
though it is not necessary; and we rather understand it of the other: because the position of the words seems to require it; and the idea is better to suppose him pawing in the air with his fore feet.

* Notwithstanding *Mezentius*'s former contempt of all religious rites, his praying to *Aeneas* for sepulture is highly natural. We see every day the most resolute and hardened change their opinions and language at the hour of death; so natural is it for man to acknowledge the power of a deity in spite of himself; and so difficult is it intirely to efface the first impressions of religion. We should likewise remember, that the ancients thought it was the severest misfortune to be deprived of the rites of burial: as we have seen in the instance of *Palinurus*, and which might be proved from a thousand passages among the ancients. The last act of the tragedy of

My dying son contracted no such band;
The gift is hateful from his murd'rer's hand.
For this, this only favour let me sue,
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due;
Refuse it not: but let my body have
The last retreat of human kind, a grave.*
Too well I know th' insulting people's hate;
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:
This refuge for my poor remains provide,
And lay my much-lov'd *Lausus* by my side:
He said, and to the sword his throat apply'd.
The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the wound.

NOTES.

Euripides may, at first sight, appear to be, in some measure, ascetic, as well as the last of the *Ajax* of *Sophocles*, if the reader does not frequently reflect on what we have before insinuated, that not to be buried was by the ancients esteemed a more dreadful punishment than death itself. Hence it came to pass, that the death of the heroes of the theatre were, by no means, a sufficient unravelling of the plot. It was necessary to add the honours or want of sepulture to render the action complete. And this, without doubt, gives us a key to all the ancient *denoûemens* both of epic poetry, as in *Homer*'s description of the funeral rites for *Hector* and *Patroclus*; and of tragedy likewise, as in the *Ajax*, the *Phœnicians*, and many others; the unravellings of whose plots will always displease, if we forget the principles and notions received by antiquity.



The ELEVENTH BOOK of the ÆNEID.

A R G U M E N T.

Æneas erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius; grants a truce for burying the dead; and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosity betwixt Turnus and Drances: in the mean time there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself; is killed: and the Latin troops are entirely defeated.

SCARCE had the rosy morning rais'd her head*
Above the waves, and left her wat'ry bed:
The pious chief, whom double cares attend
For his unbury'd soldiers, and his friend:

Yet first to heav'n perform'd a victor's vows:
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs:
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.

The

NOTES.

* This book is adorned with the episode of *Camilla*, as the ninth is with that of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*. There are but few books, which are intirely taken up in relating the affairs belonging to the main subject; but we may observe how these ornaments differ the one from the other. Indeed, all the books have, for the most part, one circumstance common to all; the first, sixth, seventh, and eighth, excepted; that is, says *Scaliger*, they conclude with a death. Some suppose, that this was done designedly by the poet; and others, that such a distribution came by chance, and that *Virgil* died without determining how to begin his books. However, one may well judge, for example, that he intended to begin his second book, with the recital of taking *Troy*; but it is by no means certain, that he had determined to begin all the other books with those very verses which we now read at their several beginnings. As to each book's ending with a remarkable death, we content ourselves with observing, that they have no resemblance the one with the other. For if the second book ends with the death of *Creusa*, it is easy to see, that the death of *Anchises*, which ends the

NOTES.

third, has no relation either to her death, or to that of *Dido* at the end of the fourth, and still less to *Pacilinurus's* death, with which the fifth is ended. Besides, one may observe, that these four deaths, described in the first part of the poem, have no resemblance with those which happen in the second; namely, that of *Mezentius*, *Camilla*, and *Turnus*. And these latter, though very near each other both in time and place, and by the subject which renders them alike, are still so diversified by the manner in which they are described, that one cannot sufficiently admire the poet's art. The three last books, which are entirely of war and combats, prove what we advance: and it is very difficult not to fall into the contrary fault, from the resemblance of warlike actions which must necessarily be described. The harangues of *Turnus* and *Drances*, the lamentation of *Evander* and *Æneas* on the death of *Pallas*, the little history of *Camilla*, the attack of her cavalry compared so happily to the flux and reflux of the sea; and lastly, the general defeat of the *Latins* after the death of *Camilla*; all these, we say, are inimitable pictures. And when we consider how many excellent

The coat of arms by proud *Mezentius* worn,
Now on a naked flag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
A trophy sacred to the God of war.
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
Appear'd his plumed crest, besmear'd with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd;
And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing sword.
A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man:
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began.
Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure suc-
cess:

The greater part perform'd, atchieve the less.
Now follow chearful to the trembling town;
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
Fear it no more: for fierce *Mezentius* lies,
As the first-fruits of war, a sacrifice.
Turnus shall fall extended on the plain;
And in this omen is already slain.
Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance:
That none unwarn'd, may plead his ignorance:
And I, at heav'n's appointed hour, may find
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.
Meantime the rites and funeral pomps prepare,
Due to your dead companions of the war: *
The last respect the living can bestow,
To shield their shadows from contempt below.
That conquer'd earth be their's for which they
fought;
And which for us with their own blood they bought.
But first the corps of our unhappy friend,
To the said city of *Evander* send:

NOTES.

excellent passages are to be found in these last three books, we cannot possibly imagine how the learned *M. Guyet* could think they were not written by *Virgil*. Few of the learned are of his opinion. It may be granted, that the versification of these last books is not so close and press'd, as that of the former. —But we do not know whether one might not affirm, that the subject-matters which they contain, are not more diverting, and at least more accommodated to our present manners. Actions of valour, and wonders of the sword, and different incidents, extremely delight the reader, who loves to see continual changes of fortune: and it is this which the authors of romances of chivalry perpetually aim at: but this must be determined by the reader.

* It was a custom among the *Romans*, never to sacrifice when they were polluted with the rites of burial: but if it so happened that any one died, and

No. 12.

Who not inglorious in his age's bloom,
Was hurry'd hence by too severe a doom.

Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
Where, now in death, lamented *Pallas* lay: †
Acetes watch'd the corps; whose youth deserv'd
The father's trust, and now the son he serv'd
With equal faith, but less auspicious care:
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrows share.
A troop of *Trojans* mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevell'd hair.
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry; ‡
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground:
But when *Æneas* view'd the grisly wound
Which *Pallas* in his manly bosom bore,
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore;
First, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began.

Unhappy youth! when fortune gave the rest
Of all my wishes, she refus'd the best!
She came; but brought not thee along, to bless
My longing eyes, and share in my success:
She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due
To prosperous valour, in the public view.
Not thus I promis'd, when my father lent
Thy needless succour with a sad consent;
Embrac'd me parting for th' *Etrurian* land,
And sent me to possess a large command.
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd and bold:
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich odours on his loaded altars burn;
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
To send him back his portion of the war;

A bloody

NOTES.

there was at the same time a necessity of performing a sacrifice, the friends of the deceased always strove to go through with the sacrifice, before they buried him. Thus, when it was told to *Horatius Pulvillus*, while he was consecrating the capitol, that his son was dead, he cried out, *Cadaver sit*: nor would he engage in his funeral, till he had finished the consecration. According to this custom, *Æneas* is here introduced paying his vows to heaven, before he celebrates the sepulture of *Pallas*, and his companions.

† The *Greeks*, as well as the *Italians*, placed their dead in the porches of their houses.

‡ At the appearance of *Æneas* their grief and lamentations are renewed; a circumstance imitated by *Statius Theb.* b. 6, ver. 42. It was a ceremony among the ancients, to renew their lamentations at the approach of a king, or person of distinction.

3 D

A bloody breathless body: which can owe
No farther debt, but to the pow'rs below.
The wretched father, ere his race is run,
Shall view the fun'ral honours of his son.
These are my triumphs of the *Latian* war;
Fruits of my plighted faith, and boasted care.
And yet, unhappy fire, thou shalt not see
A son, whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;
Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:
Thy *Pallas* no dishonest wound receiv'd.*
He dy'd no death to make thee wish, too late,
Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate.
But what a champion has th' *Ausonian* coast,
And what a friend hast thou, *Aeneas*, lost!

Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raise the breathless body from the ground;
And chose a thousand horse, the flow'r of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral:
To bear him back, and share *Evander's* grief;
(A well-becoming, but a weak relief.)
Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier;
Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.
The body on this rural herse is borne,
Strew'd leaves and fun'ral greens the bier adorn.
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flow'r,
New cropt by virgin hands to dress the bow'r:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother earth or the green stem shall
owe.

Then two fair vests, of wond'rous work and cost,
Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,
For ornament the *Trojan* hero brought,
Which with her hands *Sidonian Dido* wrought.
One vest array'd the corps, and one they spread
O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrap'd around his head:
That when the yellow hair in flame should fall,
The catching fire might burn the golden caul.

NOTES.

* The matrons of *Lacedæmon*, when they received the news that their sons were slain in battle, were wont to come forth, and inspect their wounds, both before and behind; and when they found the greater number was before, they conducted the bodies of their children to the monuments of their ancestors, with great solemnity, and a kind of stern pride in their countenances: but if they perceived any wounds behind, weeping and blushing for shame, they departed with the utmost secrecy, leaving the dead bodies to be interred in the common sepulchre; or carried them away by stealth, to be privately buried at home.

† Human sacrifices were common on these occasions among the ancients.

Besides, the spoils of foes in battle slain,
When he descended on the *Latian* plain:
Arms, trappings, horses, by the herse he led
In long array, (th' achievements of the dead.)
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear: †
Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
To sprinkle with their blood, the fun'ral flame.
Inferior trophies by the chiefs are borne;
Gantlets and helmets, their loaded hands adorn;
And fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles read
Of *Latian* leaders conquer'd by the dead.

Acetes on his pupil's corps attends,
With feeble steps; supported by his friends:
Pausing at ev'ry pace, in sorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground.
Where grov'ling, while he lies in deep despair,
He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.
The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably foul.
To close the pomp, *Æthon*, the steed of state,
Is led, the fun'rals of his lord to wait.
Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace ‡
He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his
face.

The lance of *Pallas*, and the crimson crest,
Are borne behind; the victor seiz'd the rest. §
The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely sound,
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.
Thus while the *Trojan* and *Arcadian* horse,
To *Pallantean* tow'rs direct their course,
In long procession rank'd; the pious chief
Stop'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.
The public care, he said, which war attends,
Diverts our present woes, at least suspends:
Peace with the manes of great *Pallas* dwell;
Hail holy relics, and a last farewell! ||

He.

NOTES.

‡ This is a most affecting image. It is drawn from *Iliad* 17, where *Achilles's* horses weep for their master. *Aristotle* and *Pliny* inform us, that these animals often lament their masters when killed in battle, and even shed tears for them. *Ælian* reports the same of elephants, when they are carried from their native country.

§ This is artfully introduced: the poet takes care to remind us, that some of *Pallas's* insignia remained with *Turnus*, which afterwards proved so fatal to him.

|| The sentiments of this farewell-speech have a noble simplicity; the conciseness of it is admirable, and highly proper to the occasion. With what detestation does this pious prince speak of war!

He said no more, but inly though he mourn'd,
 Restrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.

Now suppliants, from *Laurentum* sent, demand
 A truce, with olive branches in their hand.
 Obtest his clemency, and from the plain
 Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.
 They plead, that none those common rites deny
 To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle die.
 All cause of hate was ended in their death;
 Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.
 A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's request:
 Whose son he once was call'd, and once his guest.

Their suit, which was too just to be deny'd,
 The hero grants, and farther thus reply'd:
 O *Latian* princes, how severe a fate
 In causeless quarrels has involv'd your state!
 And arm'd against an unoffending man,
 Who fought your friendship ere the war began!
 You beg a truce, which I would gladly give,
 Not only for the slain, but those who live.
 I came not hither but by heav'n's command,
 And sent by fate to share the *Latian* land.
 Nor wage I wars unjust; your king deny'd
 My proffer'd friendship, and my promis'd bride.
 Left me for *Turnus*; *Turnus* then should try
 His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.
 My right and his are in dispute: the slain
 Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
 In equal arms let us alone contend;*
 And let him vanquish, whom his fates befriend.
 This is the way, so tell him, to possess
 The royal virgin, and restore the peace.
 Bear this my message back; with ample leave
 That your slain friends may fun'ral rites receive.

Thus having said, th' ambassadors amaz'd,†
 Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd:
Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breast
 Long hate to *Turnus*, as his foe profess'd,
 Broke silence first, and to the godlike man,
 With graceful action bowing, thus began:

Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
 But yet whose actions far transcend your fame:
 Would I your justice or your force express,
 Thought can but equal; and all words are less:

Your answer we shall thankfully relate,
 And favours granted to the *Latian* state:
 If wish'd success our labour shall attend,
 Think peace concluded, and the king your friend:
 Let *Turnus* leave the realm to your command:
 And seek alliance in some other land:
 Build you the city which your fates assign:
 We shall be proud in the great work to join.
 Thus *Drances*; and his words so well persuade
 The rest impower'd, that soon a truce is made.
 Twelve days the term allow'd: and during those,
Latians and *Trojans*, now no longer foes,
 Mix'd in the woods, for fun'ral piles prepare,
 To fell the timber, and forget the war.
 Loud axes thro' the groaning groves resound:
 Oak, mountain-ash, and poplar, spread the ground:
 Firs fall from high: and some the trunks receive,
 In loaden wains, with wedges some they cleave.

And now the fatal news by *Fame* is blown
 Thro' the short circuit of th' *Arcadian* town,
 Of *Pallas* slain: by *Fame*, which just before
 His triumphs on distended pinions bore.
 Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,
 Each with a fun'ral flambeau in his hand:
 Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze:
 The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
 That cast a sudden splendor on their friends,
 (The marching troop which their dead prince at-
 tends.)

Both parties meet: they raise a doleful cry:
 The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply: }
 And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted sky. }
 The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,
 Till the loud clamours reach *Evander's* ears:
 Forgetful of his state, he runs along,
 With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng:
 Falls on the corps, and groaning there he lies,
 With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes:
 Short sighs and sobs succeed: till sorrow breaks
 A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks. ‡
 O *Pallas*! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word!
 To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword,
 I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
 What perils youthful ardour would pursue:

That

NOTES.

* It ought to be observed, that *Aeneas*, in this passage, makes the first proposal of deciding the war by a single combat.

† It is very judicious to represent the *Latins* as deeply affected with the great humanity of *Aeneas's* speech, and, in consequence of it, highly prejudiced in his favour. And equally artful is the compliment, that *Drances* pays the hero, in the following

NOTES.

lines, proceeding more from his implacable hatred to *Turnus*, than from his love to *Aeneas*. This short speech prepares us for the striking part he is about to act in this book.

‡ This grief for a considerable time stop't the passage of his voice, and at length opened it; both these are true as to different parts of time: excess of sorrow first makes us dumb, and then makes us speak.

That boiling blood would carry thee too far!
 Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!
 O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,
 Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
 Hard elements of inauspicious war,
 Vain vows to heav'n, and unavailing care!
 Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed,
 Whose holy soul the stroke of fortune fled:
 Præcious of ills, and leaving me behind,
 To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd.*
 Beyond the goal of nature I have gone:
 My *Pallas* late set out, but reach'd too soon.
 If, from my league against th' *Ausonian* state,
 Amidst their weapons I had found my fate,
 (Deserv'd from them) then I had been return'd
 A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.
 Yet will not I my *Trojan* friend upbraid,
 Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.
 'Twas not his fault my *Pallas* fell so young,
 But my own crime for having liv'd too long.
 Yet, since the Gods had destin'd him to die,
 At least he led the way to victory:
 First for his friends he won the fatal shore,
 And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes before:
 A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
 Nor will I add new honours to thy grave;
 Content with those the *Trojan* hero gave.
 That fun'ral pomp thy *Phrygian* friends design'd;
 In which the *Tuscan* chiefs, and army join'd:
 Great spoils, and trophies gain'd by thee, they bear:
 Then let thy own achievements be thy share.
 Ev'n thou, O *Turnus*, hadst a trophy stood,
 Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood,
 If *Pallas* had arriv'd, with equal length
 Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.
 But why, unhappy man, dost thou detain
 These troops to view the tears thou shed'st in vain!
 Go, friend, this message to your lord relate:
 Tell him, that if I bear my bitter fate,

NOTES.

* A true pathos reigns throughout this whole speech of *Evander*. The various turns of passion, and the alternate addresses to the living and the dead, are the very language of sorrow. The circumstances of tenderly approaching him for being too forward and eager in the battle; the envying his wife for dying before she could be witness to so great a calamity; the image of this misfortune's happening to him in extreme old age, when he is by nature incapacitated to struggle with it; the wishing he had died in his son's stead; need not, we hope, be pointed out to any reader of sensibility, and a

And after *Pallas*' death, live ling'ring on,
 'Tis to behold his vengeance for my son.
 I stay for *Turnus*; whose devoted head
 Is owing to the living and the dead:
 My son and I expect it from his hand;
 'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
 Joy is no more: but I would gladly go,
 To greet my *Pallas* with such news below.

The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night;
 Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light:
 The *Trojan* king, and *Tuscan* chief, command
 To raise the piles along the winding strand:
 Their friends convey the dead to fun'ral fires;
 Black smould'ring smoke from the green wood ex-
 pires;
 The light of heav'n is chok'd, and the new day re-
 tires.

Then thrice around the kindled piles they go:
 (For ancient custom had ordain'd it so)
 Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led,
 And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.
 Tears trickling down their breasts bedew the
 ground;
 And drums and trumpets mix their mournful
 sound.
 Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
 The spoils, in battle taken from the foe;
 Helms, bitts emboss'd, and swords of shining steel,
 One casts a target, one a chariot-wheel:
 Some to their fellows their own arms restore:
 The faulchions which in luckless fight they bore:
 Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in vain,
 And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain,
 Whole herds of offer'd bulls about the fire,
 And bristled boars, and woolly sheep expire.
 Around the piles a careful troop attends,
 To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burn-
 ing friends.

Ling'ring

NOTES.

feeling heart. There is something very noble and heroical in his saying, that he will not accuse the *Trojans* of being the occasion of his son's death, and that he will never reproach himself for entering into a league with them. The only circumstance that can possibly administer any consolation, is, that he died like a true hero; "his wounds all fair, and honest, on the breast." He concludes by saying, that he is ashamed to have so long detained, by his sorrow, the soldiers from the fight; and hopes only to live long enough to see his enemy *Turnus* punished for his cruelty.

Ling'ring along the shore, till dewy night
New decks the face of heav'n with starry light.

The conquer'd *Latians*, with like pious care,
Piles without number for their dead prepare;
Part, in the places where they fell, are laid;
And part are to the neighb'ring fields convey'd.
The corps of kings, and captains of renown,
Borne off in state, are bury'd in the town:
The rest unhonour'd, and without a name,
Are cast a common heap to feed the flame.

Trojans and *Latians* vie with like desires
To make the field of battle shine with fires;
And the promiscuous blaze to heav'n aspires.

Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night;
When those who round the wasted fires remain,
Perform the last sad office to the slain:
They take the yet warm ashes, from below;
These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow:
These relicks with their country rites they grace;
And raise a mount of turf to mark the place.

But in the palace of the king, appears
A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans:
Orphans their fires, and fires lament their sons.
All in that universal sorrow share,
And curse the cause of this unhappy war.
A broken league, a bride unjustly fought,
A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought!
These are the crimes, with which they load the
name

Of *Turnus*; and on him alone exclaim.
Let him, who lords it o'er th' *Ausonian* land,
Engage the *Trojan* hero hand to hand:
His is the gain, our lot is but to serve:
'Tis just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve.
This *Drances* aggravates; and adds, with spight,
His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.
Nor *Turnus* wants a party, to support
His cause and credit, in the *Latian* court.
His former acts secure his present fame;
And the queen shades him with her mighty name.

While thus their factious minds with fury burn;
The legates from th' *Ætolian* prince return:
Sad news they bring, that after all the cost,
And care employ'd, their embassy is lost:
That *Diomedes* refus'd his aid in war;
Unmov'd with presents, and as deaf to pray'r.

NOTES.

* By the words *fatalem Æneam*, the commentators in general understand, that *Æneas* would prove fatal or destructive to the *Trojans*. But we rather take
No. 12.

Some new alliance must elsewhere be fought;
Or peace with *Troy* on hard conditions bought.

Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late
A foreign son is pointed out by fate: *
And till *Æneas* shall *Lavinia* wed,
The wrath of heav'n is hov'ring o'er his head.
The Gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,
When late their titles in the field were try'd:
Witness the fresh laments, and fun'ral tears un-
dry'd.

Thus, full of anxious thought, he summon'd all
The *Latian* senate to the council hall:

The princes come, commanded by their head,
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead.
Supreme in pow'r, and rev'rence for his years,
He takes the throne, and in the midst appears:
Majestically sad, he sits in state,
And bids his envoys their success relate.

When *Venulus* began, the murmur'ing sound
Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd around.
We have, said he, perform'd your high command:
And pass'd with peril a long tract of land:
We reach'd the place desir'd, with wonder fill'd,
The *Grecian* tents, and rising tow'rs beheld.
Great *Diomedes* has compass'd round with walls
The city, which *Argyripa* he calls;
From his own *Argos* nam'd: we touch'd, with joy,
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy *Troy*.
When introduc'd, our presents first we bring,
Then crave an instant audience from the king:
His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name;
And tell th' important cause for which we came.
Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;
Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look,
Made this return. *Ausonian* race of old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,
To change for war hereditary rest?
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword,
(A needless ill your ancestors abhor'd.)
We, (for myself I speak, and all the name
Of *Grecians*, who to *Troy's* destruction came;)
Omitting those who were in battle slain,
Or borne by rolling *Simois* to the main:
Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought
The prize of honour which in arms he fought.†
Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driv'n,
Outcasts, abandon'd by the care of heav'n:

So

NOTES.

them to mean, that *Æneas* was destined or called by the fates to marry *Lavinia*, &c.

† There is something vastly pleasing to the mind

3 E

in

So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew,
 As ev'n old *Priam* might with pity view.
 Witnesses the vessels by *Minerva* tofs'd
 In storms, the vengeful *Capharæan* coast ; *
 Th' *Eubæan* rocks: the prince, whose brother led
 Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed,
 In *Egypt* lost ; *Ulysses*, with his men,
 Have seen *Charybdis*, and the *Cyclops* den :
 Why should I name *Idomeneus*, in vain,
 Restor'd to sceptres, and expell'd again ?
 Or young *Achilles*, by his rival slain ?
 Ev'n he, the king of men, the foremost name
 Of all the *Greeks*, and most renown'd by fame,
 The proud revenger of another's wife,
 Yet by his own adult'refs lost his life :
 Fell at his threshold, and the spoils of *Troy*
 The foul polluters of his bed enjoy. †
 The Gods have envy'd me the sweets of life,
 My much-lov'd country, and my more-lov'd wife :
 Banish'd from both, I mourn ; while in the sky,
 Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly :
 How'ring about the coasts they make their moan ;
 And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.
 What squalid spectres, in the dead of night,
 Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight !
 I might have promis'd to myself those harms,
 Mad as I was, when I with mortal arms
 Presum'd against immortal pow'rs to move,
 And violate with wounds the queen of love. ‡
 Such arms this hand shall never more employ ;
 No hate remains with me to ruin'd *Troy*.
 I war not with it's dust ; nor am I glad
 To think of past events, or good or bad.

NOTES.

in seeing this old hero, whom we remember to have beheld so active and fierce in the *Iliad*, retiring from war in his old age, and exhorting the ambassadors to peace.

* The following lines contain an epitome of the sufferings and adventures of all the *Grecian* chiefs, that assisted at the siege of *Troy*. It is very natural to make this old hero dwell at large on the misfortunes which had happened to his companions in the war.

† See the *Orestes* of *Sophocles* ; and the *Agamemnon*s of *Æschylus*, and *Thomson* ; and *Odyssey*, b. 11, for a most noble and pathetic description of this event.

‡ *Diomedes* imputes his misfortunes to his rashness in having wounded *Venus* : which circumstance gives a weight and importance to this Goddess, the mother and protectress of *Æneas*. It is observable he does not mention his having wounded *Mars*.

Your presents I return : whate'er you bring
 To buy my friendship, send the *Trojan* king.
 We met in fight, I know him to my cost ;
 With what a whirling force his lance he tofs'd :
 Heav'n's, what a spring was in his arm, to throw ! §
 How high he held his shield, and rose at ev'ry blow !
 Had *Troy* produc'd two more, his match in might, ||
 They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight :
 Th' invasion of the *Greeks* had been return'd :
 Our empire wasted, and our cities burn'd.
 The long defence the *Trojan* people made,
 The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,
 Were due to *Hector's* and this hero's hand ;
 Both brave alike, and equal in command :
Æneas not inferior in the field,
 In pious rev'rence to the Gods excell'd. ¶
 Make peace, ye *Latians*, and avoid with care
 Th' impending dangers of a fatal war.
 He said no more ; but with this cold excuse,
 Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a truce.

Thus *Venulus* concluded his report.

A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court :
 As when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
 And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course ;
 The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,
 Roars horribly along th' uneasy race :
 White foam in gath'ring eddies floats around :
 The rocky shores rebellow to the sound.

The murmur ceas'd : then from his lofty throne
 The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun. **
 I wish, ye *Latins*, what we now debate
 Had been resolv'd before it was too late :

Much

NOTES.

§ The testimony of such an enemy as *Diomedes*, concerning the prodigious strength and courage of *Æneas*, greatly exalts our hero's character ; and is a fine stroke of art in the poet. The compliment is much heightened by comparing him afterwards with *Hector*.

|| The panegyric on *Æneas* rises here still higher ; especially advising them to make peace with such a formidable enemy.

¶ This comparison of *Æneas* with *Hector* is no exaggeration of *Virgil* in favour of his own hero. This *Homer* had done before him. The goodness and clemency of *Æneas*, which followed from his piety, are a reason why the *Latins* should hope for peace.

** It was a custom of the ancient orators to usher in their harangues, with an address to the Gods ; at least when the subject had any concern with the state. Thus *Demosthenes*, in the beginning of his speech

Much better had it been for you and me,
 Unforc'd by this our last necessity,
 To have been earlier wise ; than now to call
 A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.
 O citizens ! we wage unequal war,
 With men, not only heav'n's peculiar care,
 But heav'n's own race : unconquer'd in the field,
 Or conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
 What hopes you had in *Dismede*, lay down :
 Our hopes must center on ourselves alone.
 Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
 You see too well ; nor need my words explain.
 Vanquish'd without resource ; laid flat by fate,
 Factions within, a foe without the gate ;
 Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts,
 With manly force, and with undaunted hearts :
 With our united strength the war we wag'd ;
 With equal numbers, equal arms engag'd :
 You see th' event — Now hear what I propose,
 To save our friends, and satisfy our foes :
 A tract of land the *Latins* have possess'd *
 Along the *Tiber*, stretching to the west,
 Which now *Rutulians* and *Auruncans* till :
 And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill ;
 Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
 If you consent, the *Trojan* shall command ;
 Call'd into part of what is our's ; and there,
 On terms agreed, the common country share. †
 There let them build, and settle if they please ;
 Unless they choose once more to cross the seas,
 In search of seats remote of Italy ;
 And from unwelcome inmates set us free.

NOTES.

speech *De Corona* : “ In the first place, O *Athenians*,
 “ I pray to all the Gods and Goddesses.” All the
 speeches of *Cato* and *Gracchus*, says *Servius*, begin in
 this solemn manner.

* This proposal of *Latinus*, concerning the ces-
 sion of lands to *Aeneas*, is founded on history. *Cato*
 mentions it, and gives us the length and situation of
 the ground. It consisted of seven hundred acres, and
 extended from the *Trojan* camp to the city *Laurentum*.
 This piece of ground was called *antiquus*, because it
 was the ancient domain of the *Latin* kings. *Cato*
 reports that *Aeneas* accepted of these proposals.

† *Latinus* does not propose to admit the *Trojans*
 as tributaries or vassals, but to establish them on a
 complete equality with the other kings of the
 country.

‡ It has been imagined by some critics, that un-
 der the character of *Turnus M. Antony* is represented,
 and that *Cicero* is shadowed by *Drances*. The cir-

Then twice ten gallies let us build with speed,
 Or twice as many more, if more they need :
 Materials are at hand : a well grown wood
 Runs equal with the margin of the flood :
 Let them the number, and the form assign ;
 The care and cost of all the stores be mine.
 To treat the peace a hundred senators
 Shall be commission'd hence with ample pow'rs ;
 With olive crown'd : the presents they shall bear,
 A purple robe, a royal iv'ry chair ;
 And all the marks of sway that *Latian* monarchs
 wear ;
 And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate
 This great affair, and save the sinking state.
 Then *Drances* took the word ; who grudg'd long
 since,
 The rising glories of the *Daunian* prince. †
 Factions and rich, bold at the council board,
 But cautious in the field, he shun'd the sword ;
 A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
 Noble his mother was, and near the throne,
 But what his father's parentage, unknown.
 He rose, and took th' advantage of the times,
 To load young *Turnus* with invidious crimes.
 Such truths, O king, said he, your words contain,
 As strike the sense, and all replies are vain,
 Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek
 What common needs require ; but fear to speak.
 Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,
 Whose pride this inauspicious war began :
 For whose ambition (let me dare to say,
 Fear set apart, tho' death is in my way)

The

NOTES.

cumstances of a sarcastical vein, and ironical turn ;
 of an heat and impetuosity of temper, painted by
 their peculiar epithets, have been all alledged by a
 late writer as strong characteristics of *Antony* ; as the
 few following lines seem to exhibit the unfavourable
 idea which the courtiers of *Augustus* entertained of
Tully. The reader is left to judge of this conjecture.
 Such kind of interpretations are sometimes ingen-
 ious, but ought to be advanced with caution. A re-
 fined critic might discover in the *Æneid* parallels for
 all *Augustus's* courtiers. *Virgil* certainly seems to be
 no friend of *Cicero's*. He does not mention a word
 of him in his view of the most considerable *Romans*,
 in book 6, nor in the 8th ; though he speaks
 there of *Catiline*. One may add, that there are not
 to be found, even in *Tully* himself, higher strokes of
 oratory than in these speeches of *Drances* and *Turnus*.
 They have the most dramatic air of any part of
Virgil.

The plains of *Latium* run with blood around ;
 So many valiant heroes bite the ground :
 Dejected grief in ev'ry face appears ;
 A town in mourning, and a land in tears.
 While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,
 The man who menaces the Gods with arms,
 Yet after all his boasts, forsook the fight,
 And sought his safety in ignoble flight.

Now, best of kings, since you propose to send
 Such bounteous presents to your *Trojan* friend ;
 Add yet a greater at our joint request,
 One which he values more than all the rest ;
 Give him the fair *Lavinia* for his bride :
 With that alliance let the league be ty'd ;
 And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide. }
 Let insolence no longer awe the throne,
 But with a father's right bestow your own.
 For this maligner of the gen'ral good,
 If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd :
 His haughty Godhead we with prayers implore,
 Your sceptre to release, and our just rights restore.
 O cursed cause of all our ills, must we
 Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight for thee !
 What right hast thou to rule the *Latian* state,
 And send us out to meet our certain fate ?
 'Tis a destructive war : from *Turnus*' hand
 Our peace and public safety we demand.
 Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain ;
 If not, the peace without the pledge is vain.
Turnus, I know you think me not your friend,
 Nor will I much with your belief contend :
 I beg your greatness not to give the law
 In other realms, but beaten, to withdraw.
 Pity your own, or pity our estate ;
 Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.
 Your int'rest is the war should never cease ;
 But we have felt enough to wish the peace :
 A land exhausted to the last remains,
 Depopulated towns, and driven plains.
 Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of pow'r,
 A beauteous princess, with a crown in dow'r,

So fire your mind, in arms assert your right ;
 And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.*
 Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone :
 We, but the slaves who mount you to a throne :
 A base ignoble crowd, without a name ;
 Unwept, unworthy of the fun'ral flame :
 By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
 That *Turnus* may possess a royal wife.
 Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew
 Should share such triumphs ; and detain from you }
 The post of honour, your undoubted due :
 Rather alone your matchless force employ ;
 To merit, what alone you must enjoy.

These words, so full of malice, mix'd with art,
 Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
 Then groaning from the bottom of his breast,
 He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd.
 You, *Drances*, never want a stream of words, +
 Then, when the public need requires our swords.
 First in the council-hall to steer the state ;
 And ever foremost in a tongue-debate.
 While our strong walls secure us from the foe,
 Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow :
 But let the potent orator declaim,
 And with the brand of coward blot my name ;
 Free leave is giv'n him, when his fatal hand
 Has cover'd with more corps the sanguine strand ; }
 And high as mine his tow'ring trophies stand.
 If any doubt remains who dares the most,
 Let us decide it at the *Trojans*' cost :
 And issue both a-breast, where honour calls ;
 Foes are not far to seek without the walls,
 Unless his noisy tongue can only fight :
 And feet were giv'n him but to speed his flight.
 I beaten from the field ? I forc'd away ?
 Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say ?
 Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
 Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies :
 What heaps of *Trojans* by this hand were slain,
 And how the bloody *Tiber* swell'd the main.

All

NOTES.

* Some of *Turnus*'s exclamations are bitter to the highest degree. In this dispute between *Turnus* and *Drances*, our poet shews himself a great master of artful and elegant abuse : we have often thought, that *K. Henry V.* as drawn by *Shakespeare*, greatly resembles *Turnus*, in a kind of majestic scornfulness, and as it were an heroic ill-nature.

+ There is a great deal more dialogue in *Homer* than in *Virgil*. The *Roman* poets are generally set speeches, those of the *Greek* more in the way of con-

NOTES.

versation. What *Virgil* does by two words of a narration, *Homer* brings about by a speech ; he hardly raises one of his heroes out of bed without some talk concerning it. There are not only replies, but rejoinders in *Homer* ; a thing scarce ever to be found in *Virgil* : the consequence whereof is, that there must be in the *Iliad* many continued conversations, a little resembling common chit-chat. This renders the poem more natural and animated, but less grave and majestic.

All saw, but he, th' *Arcadian* troops retire,
 In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.
 The giant brothers, in their camp, have found,
 I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.
 Not such the *Trojans* try'd me, when inclos'd,
 I singly their united arms oppos'd:
 First forc'd an entrance thro' their thick array;
 Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.
 'Tis a destructive war? So let it be,
 But to the *Phrygian* pirate and to thee.
 Mean time proceed to fill the people's ears
 With false reports, their minds with panic fears:
 Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd race,
 Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.
 Believe thy fables, and the *Trojan* town
 Triumphant stands, the *Grecians* are o'erthrown:
 Suppliant at *Hector's* feet *Achilles* lies;
 And *Diomed* from fierce *Aeneas* flies.
 Say rapid *Ausidus* with awful dread,
 Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,
 When the great *Trojan* on his bank appears:
 For that's as true as thy dissembled fears *
 Of my revenge: dismiss that vanity,
 Thou, *Drances*, art below a death from me.
 Let that vile soul in that vile body rest:
 The lodging is well worthy of the guest.

NOTES.

* This line, in the original, has given occasion to several curious remarks on the use of obsolete words; the substance of which we shall give as follows. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old abbey stones into a building, which we have sometimes seen to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality, requisite to a new work; we mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling in the old *Roman* way: but then the road must be as good, as the way is ancient; the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops, by sudden abruptnesses, or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions: no man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks; and let our love to antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and an heap of rubbish another. *Milton* and *Philips*, and perhaps some other writers of blank verse, have used too many obsolete and antiquated words; and, as *B. Johnson* says of *Spencer*, for that reason, write no language; we mean in such parts of their poems

No. 12.

Now, royal father, to the present state
 Of our affairs, and of this high debate;
 If in your arms thus early you decide,
 And think your fortune is already try'd;
 If one defeat has brought us down so low;
 As never more in fields to meet the foe;
 Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat,
 And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.
 But oh, if any ancient blood remains,
 One drop of all our fathers in our veins:
 That man would I prefer before the rest,
 Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast:
 Who comely fell by no dishonest wound,
 To shun that fight; and dying gnaw'd the ground.
 But if we still have fresh recruits in store,
 If our confederates can afford us more;
 If the contended field we bravely fought,
 And not a bloodless victory was bought:
 Their losses equal'd our's; and for their slain,
 With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain;
 Why thus unforc'd should we so tamely yield;
 And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field?
 Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
 Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene: †
 Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again;
 Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

If

NOTES.

as are stuffed with such expressions. The imitators of *Milton*, like most other imitators, are not copies, but caricaturas of their original; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places: whereas it should have been observed of *Milton*, that he is not lavish of his exotic words and phrases every where alike; but employs them much more, where the subject is marvellous, vast, and strange, as in the scenes of heaven, hell, and chaos, than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of *Paradise*, the loves of our first parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like.

† What the critics call sentences or moral reflections, should be rarely introduced in an epic poem. The poet should instruct by the circumstances of his narration, and the noble behaviour of his hero, and not by direct and downright precepts. The sentences of *Virgil* seldom exceed one verse: most of them are still shorter, and thrown into the form of a transition; but are most frequently put into the mouth of some hero. Young readers, who are charmed with this figure of speaking, accuse *Virgil* for what is a great instance of his judgment. This is what *Petronius* observes in the beginning of his satire; he attributes the decay of eloquence to the

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If *Diomedes* refuse his aid to lend,
 The great *Messapus* yet remains our friend :
Tolumnius, who foretels events, is our's :
 Th' *Italian* chiefs, and princes, join their pow'rs :
 Nor least in number, nor in name the last,
 Your own brave subjects have our cause embrac'd.
 Above the rest, the *Volscean Amazon*
 Contains an army in herself alone :
 And heads a squadron, terrible to fight,
 With glitt'ring shields, in brazen armour bright.
 Yet if the foe a single fight demand,
 And I alone the public peace withstand ;
 If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
 Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
 This new *Achilles* let him take the field,
 With fated armour, and *Vulcanian* shield ;
 For you, my royal father, and my fame,
 I, *Turnus*, not the least of all my name,
 Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand,
 And I alone will answer his demand.
Drances shall rest secure, and neither share
 The danger, nor divide the prize of war.*

While they debate; nor these nor those will yield;
Aeneas draws his forces to the field;
 And moves his camp. The scouts with flying speed
 Return, and thro' the frighted city spread
 Th' unpleasing news, the *Trojans* are descri'd
 In battle marching by the river's side;
 And bending to the town. They take th' alarm,
 Some tremble, some are bold, all in confusion arm.
 Th' impetuous youth press forward to the field;
 They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield;

NOTES.

declaimers; and says, that they infected the youth of *Rome* with a false taste. If they read an author, they retain only such passages; and the taste which they have for this sort of beauty, makes them not reflect on the propriety of the time and place in which it is introduced: whereas all that constitutes ornament may become deformity. If the most beautiful nose in the world, or the finest eye imaginable, was out of it's proper place, what would it become? One should understand then, what a sentence is. It ought to consist principally of three qualities: the first is, that it should be delivered in plain and general terms; the second, that it be short; the third, that it regard the manners. The reason of the first quality, that it should be general and evident, is, because it doth not instruct otherwise, and would be without any weight; of the second, because it would be tedious, and insipid. And, lastly, it should treat of the manners, in order to exclude all precepts and maxims relating to arts more foreign and abstruse, which conduce nothing to the

The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry;
 Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;
 A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky.
 Like that of swans remurm'ring to the floods;
 Or birds of diff'ring kinds in hollow woods.
Turnus th' occasion takes, and cries aloud,
 Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd:
 Declaim in praise of peace, when danger calls:
 And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls.
 He said, and turning short, with speedy pace,
 Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place.

Thou, *Volusus*, the *Volscean* troops command
 To mount; and lead thyself our *Ardean* band.
Messapus, and *Catillus*, post your force
 Along the fields, to charge the *Trojan* horse.
 Some guard the passes, others man the wall;
 Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call.
 They swarm from ev'ry quarter of the town;
 And with disorder'd haste the rampires crown.
 Good old *Latinus*, when he saw, too late,†
 The gath'ring storm, just breaking on the state,
 Dimis'd the council, till a fitter time,
 And own'd his easy temper as his crime:
 Who, forc'd against his reason, had comply'd
 To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.

Some help to sink new trenches, others aid
 To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.
 Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm: around the walls
 Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labour calls.
 A sad procession in the streets is seen,
 Of matrons that attend the mother-queen:

High

NOTES.

instruction of a man of honour, which is the end of the epic poem. We must add to this remark, that the affectation of moralizing, and stuffing in sentences and reflections on human life, has greatly disfigured our *English* modern tragedy.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
 For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd;
 From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
 Till declamation roar'd, while passion slept.
 Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread;
 Philosophy remain'd, tho' nature fled.

JOHNSON.

* Though *Turnus* had recovered his temper a little, during the time of his addressing part of his speech to the king, yet he cannot conclude without falling once more into passion, and giving a severe stroke to *Drances*.

† The king's accusing himself too late, for having listened to the counsel of *Amata*, is a fine stroke of nature.

High in her chair she sits, and at her side,
 With down-cast eyes appears the fatal bride.
 They mount the cliff, where *Pallas'* temple stands;*
 Pray'rs in their mouths, and presents in their hands;
 With censers, first they fume the sacred shrine;
 Then in this common supplication join.
 O patroness of arms unspotted maid,
 Propitious hear, and lend thy *Latins* aid:
 Break short the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate,
 And lay the *Phrygian* low before the gate.
 Now *Turnus* arms for fight: his back and breast,
 Well temper'd steel, and scaly brags invest:
 The cuishes, which his brawny thighs infold,
 Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.
 His faithful faulchion sits upon his side;
 Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide:
 But bare to view amid surrounding friends,
 With godlike grace, he from the tow'r descends.
 Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare
 His abler rival, and to promise war.
 Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins,†
 The wanton courser prances o'er the plains:
 Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds:
 And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
 Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood,
 To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:
 He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
 And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane:
 He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
 Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
 The *Volsians*, and the virgin-leader, wait
 His last commands. Then with a grateful mien,
 Lights from her lofty steed, the warrior queen:
 Her squadron imitates, and each descends;
 Whose common sute *Camilla* thus commends.
 If sense of honour, if a soul secure
 Of inborn worth, that can all tests endure,

NOTES.

* It was a privilege of the *Roman* ladies, to be carried in a chariot to the gates of the temples. *Virgil* alludes to this custom in representing *Amata* and *Lavinia* carried to the temple of *Pallas*. But the worship of this Goddess was introduced into *Italy* by *Æneas*; and the poet speaks of a temple dedicated to her, already existing at *Laurentum*. However, these anachronisms are allowable in poetry.

† *Virgil* has imitated *Ennius* in many passages which are preserved; and we may with reason suppose, that he has improved upon numberless passages in *Ennius's* poems, which are now perished. Where *Ennius* imitated a fine passage from *Homer*, it was customary with *Virgil* to refine upon *Ennius's* imi-

Can promise aught; or on itself rely,
 Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to die:
 Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet
 The *Tyrrhene* troops, and promise their defeat.
 Our's be the danger, our's the sole renown;
 You, gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the town.
Turnus a while stood mute, with glad surprise,
 And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes:
 Then thus return'd: O grace of *Italy*,
 With what becoming thanks can I reply!
 Not only words lie lab'ring in my breast;
 But thought itself is by thy praise oppress;
 Yet rob me not of all, but let me join
 My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.
 The *Trojan*, (not in stratagem unskill'd,)
 Sends his light horse before to scour the field:
 Himself, thro' steep ascents, and thorny brakes,
 A larger compass to the city takes.
 This news my scouts confirm: and I prepare
 To foil his cunning, and his force to dare:
 With chosen foot his passage to forelay:
 And place an ambush in the winding way.
 Thou, with thy *Volsians*, face the *Tuscan* horse:
 The brave *Meffapus* shall the troops enforce;
 With those of *Tibur*; and the *Latian* band:
 Subjected all to thy supreme command.

This said, he warns *Meffapus* to the war:
 Then ev'ry chief exhorts, with equal care.
 All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
 And haltes to prosecute his deep designs.
 Inclos'd with hills, the winding valley lies,
 By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise;
 A narrow track, by human steps untrod,
 Leads, thro' perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.
 High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands:
 Whence the surveying fight the nether ground com-
 mands.

The

NOTES.

tation.—*Tasso* has improved the justness of this simile in his 16th book, Stan. 28, where *Rinaldo*, returning from the arms of *Armida* to battle, is compared to the steed that is taken from his pastures and mares, to the service of the war. We shall transcribe the passage as follows.

As a fierce steed, for age withdrawn from war,
 Wherein the glorious beast had always won,
 That in vile rest, from fight sequester'd far,
 Feeds with the mares at large, his service done,
 If arms he see, or hear the trumpet's jar,
 He neigheth loud, and thither fast doth run,
 And wishes on his back the armed knight,
 Longing for jousts, for tournament, and fight.

The top is level: an offensive seat
Of war; and from the war a safe retreat.
For, on the right and left, is room to press
The foes at hand, or from afar distress:
To drive 'em headlong downward; and to pour,
On their descending backs, a stony shower.
'Thither young *Turnus* took the well-known way;
Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.

Mean time, *Latonian Phœbe*, from the skies,
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call'd the light-foot *Opis* to her aid,
Her most belov'd, and ever-trusty maid.
Then with a sigh began: *Camilla* goes
To meet her death, amidst her fatal foes.
The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train;
Invested with *Diana's* arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindness for the virgin, new,
'Twas born with her, and with her years it grew:
Her father *Metabus*, when forc'd away*
From old *Privernum*, for tyrannic sway;
Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Camilla was her mother; but he drown'd
One hissing letter in a foister sound,
And call'd *Camilla*. Thro' the woods he flies;
Wrapt in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in fight, he mends his weary pace;
With shouts and clamours they pursue the chase.
The banks of *Amasene* at length he gains; †
The raging flood his farther plight restrains:
Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains.
Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears,
Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious he stops a while; and thinks in haste;
Then, desp'rate in distress, resolves at last.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er: ‡
He clos'd the child within the hollow space:
With twigs of bending osier bound the case.
Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight:
And thus invok'd my favour for the freight.
Accept, great Goddess of the woods, he said,
Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid:
'Thro' air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine;
And the first weapons that she knows, are thine.
He said; and with full force the spear he threw;
Above the sounding waves *Camilla* flew.

NOTES.

* *Tasso* has applied this story of *Camilla* to *Clo-rinda*, as it is related by her eunuch *Arfetes*: he has introduced many additional and romantic circumstances. See book 12, stanza 20, &c.

† There is something exceedingly wild and ro-

Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide;
And gain'd, by stress of arms, the farther side.
His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground;
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound.
Nor after that, in towns which walls inclose,
Would trust his hunted life amidst his foes.
But rough, in open air he chose to lie:
Earth was his couch, his cov'ring was the sky.
On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
He shunn'd the dire society of men.
A shepherd's solitary life he led:
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed;
The dogs of bears, and ev'ry savage beast,
He drew, and thro' her lips the liquor press'd.
The little *Amazon* could scarcely go,
He loads her with a quiver and a bow:
And, that the might her stagging steps command,
He with a slender jav'lin fills her hand:
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.
Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head.
The flying dart she first attempts to fling;
And round her tender temples toss'd the sling:
Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan:
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the
crane.

The *Tuscan* matrons with each other vy'd,
To bless their rival sons with such a bride:
But she disdains their love; to share with me
The sylvan shades, and vow'd virginity.
And oh! I wish, contended with my cares
Of savage spoils, she had not fought the wars:
Then had she been of my celestial train;
And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.
But since, opposing heav'n's decree, she goes
To find her death among forbidden foes;
Haite with these arms, and take thy steepy flight,
Where, with the Gods adverse, the *Latins* fight:
This bow to thee, this quiver I bequeath,
This chosen arrow to revenge her death:
By whate'er hand *Camilla* shall be slain,
Or of the *Trojan*, or *Italian* train,
Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.
Then in a hollow cloud, myself will aid,
To bear the breathless body of my maid:

Unspoil'd

NOTES.

mantic, and very amusing to the imagination, in this part of the story of the infant *Camilla*.

‡ There is a large wood of cork-trees just on the other side of *Piperno*, and the tree is common about all those parts,

Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprophan'd
Her holy limbs with any human hand:
And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.

She said: the faithful nymph descends from
high
With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky:
Black clouds and stormy winds around her body
fly.

By this, the *Trojan* and the *Tuscan* horse, *
Drawn up in squadrons, with united force,
Approach the walls; the sprightly courfers bound;
Press forward on their bitts, and shift their ground:
Shields, arms, and spears, flash horribly from far;
And the fields glitter with a waving war.
Oppos'd to these, come on with furious force
Messapus, *Coras*, and the *Latian* horse; †
These in the body plac'd; on either hand
Sustain'd, and clos'd by fair *Camilla's* band.
Advancing in a line, they couch their spears;
And less and less the middle space appears.
Thick smoke obscures the field: and scarce are
seen

The neighing courfers, and the shouting men.
In distance of their darts they stop their course;
Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.
The face of heav'n their flying jav'lins hide:
And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.
Tyrrhenus, and *Aconteus*, void of fear,
By mettled courfers borne in full career,
Meet first oppos'd: and, with a mighty shock,
Their horses heads against each other knock.
Far from his steed is fierce *Aconteus* cast;
As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast:
He rolls along in blood, and breathes his last.
The *Latin* squadrons take a sudden fright;
And ring their shields behind, to save their backs in
flight.

Spurring at speed to their own walls they drew;
Close in the rear the *Tuscan* troops pursue:
And urge their flight, *Asylas* leads the chace;
Till seiz'd with shame they wheel about, and face;
Receive their foes, and raise a threat'ning cry.
The *Tuscans* take their turn to fear and fly.

NOTES.

* The infantry conducted by *Æneas* advanced towards the city by narrow passes; and the *Etruscan* cavalry, under the command of *Tarchon*, marched to *Laurentum* over the plains.

† He alludes to the *Roman* soldiery; *Romulus* had three hundred horsemen, which were called *celeres*, either from their swiftness [*celeritate*]; or from their leader *Celer*, who is said to have slain *Remus*: for which action *Romulus* made him a *tribunus equitum*, and he was called *tribunus celerum*.

No. 12.

So swelling surges, with a thund'ring roar, ‡
Driv'n on each other's backs, insult the shore;
Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon the land;
And far upon the beach eject the sand.
Then backward with a swing, they take their way;
Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mother-
sea;
With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore;
And swallow back the sand, and stones they spew'd
before.

Twice were the *Tuscans* masters of the field,
Twice by the *Latins*, in their turn, repell'd.
Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran,
Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man:
Now dying groans are heard, the fields are strow'd
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood:
Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie:
Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.
Orsilochnus, who durst not press too near
Strong *Remulus*, at distance drove his spear;
And struck the steel beneath his horse's ear.
The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,
Curvets, and springing upward with a bound,
His hopeless lord cast backward on the ground.
Catillus pierc'd *Iolas* first; then drew
His reeking lance, and at *Herminius* threw;
The mighty champion of the *Tuscan* crew. §
His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
But shaded with a length of yellow hair:
Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry part,
A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying
dart:

Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound;
Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the ground.
The sands with streaming blood are sanguine
dy'd;
And death with honour, fought on either side.
Resistless through the war, *Camilla* rode;
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
One side was bare for her exerted breast;
One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd.
Now from afar her fatal jav'lins play;
Now with her axe's edge she hews her way;
Diana's

NOTES.

‡ These are some of the most laboured and spirited lines in this 11th book. The simile is not borrowed from *Homer*; yet is, notwithstanding, great and sublime; as is likewise the description, that immediately follows, of the hurry and tumult of the battle.

§ The name *Herminius* is taken from the *Roman* history: *Herminius* and *Lartius* opposed the *Tusci*, when the *Pons Sublicius* was broken down.

Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound ;
 And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground ;
 From her bent bow she sends a backward wound. }
 Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side,
Larina, Tulla, fierce *Tarpeia* ride ; *
Italians all : in peace, their queen's delight :
 In war, the bold companions of the fight.

So march'd the *Thracian Amazons* of old, †
 When *Thermodoon* with bloody billows roll'd ;
 Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
 When *Theseus* met in fight their maiden queen.
 Such to the field *Penthesilea* led,
 From the fierce virgin when the *Grecians* fled :
 With such, return'd triumphant from the war ;
 Her maids with cries attend the lofty car :
 They clash with manly force their moony shields :
 With female shouts resound the *Phrygian* fields.

Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid,
 On the cold earth were by thy courage laid ? ‡
 Thy spear, of mountain-ash, *Eumenius* first,
 With fury driv'n, from side to side transpierc'd ;
 A purple stream came spouting from the wound ;
 Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground.

Lyrus and *Pegasus* at once she flew ;
 The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew,
 Of his faint steed : the latter, as he stretch'd
 His arm to prop his friend, the jav'lin reach'd.
 By the same weapon, sent from the same hand,
 Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.

Amastrus next is added to the slain :
 The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain :
Tereus, Harpalicus, Demophoon,
 And *Chromys*, at full speed her fury shun.
 Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost ;
 Each was attended with a *Trojan* ghost.

NOTES.

* *Servius*, and after him, *Catrou*, tells us, that the names of *Camilla's* companions are all drawn from the *Roman* history, and are here introduced as a compliment to some illustrious families in *Rome*.

† In this simile the ideas may at first seem too near a-kin. The poet, it must be owned, compares *Amazons* to *Amazons* ; yet at the same time, an image entirely new is represented. *Virgil*, that he may give us as grand an idea as possible of this female hero, attended by her companions, tells us that she resembled *Hippolyte* or *Penthesilea*, the most renowned of *Amazons*, marching over the banks of *Thermodoon*. Besides, *Camilla* is not really an *Amazon*, in the true sense of the word ; that is, her left breast was not seared off for the convenience of drawing the bow : she is indeed a female warrior, as were the *Amazons* ; and, like them too, has the left side uncovered in fight. The true *Amazons* were those of *Thrace* only, and spoken of in this comparison. *Ruæus* tells us,

Young *Ornithus* bestrode a hunter steed,
 Swift for the chace, and of *Apulian* breed ;
 Him, from afar, she spy'd in arms unknown ;
 O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown :
 His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread
 A cov'ring for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head.

He clench'd within his hand an iron prong ;
 And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the throng.

Him soon she singled from the flying train,
 And slew with ease : then thus insults the slain.
 Vain hunter, didst thou think thro' woods to chace
 The savage herd, a vile and trembling race ?
 Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory ;
 A woman-warrior was too strong for thee.
 Yet if the ghosts demand the conqu'ror's name,
 Confessing great *Camilla*, save thy shame.

Then *Butes* and *Orsilochus* she slew,
 The bulkiest bodies of the *Trojan* crew.
 But *Butes* breast to breast : the spear descends
 Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
 And o'er the shield which his left side defends. }

Orsilochus, and she, their courfers ply,
 He seems to follow, and she seems to fly.
 But in a narrower ring she makes the race ;
 And then he flies, and she pursues the chace.
 Gath'ring at length on her deluded foe,
 She swings her ax, and rises at the blow :
 Full on the helm behind, with such a sway
 The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way :
 He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace ;
 Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.
 Astonish'd *Aunus* just arrives by chance,
 To see his fall, nor farther dares advance :

But

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that the *Amazons* inhabited not the *European*, but the *Asiatic Thrace*. But, after all, we much doubt the story of the *Amazons* being so called from having one breast cut off ; because, in all the numerous antique figures of *Amazons* now remaining, there is not one instance of any such thing.

‡ Thus *Homer*, *Il.* b. 16. turns his discourse to *Patroclus* :

Who first, brave hero, by thy arm was slain ?

Who last beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain ?
 He does not accost his muse, as it is usual with him to do : but inquires of the hero himself who was the first, and who was the last who fell by his hand. This address distinguishes and signalizes *Patroclus*, (to whom *Homer* uses it more frequently than we remember on any other occasion) as if he was some genius, or divine being ; and at the same time it is very pathetic, and apt to move our compassion.

But fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
 He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly.
 Yet like a true *Ligurian* born to cheat,
 (At least while fortune favour'd his deceit)
 Cries out aloud, what courage have you shown,
 Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?
 Forego the 'vantage of your horse, alight,
 And then on equal terms begin the fight:
 It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
 When, foot to foot, you combat with a man.
 He said: she glows with anger and disdain,
 Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain:
 And leaves her horse at large among her train. }
 With her drawn sword defies him to the field;
 And marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield: *
 The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
 Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed,
 Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
 The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
 Vain fool, and coward, said the lofty maid,
 Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid!
 On others practise thy *Ligurian* arts;
 Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts
 Are lost on me. Nor shalt thou safe retire,
 With vaunting lies to thy fallacious fire.
 At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
 That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head: †
 Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,
 And laid the boaster grov'ling on the plain.
 Not with more ease the falcon from above, ‡
 Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove:
 Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound;
 The feathers foul with blood come tumbling to the
 ground.

NOTES.

* By the *pura parma* in the original, *Catrou* understands, that *Camilla* had never made a campaign, and had as yet achieved no action, to be painted or engraved on her shield.

† This action of *Camilla*, in which she is represented on foot, outrunning an horse at full speed, and seizing his bridle, would have appeared too incredible to the reader, had not the poet judiciously prepared him for it in those celebrated verses at the close of the seventh book, where the surprising swiftness of our heroine is described.

‡ Spencer has finely improved this image, F. Q. B. 2. Cant. 11. St. 42.

— adown he keft

This lumpish corse unto the senseless ground,
 Adown he keft it with so puissant wrest,
 That back again it did aloft rebound,
 And gave against his mother earth a groneful sound.

Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,
 With his broad eye surveys th' unequal fight.
 He fires the breast of *Tarchon* with disdain;
 And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.
 Between the broken ranks the *Tuscan* rides,
 And these encourages, and those he chides:
 Recalls each leader by his name, from flight;
 Renews their ardor, and restores the fight.
 What panic fear has seiz'd your souls; O shame,
 O brand perpetual of th' *Etrurian* name:
 Cowards, incurable! a woman's hand
 Drives, breaks, and scatters your ignoble band!
 Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield:
 What use of weapons which you dare not wield?
 Not thus you fly your female foes, by night,
 Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite:
 When to fat off rings the glad augur calls;
 And the shrill horn-pipe sounds to bacchanals.
 These are your study'd cares; your lewd delight:
 Swift to debauch; but slow to manly fight.
 Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes;
 Not managing the life he meant to lose.
 The first he found he seiz'd, with headlong haste,
 In his strong gripe: and clasp'd around the waist:
 'Twas *Venus*; whom from his horse he tore,
 And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bore. §
 Loud shouts ensue: the *Latins* turn their eyes,
 And view th' unusual fight with vast surprize.
 The fiery *Tarchon* flying o'er the plains,
 Press'd in his arms the pond'rous prey sustains:
 Then with his shorten'd spear explores around
 His jointed arms to fix a deadly wound.
 Nor less the captive struggles for his life:
 He writhes his body to prolong the strife:

And

NOTES.

As when Jove's harness-bearing bird from his
 Stoups at a flying heron with proud disdain,
 The stone dead quarry falls so forcibly,
 That it rebounds against the lowly plain.

The disuse of falconry among us renders this simile not so striking, as it must have been in the age of the poet.

§ This action seems to be impossible; but *Servius* gives us an example of it's possibility, drawn from the ephemerides of *C. Caesar*. *Julius Caesar* himself used to relate, that he was lifted up (after this manner) by a *Gaul*; who as he was carrying him along, met in his way with another *Gaul* who knew *Caesar*, and cried out *lecos Caesar*. These words by good luck meant, in their language (says *Catrou*), *laisse-le aller*, let him go. The *Gaul* instantly dropped his prey out of favour to his brother foldier. *Plutarch* reports the same thing of a *Roman*.

And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
His utmost vigour, and the point averts.

So stoops the yellow eagle from on high,*
And bears a speckled serpent thro' the sky;
Fast'ning his crooked talons on the prey;
The pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid way:
Resists the royal hawk, and tho' oppress'd,
She fights in volumes, and erects her crest.
Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens ev'ry scale;
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threat-
'ning tail.

Against the victor all defence is weak;
Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak:
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores;
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.

Thus, thro' the midst of circling enemies,
Strong *Tarchon* snatch'd, and bore away his prize:
The *Tyrrhene* troops, that shrunk before, now press
The *Latins*, and presume the like success.

Then *Aruns* doom'd to death his arts essay'd
To murder unesp'y'd, the *Volscian* maid:
This way and that his winding course he bends:
And wherefoe'er she turns, her steps attends.
When she retires victorious from the chace,
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:
When rushing on, she seeks her foes in fight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
He threatens, and trembles, trying ev'ry way
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.

Chloëus, the priest of *Cybelè*, from far, †
Glitt'ring in *Phrygian* arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd: the steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er:
A robe of *Tyrian* dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gaul'd the distant foe;
Gnossian his shafts, and *Lycian* was his bow:

NOTES.

* *Macrobius* prefers to this simile that in *Homer*, Il. b. 12. for a reason which proves he misunderstood the aim and application of it. *Virgil* simply compares two warriors struggling with each other to an eagle, &c. This simile is certainly drawn from *Homer*; but what is here a simile, is a narrative in the *Greek* poet; the not considering which misled the judgment of *Macrobius*.

† It is to be observed that those priests of the Gods, who are introduced as warriors in the *Æneid*, are distinguished by dresses, &c. of an uncommon magnificence.

‡ *Virgil* has very finely touched upon the female passion for dress and shew, in the character of *Ca-*

A golden helm his front and head furrounds;
A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds.

Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore;
With flowers of needlework distinguish'd o'er:
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up be-
fore.

Him, the fierce maid beheld, with ardent eyes;
Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize: ‡

Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
Or else to shine herself in *Trojan* gold:

Blind in her haste, she chases him alone,
And seeks his life, regardless of her own.

This lucky moment the sly traitor chose:

Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,
And threw, but first to heav'n address'd his vows. }

O patron of *Soractes*' high abodes,

Phæbus, the ruling pow'r among the Gods;

Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous
pine

Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;

By thee protected, with our naked souls,

Thro' flames unsing'd we march, and tread the kind-
led coals:

Give me, propitious pow'r, to wash away

The stains of this dishonourable day:

Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;

But with my future actions trust my fame.

Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome;

And from the field return inglorious home.

Apollo heard, and granting half his pray'r,

Shuffled in winds the rest, and tofs'd in empty air.

He gives the death desir'd; his safe return,

By southern tempests to the seas is borne.

Now, when the javelin whiz'd along the skies,

Both armies on *Camilla* turn'd their eyes,

Directed by the sound: of either host,

Th' unhappy virgin, tho' concern'd the most,

Was

NOTES.

milla; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a *Trojan*, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. The *Amazon* immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings, that he was adorned with. This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the poet, by a nice concealed moral, represents to have been the destruction of his female hero.

Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent: *
Till in her lap the winged weapon stood
Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
Their dying lady drooping on the plain.
Far from their sight the trembling *Aruns* flies, †
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys:
Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow;
Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.

As when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide,
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepheed's side:
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies,
And claps his quiv'ring tail between his thighs;
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends;
But spurring forward herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the jav'lin with her dying hands;
But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands:
The wood she draws, the steely point remains;
She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains:
A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her chearful eyes;
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain.
Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable death; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to *Turnus*, fly with speed, ‡
And bid him timely to my charge succeed:
Repel the *Trojans*, and the town relieve:
Farewel; and in this kiss my parting breath receive.
She said; and sliding sunk upon the plain;
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein;
Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body frees.
She drops her sword, she nods her plumed crest;
Her drooping head declining on her breast:
In the last sigh her struggling soul expires;
And murmur'ing with disdain, to *Stygian* founts
retires.

NOTES.

* Our heroine, eagerly engaged in the pursuit of *Chloëus*, that she may adorn herself with his fine armour, and rich trappings, is intirely regardless of all danger, and so hurried away by the transports of female vanity, that she does not hear the fatal dart of *Aruns* his along the air.

† *Virgil* draws the character of *Aruns* with great propriety; he attacks *Camilla* not openly, like an hero of true bravery, but secretly and by stratagem; and after having killed her, he does not await the event of his victory, but skulks away like a guilty person.

‡ Wonderful is the magnanimity of this short speech. She makes no womanish complaints; but

No. 13.

A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensu'd:
Despair and rage, and languish'd fight renew'd.
The *Trojan* troops, and *Tuscans* in a line,
Advance to charge; the mix'd *Arcadians* join.

But *Cynthia's* maid, high seated, from afar
Surveys the field, and fortune of the war:
Unmov'd a while, till prostrate on the plain,
Welt'ring in blood, she sees *Camilla* slain;
And round her corps, of friends and foes a fight-
ing train.

Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew
A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:
Too dear a fine, ah much lamented maid,
For warring with the *Trojans*, thou hast paid!
Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife,
Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life.
Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
Her vot'ry's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.
Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;
But after ages shall thy praise record.
Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain;
Thus vows thy queen, and thus the fates ordain.

High o'er the field, there stood a hilly mound;
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around;
Where in a marble tomb *Dercennus* lay,
A king that once in *Latium* bore the sway.
The beauteous *Opis* thither bent her flight,
To mark the traitor *Aruns* from the height.
Him, in refulgent arms, she soon espy'd,
Sworn with success, and loudly thus she cry'd.
Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late; §
Turn, like a man at length, and meet thy fate.
Charg'd with my message to *Camilla* go;
And say I sent thee to the shades below;
An honor undeserv'd from *Cynthia's* bow.

She said: and from her quiver chose with speed
The winged shaft, predestin'd for the deed: ||
Then to the stubborn eugh her strength apply'd:
Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.

The

NOTES.

employs her last breath in giving orders for the battle.

§ This sentiment of *Opis* is by no means injurious to the character of *Diana*, as if she had not sufficiently protected her votress: it was *Camilla's* own fault, that she forsook the harmless pleasures of the chase, to engage in martial pursuits.

|| *Homer*, Il. b. iv. gives us a very minute and circumstantial description of *Pandarus* drawing his bow against *Menelaus*; which passage the *Roman* poet here imitates. But as the shot of *Pandarus* was of so much importance, as it was the foundation of future woes, *Homer* thought fit, not to pass it

over

The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;
Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew.

At once the twanging bow, and sounding dart,
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.
Him, beating with his heels, in pangs of death,
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
The conqu'ring damsel, with expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress brings.

Their leader lost, the *Volsians* quit the field;
And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of *Turnus* yield.
The frightened foldiers, when their captains fly, *
More on their speed than on their strength rely.
Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down;
And spur their horses headlong to the town.
Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,
Not once they turn; but take their wounds behind.
These drop the shield, and those the lance forego;
Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.
The hoofs of horses with a rattling sound, †
Beat short, and thick, and shake the rotten ground.
Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,
And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands, ‡
Rend heav'n with female shrieks, and wring their hands.

All pressing on, pursuers and pursu'd,
Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.
Some happy few escape: the throng too late
Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.
Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched sire
Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close:
But leave their friends excluded with their foes.
The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly shout;
'Tis terror all within; and slaughter all without.

NOTES.

over in a few words, like the flight of every common arrow; but to give a description somewhat correspondent to its importance; and here we see that *Virgil* has not failed to copy it with the greatest happiness imaginable.—But why should the drawing a bow to kill *Aruns*, an incident of little consequence, be described with so much circumstantial exactness? All that can be answered is, that though the death of *Aruns* be of little consequence, yet in itself it is a grand incident, as it is a revenge for the death of an heroine who has performed so many remarkable exploits. In short, this minute description renders the death of *Camilla* more significant.

* *Servius* says the standard-bearers were deserted;

Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,
Or to the moat pursu'd, precipitate their fall.

The *Latian* virgins, valiant with despair,
Arm'd on the tow'rs the common danger share:
So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd;
So much *Camilla's* great example fir'd.
Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw;
With imitated darts to gaul the foe.
Their lives for godlike freedom they bequeath;
And crowd each other to be first in death.
Mean time to *Turnus*, ambush'd in the shade,
With heavy tidings, came th' unhappy maid.
The *Volsians* overthrown, *Camilla* kill'd,
The foes intirely masters of the field,
Like a resistless flood, come rolling on:
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town.

Inflam'd with rage, (for so the furies fire
The *Daunian's* breast, and so the fates require,)
He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain:
Scarce was he gone, when to the straits, now freed
From secret foes, the *Trojan* troops succeed.
Thro' the black forest, and the ferny brake,
Unknowingly secure, their way they take.
From the rough mountains to the plain descend;
And there in order drawn, their line extend,
Both armies, now, in open fields are seen:
Nor far the distance of the space between.
Both to the city bend: *Aeneas* sees,
Thro' smoaking fields, his hast'ning enemies.
And *Turnus* views the *Trojans* in array,
And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh. §
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd;
But westward to the sea the sun declin'd,
Intrench'd before the town, both armies lie:
While night with fable wings involves the sky.

NOTES.

for the *Roman* generals were particularly careful, that the standard-bearer should be well attended with soldiers; as we read in *Sallust*.

† This line, in the original, is usually quoted as an instance of *Virgil's* adapting the sound to the sense.

‡ Tumult, confusion, and distress, are painted with great force and spirit, and many pathetic strokes. The circumstance of the women renewing their rage at the sight of *Camilla's* dead body is well imagined.

§ The throwing in such lively and minute circumstances, is what chiefly distinguishes poetry from history, and renders the former a more close and just representation of life than the latter.

The





*Aeneas being chalanged to single Combat by Turnus,
they both appear before the Altar invoking the Gods.*

Lowry Sculp.

The TWELFTH BOOK of the ÆNEID.*

A R G U M E N T.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat: articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas: he is miraculously cured by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins leave the field;
Their armies broken, and their courage
quell'd;
Himself become the mark of public spight,
His honour question'd for the promis'd fight:

The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd,
The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
He rous'd his vigour for the late debate;
And rais'd his haughty soul, to meet his fate.

As

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* We have forborn hitherto to speak of one of the principal beauties of this poem; which is, the unity and simplicity of it's action, and to shew, that it ought to terminate happily; because it seemed, that the reader would be more capable of judging of this beauty, when he came to the end of the poem, than when he had not so much as begun it. This rule, that the action should be one and simple, is founded on the authority of Aristotle, and the opinion of all his commentators. But the reasons of this practice are clear of themselves: for if, in general, poetry be an imitative art, there is no doubt, but that the imitation of an object is much more perfect when it is simple, than when not. In the second place, if the poet writes to divert, it is as evident, that he will divert and amuse the reader so much the less in bewildering him in a variety of things which he proposes for his subject, than if he had kept only one point in view. The great beauty which springs from this truth, is visibly manifested by the faultiness of it's contrary; so that one need only survey the absurdities which arise from a confusion of the subject, to have a just idea of the excellencies of those maxims, which Virgil and Homer

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have laid down for their patterns. But let us now particularly examine this beauty in the poem before us. Virgil has chosen for the action of the Æneid, the arrival of the hero Æneas in Italy: there is nothing more simple, and at the same time (so great the art of this poet) there is nothing but what is contained in this action, whether past, present, or to come. For though Æneas is tost by a tempest; though he arrives at Carthage, and relates the history of Troy, and his different adventures; though he is beloved by Dido, so that she kills herself for grief at his departure; though he afterwards celebrates games at the tomb of his father, descends into hell, and, in fine, comes to make war against the most brave people of Italy; all this doth not fall into the action which is declared in the poet's proposition; and yet, at the same time, what can be more simple, what more truly one, than this action? If you consider the consequence of this action, simple as it appears, it is the foundation of the most illustrious nation, and the most famous empire, that ever existed: and by the incredible address, and wonderful genius of Virgil, what is there in this divine work derogatory from that grandeur? Or what is there

As when the swains the *Libyan* lion chace,
He makes a four retreat, nor mends his pace:
But if the pointed javelin pierce his side,
The lordly beast scurms with double pride;
He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain;
His sides he lathes, and erects his mane:
So *Turnus* fares, his eye-balls flash with fire,
Thro' his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.

Trembling with rage, around the court he
ran;
At length approach'd the king, and thus began.*

NOTES.

there more absurd, than to imagine, that this poem is not complete, because the nuptials of *Lavinia* are not consummated? There is no need to observe, that the nuptials are not mentioned in the proposition of the poem. Indeed there is much more reason to find fault with *Ascanius's* not founding the kingdom of *Alba*: for it must be owned, that the poet says, that the arrival of *Aeneas* in *Italy* gave rise to the kings of *Alba*. But we may plainly perceive, that these kings of *Alba* are not in the action, but a consequence of it; and the poet speaks of them, only to shew the importance of that action. And yet, the same art which *Virgil* has made use of, in bringing in so *apropos* every circumstance preceding the arrival of *Aeneas* in *Italy*, and all that could add to the beauty of his fable, or his subject, has so conducted the matter, that there is nothing omitted, which was subsequent to the action of *Aeneas*, whether it regarded himself, or had any reference to the grandeur of the *Cæsars*, or the glory of *Rome*. It is impossible to attempt any supplement to this work, without being obliged to repeat what *Virgil* has already said; for whether we bring the apotheosis of *Aeneas*, or his unhappy death, and his reigning but three years after having conquered *Turnus*, as a proof of what we have advanced; all this is mentioned in the poem, and each circumstance has its proper place allotted it. And we must observe, that the word *longævi* does not signify, that *Aeneas* was then very old (as all the commentators have it;) but that he was immortal, as the Gods, who are so called, because their life is without end. And this very *apoteosis* is promised by *Jupiter* in the prediction which he makes, book 1, by way of consolation to *Venus* for the troubles which *Aeneas* was to suffer. And this is again confirmed by what he says to *Juno* herself, book 12. In a word, every thing subsequent to the fight between *Turnus* and *Aeneas*; for instance, the peace made with the *Latins* by the means of the nuptials of *Lavinia*; the union of

No more excuses or delays: I stand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,
This base deserter of his native land.
The *Trojan*, by his word, is bound to take
The same conditions which himself did make.
Renew the truce, the solemn rites prepare;
And to my single virtue trust the war.
The *Latians* unconcern'd shall see the fight;
This arm unaided shall assert your right:
Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,
To him the crown, and beauteous bride remain.

To

NOTES.

the two nations; and the extinction of the *Trojan* name; all this, we say, is plainly expressed, in the treaty which *Jupiter* and *Juno* make, book 12. So that, on the whole, we must necessarily conclude, that the action is not only simple, and one, but that it is likewise intirely perfect. The reason why the action should end happily, may be accounted for in the same manner: since the design in proposing every action is to excite brave men to great and glorious enterprizes, should it be previously known, that it would necessarily end unhappily, it would be rather a means of deterring from, than exciting them to the execution of any grand exploits. We will only add, that, among all the books of the *Æneid*, there is not one, where the poet has conducted that part which concerns the marvellous, with greater art and address. Surprise and admiration are so frequently raised in this book, that one must quote every passage, if one would remark all that is calculated to raise our wonder and astonishment. Among numberless instances, let us just examine the turns and changes of fortune: a peace is concluded upon: an augury breaks it: a battle ensues: the *Trojans* are victorious: *Aeneas* is wounded: the *Latins* repulse the *Trojans* to their camp: *Venus* heals *Aeneas* in a miraculous manner: the hero relieves his own party: he cannot oblige *Turnus* to renew the engagement: he prepares to attack the town of the *Latins*: at last *Turnus* is compelled to fight him in single combat: and every thing which happens during this combat, all these taken together, compose the different peripeties of this book; and which detain the reader in such a manner, that it is impossible to desist till he has gone through the whole.

* No contrast can be more finely managed, than the fierceness, fire, and hastiness, of *Turnus's* speech, (consisting of short, broken sentences, unconnected with particles,) opposed to the cool reasoning, the sober sedateness, of the good old king *Latinus's* answer, which immediately follows.

To whom the king sedately thus reply'd ;
 Brave youth, the more your valour has been try'd,
 The more becomes it us, with due respect
 To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.
 You want not wealth, or a successive throne,
 Or cities, which your arms have made your own ;
 My towns and treasures are at your command ;
 And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land :
Laurentum more than one *Lavinia* fees,
 Unmarry'd, fair, of noble families.
 Now let me speak, and you with patience hear,
 Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear :
 But sound advice, proceeding from a heart
 Sincerely your's, and free from fraudulent art.

The Gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
 No prince, *Italian* born, should heir my throne :
 Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
 And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.
 Yet, won by worth, that cannot be withstood,
 Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,
 Urg'd by my wife, who would not be deny'd,
 I promis'd my *Lavinia* for your bride :
 Her from her plighted lord by force I took ;
 All ties of treaties, and of honour broke :
 On your account I wag'd an impious war,
 With what success 'tis needless to declare ;
 I and my subjects feel ; and you have had your
 share.

Twice vanquish'd while in bloody fields we strive,
 Scarce in our walls, we keep our hopes alive ;
 The rolling flood runs warm with human gore ;
 The bones of *Latians* glance the neighb'ring shore :
 Why put I not an end to this debate,
 Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate ?
 If *Turnus*' death a lasting peace can give,
 Why should not I procure it whilst you live ?
 Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,
 What would my kinsmen, the *Rutulians*, say !
 And should you fall in fight, (which heav'n de-
 fend)
 How curse the cause, which hasten'd to his end
 The daughter's lover, and the father's friend ?

NOTES.

* *Virgil* here prepares the first part of the unravel-
 ling of his poem. This consists in the death of
Amata, who obstructs the execution of the marriage
 of her daughter with *Æneas*. This obstacle could
 not be removed, but by the death of this queen.

† This picture shews how great a master *Virgil*
 is of grace. *Lavinia*, strongly affected with the
 queen's pathetic address to *Turnus*, weeps for the dan-
 ger to which he is going to expose himself ; and at
 the same time blushes, and looks downward, from a

No. 13.

Weigh in your mind the various chance of war,
 Pity your parent's age ; and ease his care.

Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain ;
 The proffer'd med'cine but provok'd the pain.
 The wrathful youth disdaining the relief,
 With intermitting sobs, thus vents his grief :
 Thy care, O best of fathers, which you take
 For my concerns, at my desire forsake.
 Permit me not to languish out my days ;
 But make the best exchange of life for praise.
 This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize ;
 And the blood follows, where the weapon flies ;
 His Goddess mother is not near, to throw
 The flying coward with an empty cloud.

But now the queen, who fear'd for *Turnus*' life,
 And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife,
 Held him by force ; and, dying in his death,
 In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath.
 O *Turnus*, I adjure thee by these tears ;
 And whate'er price *Amata*'s honour bears
 Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope,
 My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop ;
 Since on the safety of thy life alone
 Depends *Latinus*, and the *Latian* throne :
 Refuse me not this one, this only pray'r ;
 To wave the combat, and pursue the war,
 Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,
 Think it includes in thine *Amata*'s life.
 I cannot live a slave : or see my throne
 Usurp'd by strangers, or a *Trojan* son.*

At this, a flood of tears *Lavinia* shed ;
 A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
 Varying her cheeks by turns, with white and red.†
 The driving colours, never at a stay,
 Run here and there ; and flush, and fade away.
 Delightful change ! thus *Indian* iv'ry shows,
 Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows ;
 Or lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring rose.
 The lover gaz'd, and burning with desire,
 The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire :
 Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spite,
 Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.

Then

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consciousness of his loving her. Her tears and
 blushes inflame him afresh with love ; he gazes on
 her with the utmost ardency, and is still more de-
 sirous of engaging with *Æneas*. It is to be observ-
 ed, that *Turnus* speaks to the dear object of his
 wishes with a look only : he gazes only at *Lavinia*,
 but speaks his resolution to *Amata* in express terms.
Spencer has borrowed his image of shamefacedness
 from this appearance of *Lavinia*.

Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
Firm to his first intent, he thus replies. *
O mother, do not by your tears prepare
Such boding omens, and prejudge the war. †
Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
To shun my death, if heav'n my death decree.

Then turning to the herald, thus pursues:
Go, greet the *Trojans* with ungrateful news.
Denounce from me, that when to-morrow's light
Shall gild the heav'ns, he need not urge the fight:
The *Trojan* and *Rutulian* troops no more
Shall dye, with mutual blood, the *Latian* shore:
Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,
And to the victor be the beauteous bride.

He said, and striding on, with speedy pace
He fought his coursers of the *Thracian* race.
At his approach, they toss their heads on high;
And proudly neighing, promise victory.
The fires of these *Orithia* sent from far
To grace *Pilumnus*, when he went to war. ‡
The drifts of *Thracian* snows were scarce so white,
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their flight.
Officious grooms stand ready by his side;
And some with combs their flowing manes di-
vide,
And others stroke their chests, and gently sooth
their pride.

He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mass
Of golden metal those, and mountain brass.
Then to his head his glitt'ring helm he ty'd;
And girt his faithful faulchion to his side.
In his *Æmean* forge the God of fire
That faulchion labour'd for the hero's fire:

NOTES.

* *Turnus* does not stay for an answer from *Amata*, but instantly goes to arm himself for the fight. This is quite agreeable to his impetuous temper. His pride and pleasure at seeing his steeds approach him instantly after having called for them, is conceived in a most lively manner. As this is the last time of his going to battle, the last decisive day, the poet describes the armour he is putting on, more minutely and particularly. The image of his snatching, or as it were violently catching at, his vast spear, which always stood against a massy pillar in the old hall of *Latinus*, is nobly drawn. This is imitated (but highly improved in every circumstance) from *Homer's Odyssey*, book 1. His address to the spear, while he is shaking it, is quite in character. See *Hector* arming himself, *Iliad* 19.

† Tears and apprehensions of danger were deemed, among the ancients, bad presages, when the

Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,
And plung'd it hissing in the *Stygian* flood.
Prop'd on a pillar, which the cieling bore,
Was plac'd the lance *Auruncan Actor* wore;
Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,
The tough ash trembled like an osier wand.
Then cry'd, O pond'rous spoil of *Actor* slain,
And never yet by *Turnus* toss'd in vain,
Fail not this day thy wonted force: but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the *Trojan* foe:
Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,
And from that ev'nuch head, to rend the crest:
Drag'd in the dust, his frizzled hair to soil,
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant
oil.

Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies
A fiery stream, and sparkles from his eyes.
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's fight;
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight:
He tries his goring horns against a tree:
And meditates his absent enemy:
He pushes at the winds, he digs the strand
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

Nor less the *Trojan*, in his *Lemnian* arms,
To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares
To terminate at once the ling'ring wars.
To cheer his chiefs, and tender son, relates
What heav'n had promis'd, and expounds the
fates. §

Then to the *Latian* king he sends, to cease
The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.

The

NOTES.

people were going out to war; as a false step, when one is setting out on a journey. *Jason* speaks in the same manner to his mother, *Apollon*. book 1.

‡ How could *Orithyia* (say the commentators,) who was of *Attica*, and carried by *Boreas* into *Thrace*, give these horses to *Pilumnus*, who was an *Italian*? *Catrou* observes, that the fiction is a little forced; and urges, in defence of *Virgil*, that *Pilumnus* was a God, and *Orithyia* a Goddess. They had opportunity of knowing each other in the assemblies of the Gods; and *Pilumnus* might receive from her this breed of horses that came from *Thrace*, where *Orithyia* reigned.

§ The destinies had determined, that *Æneas* should be established in *Italy*, and that he should lay the first foundations of the *Roman* empire. *Turnus* was fated to fall a victim to this establishment.

The morn ensuing from the mountains height,
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light ;*
Th' ethereal coursers bounding from the sea,
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day :
When now the *Trojan* and *Rutulian* guard,
In friendly labour join'd, the list prepar'd.
Beneath the walls, they measure out the space ;
Then sacred altars rear, on sods of grass ;
Where, with religious rites, their common Gods
they place.

In purest white, the priests their heads attire,
And living waters bear, and holy fire :
And o'er their linen hoods, and shaded hair,
Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear.

In order issuing from the town appears
The *Latin* legion, arm'd with pointed spears ;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The *Trojan* and the *Tuscan* forces join :
Their various arms afford a pleasing sight :
A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for
fight.

Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glitt'ring with gold, and vests in purple dy'd.
Here *Mnestheus*, author of the *Memnian* line,
And there *Meffius* born of seed divine.
The sign is giv'n, and round the list'd space,†
Each man in order fills his proper place.
Reclining on their ample shields, they stand ;
And fix their pointed lances in the sand.

NOTES.

* With what magnificence does the poet represent the sun rising on this important decisive day !

† It was highly proper to introduce so solemn and important a thing as this league, on the keeping which sacredly, the whole action was to turn, with all the pomp and solemnity described in the following lines.

‡ The particularizing this mountain must have been highly pleasing to the *Roman* readers of this poem.

§ The sister of *Turnus* was called *Futurna*. *Virgil* here relates the accident which was the occasion of her being ranked among the Gods. What gave *Virgil* an opportunity of forming this fiction was, that near the river *Numicus* sprung up a fountain, which was called *Futurna*, a *juvando*, because it's waters were of a salutary nature. To this nymph a temple was dedicated, and a feast instituted in honour of her, called *Futurnalia*.—*Aristotle* observes in his poetics, that there are fewer good than bad women, and that they do more mischief than service in the world: *Virgil* hath but too exactly followed this opinion. *Venus* indeed, the mother and

Now, studious of the fight, a num'rous throng
Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,
Swarm from the town: by those who rest behind,
The gates and walls, and houses tops are lin'd.

Meantime the Queen of heav'n beheld the fight,
With eyes unpleas'd, from mount *Alban's* height :
(Since call'd *Albano*, by succeeding fame,‡
But then an empty hill, without a name.)

She then survey'd the field, the *Trojan* pow'rs,
The *Latian* squadrons, and *Laurentine* tow'rs.
Then thus the Goddess of the skies bespake,
With sighs and tears, the Goddess of the lake ;
King *Turnus's* sister, once a lovely maid,§
Ere to the lust of lawless *Jove* betray'd,
Compress'd by force, but by the grateful God,
Now made the *Nais* of the neighb'ring flood.

O nymph, the pride of living lakes, said she,
O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me,
Long hast thou known, nor need I to record
The wanton fallies of my wand'ring lord :
Of ev'ry *Latian* fair, whom *Jove* mist,§
To mount by stealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace ;
But give a part of heav'n, and an unenvy'd place.
Now learn from me, thy near approaching grief,
Nor think my wishes want to thy relief.
While fortune favour'd, nor heav'n's king deny'd,
To lend my succour to the *Latian* side,

I fav'd

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protectors of *Aeneas*, appears in an amiable light throughout the poem. The *Sibyl* assists our hero. *Cybele* and *Andromache* have no ill qualities ascribed to them: but they appear but little. To outweigh this small number of good women, there are many others, represented as bad characters, and very unfavourable to the hero. *Juno* is his grand enemy; she employs *Iris*, *Futurna*, and *Alecto*, to oppose his designs. *Dido* endeavoured to destroy him at *Carthage*; and calls to her assistance, her sister, her nurse, and a magician. The harpies drive him from their island. *Helen* is a pest, that has ruined both *Trojans* and *Greeks*; the *Trojan* women, *Aeneas's* own subjects, set fire to his fleet. *Amata* dispises the command of the Gods, and the will of the king her husband; and, with the *Latin* women, is the first who kindles the war. Hostilities are commenced at the instigation of *Sylvia*. Even the women, who were dearest to our hero, involved him in great difficulties and sorrows. At the end of the second book we see his affliction for the lost *Cressa*. And *Lavinia* is the cause of all the evils he suffers in the last six books.

I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state ;
But now he struggles with unequal fate ;
And goes with Gods averse, o'ermatch'd in might,
To meet inevitable death in fight :
Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the
fight.*

Thou, if thou dar'st, thy present aid supply ;
It well becomes a sister's care to try.

At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.
To whom *Saturnia* thus : Thy tears are late :
Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd, from fate.
New tumults kindle, violate the truce ;
Who knows what changeful fortune may produce ?
'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree,
Or if it were, discharge the crime on me.
She said, and, failing on the winged wind,
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.

NOTES.

* *Juno* was prohibited to concern herself in this war. All she does is done indirectly, and by the agency and ministry of *Juturna*.

† The twelve spikes, in the *corona radialis*, were supposed in general to allude either to the twelve signs of the *Zodiac*, or to the twelve labours of *Hercules*. Here they bear a particular allusion to the lineage of *Latinus*, who was descended from the sun.

‡ *Virgil* is ever looking back on his principal action, that is, the foundation of a *Trojan* colony in *Italy*; from whence the *Romans* were originally derived. This action seems to be the end of the poem, and the object to which all is referred. Critics are divided concerning the main design which the poet ought to have in view, when he undertakes an epic poem. Some pretend that it is the sole business of the poet to model an hero of his own, in whom every heroic virtue must be centered, for the instruction of those persons, who by their birth or rank are destined to heroic employments. If this was the case, *Homer*, the first inventor of the epic, might be esteemed the destroyer of it; the example of his heroes contribute much less to form the manners, than to corrupt them. This *Horace* was aware of, when, in his epistle to *Lollius*, he represents the vice of the chiefs who signalized themselves in the *Iliad*. Others imagine, that some particular moral truth is the object of the epic poem: as in the fables of *Æsop*, some one maxim and precept for the conduct of life is inculcated in each story. But it appears from *Aristotle*, that the action is what constitutes the essence of the *epopœia*, and is the chief object of the poet's design. The re-establishment of the peace of a family and kingdom,

And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear :
Four steeds the chariot of *Latinus* bear :

Twelve golden beams around his temple play,†
To mark his lineage from the God of day.

Two snowy couriers *Turnus*' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two massy spears he shook :

Then issu'd from the camp, in arms divine,
Æneas, author of the *Roman* line : ‡

And by his side *Ascanius* took his place,

The second hope of *Rome*'s immortal race.

Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend priest appears ;

And off'rings to the flaming altars bears ;

A porket, and a lamb, that never suffer'd shears. }

Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,

And shews the beasts design'd for sacrifice,

With salt, and meal : with like officious care

He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.

Betwixt

NOTES.

which had been disturbed by the importunate suitors of *Penelope*, is one action; the foundation of a *Trojan* colony in *Italy*, and by means of that, the foundation afterwards of *Rome* itself, is another action. This is therefore the principal design of the *Greek* and *Latin* poet. It is true, each of these actions convey some particular moral; and what action does not? One may moralize on every subject in the world. In a word, what *Aristotle* says is expressly this:—The poets do not feign an action for the sake of the manners; but the instruction of the manners follows the action. Although we cannot fix upon one single moral lesson, as the sole intention of the *Iliad*, *Odyssy*, and *Æneid*; it ought not from hence to be concluded, their authors had no design at all, farther than to compose an amusing story. If we consider the immense variety of useful observations, which may be drawn from a diligent examination of every part of the conduct of the several persons in the *Iliad* only, it is not to be conceived how the writer by mere accident, and without any express design, could possibly lay together so copious a fund for the most instructive moral reflections. The distinction which ought here to be made, is between allowing, in these poems, no other intention than to exemplify some general maxim relating to men's conduct, and the more extensive design of exhibiting some finished picture of life, wherein may be exposed to view, not only the natural consequences of human actions, but the tempers and the passions of men, with the internal motives both to good actions, and to those deviations from the general principles of virtue, which we daily see and lament in the world.

Betwixt their horns the purple wine he sheds,
With the same gen'rous juice the flame he feeds.
Æneas then unsheath'd his shining sword,
And thus with pious pray'rs the Gods ador'd.

All-seeing Juno, and thou *Ausonian* soil,
For which I have sustain'd so long a toil,
Thou king of heav'n, and thou the queen of air,
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r,)
Thou God of war, whose unresisted sway
The labours and events of arms obey;
Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
All pow'rs of ocean, all ethereal Gods,
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
Or recreant in the fight, to *Turnus* yield,
My *Trojans* shall increase *Evander's* town;
Ascanius shall renounce th' *Ausonian* crown;
All claims, all questions of debate shall cease;
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
But if my juster arms prevail in fight,
As sure they shall, if I divine aright,
My *Trojans* shall not o'er th' *Italians* reign:
Both equal, both unconquer'd shall remain:
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
I ask but altars for my weary Gods.
The care of those religious rites be mine:
The crown to king *Latinus* I resign;
His be the sov'reign sway. Nor will I share
His pow'r in peace, or his command in war.
For me, my friends another town shall frame,
And bless the rising tow'rs with fair *Lavinia's*
name.

Thus he. Then with erected eyes and hands,
The *Latian* king before his altar stands.

NOTES.

* Mr. Pope thinks this passage does not come up to the spirit and propriety of that in *Homer*, from whence *Virgil* copied it. *Scaliger*, on a comparison of the diction only, gives the preference to *Virgil*. But, says Mr. Pope, it fails in a greater point than any he has mentioned; which is, that being there used on occasion of a peace, it has no emblematical reference to division, and yet describes the cutting of the wood, and it's incapacity to bloom and branch again, in as many words as *Homer*. It is borrowed by *Valerius Flaccus*, in his third book; where he makes *Jason* swear, as a warrior, by his spear. And indeed, however he may here borrow some expressions from *Virgil*, or fall below him in others, he has nevertheless kept to *Homer* in the emblem, by introducing the oath upon *Jason's* grief for failing to *Colchis* with *Hercules*; when he had separated him from the body of the *Argonauts*, to search after *Hylas*. *Ruæus* observes, that *Virgil* should have

No. 13.

By the same heav'n, said he, and earth, and main,
And all the pow'rs, that all the three contain;
By hell below, and by that upper God,
Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with
his nod;

So let *Latona's* double offspring hear,
And double-fronted *Janus* what I swear:
I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames,
And all those pow'rs attest, and all their names:
Whatever chance befall on either side,
No term of time this union shall divide:
No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,
Or shake the stedfast tenor of my mind:
Not tho' the circling seas should break their bound,
O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground;
Not tho' the lamps of heav'n their spheres forsake,
Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake:
Ev'n as their royal scepter, (for he bore
A scepter in his hand) shall never more
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth; *
(An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
By the keen ax, dishonour'd of it's hair,
And cas'd in brass, for *Latian* kings to bear.) †

When thus in public view the peace was ty'd
With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,
All dues perform'd which holy rites require;
The victim beasts are slain before the fire:
The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.

Already the *Rutulians* deem their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
First rising fears are whisper'd thro' the crowd;
Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more aloud.

Now

NOTES.

spared so minute and particular a description of the sceptre. But that circumstance adds to the impossibility of it's ever sprouting again, and should be looked upon as mentioned by *Virgil* on that account. *Aristotle*, *Polit.* 3, tells us, that it was customary for kings to swear by their sceptres. *Hamlet*, according to the ancient custom of his country, swears by his sword.

† In the simplicity of the earlier ages of the world, the sceptres of kings were really no other than long walking-staves; and thence had the very name of sceptre, which now sounds so magnificently. The old sceptres being as long as an hunting-pole, may serve to explain some expressions in *Virgil*, relating to king *Latinus's* sceptre; which would not be so proper, if applied to a truncheon, or a modern sceptre. It was a whole young tree, cut from the root, and stript of it's branches.

3 K

Now side to side, they measure with their eyes
The champions bulk, their sinews and their size:
The nearer they approach, the more is known
Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.
Turnus himself appears in public fight
Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.
Slowly he moves; and at his altar stands
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands:
And while he mutters undistinguish'd pray'rs,
A livid deadness in his cheeks appears.

With anxious pleasure when *Juturna* view'd
Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude,
When their short sighs, and thick'ning sobs she
heard,

And found their ready minds for charge prepar'd;
Dissembling her immortal form, she took
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look,
A chief of ancient blood: in arms well known
Was his great sire, and he, his greater son.
His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
And humouring their first motions, thus began.

For shame, *Rutulians*, can you bear the fight,
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
Can we, before the face of heav'n confess
Our courage colder, or our number less?
View all the *Trojan* host, th' *Arcadian* band,
And *Tuscan* army; count 'em as they stand:
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce ev'ry second man will share a foe.
Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife
Shall lose, with honour, his devoted life:
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the Gods, from whence he came:
But you, a servile and inglorious band,
For foreign lords shall sow your native land:
Those fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd,
Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd.

With words like these, she carry'd her design;
A rising murmur runs along the line.
Then ev'n the city troops, and *Latians*, tir'd
With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd:

Their champion's fate with pity they lament:
And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.

Nor fails the Goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false preface:
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes,
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprize.
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of *Jove*:*
A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes;
And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes.
Then stooping on the fairest of the train,
In his strong talons trusts'd a silver swan.
Th' *Italians* wonder at th' unusual sight;
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold the dastard fowl return anew;
And with united force the foe pursue:
Clam'rous around the royal hawk they fly;
And thick'ning in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.
They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy course:
Nor can th' incumber'd bird sustain their force:
But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous prey:
And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.

Th' *Ausonian* bands with shouts salute the fight:
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then king *Tolumnius*, vers'd in augurs' arts,†
Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts.
At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd;
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
Ye Gods, I take your omen, and obey:
Advance, my friends, and charge, I lead the way.
These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,
Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:
But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea
By strength united, and forego the prey;
Your timely succour to your country bring;
Haste to the rescue; and redeem your king.

He said: and pressing onward, thro' the crew,
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd.

At

NOTES.

* This augury was necessary, to make so sudden, and at the same time so irreligious a change, the more probable, and suitable to truth. *Virgil* never fails of a due decorum. It should be particularly observed, that the *Italians* were more credulous with regard to auguries, than other nations. The manner of divining events by the flight of birds took it's rise, it is said, from *Etruria*.

† To shew the force of this omen, *Virgil* represents the augur himself as deceived by it, and as the first man who begins an act of hostility. The con-

NOTES.

duct of *Virgil* is admirable in feigning him to kill one out of the nine *Arcadian* brethren, who were ranged together; as they must consequently revenge his death, in doing which a commotion is naturally raised, sufficient to involve both armies in a general engagement. The eight men are instantly interested in the death of one man. If any common one of no connections had been killed, his death might have been considered as a circumstance too trifling to be the occasion of breaking so solemn a league.

At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
 At once tumultuous shouts and clamours rise.
 Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
 Born of *Arcadian* mix'd with *Tuscan* blood:
Gylippus' sons: the fatal javelin flew,
 Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.
 A passage thro' the jointed arms it found,
 Jult where the belt was to the body bound;
 And struck the gentle youth extended on the
 ground:

Then fir'd with pious rage, the gen'rous train
 Run madly forward to revenge the slain.
 And some with eager haste their javelins throw;
 And some with sword in hand assault the foe.
 The wilh'd insult the *Latin* troops embrace;
 And meet their ardour in the middle space.
 The *Trojans*, *Tuscans*, and *Arcadian* line,
 With equal courage obviate their design.
 Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate
 Both armies urges to their mutual fate.
 With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd,
 The sacrifice half broil'd, and half unburn'd.
 Thick storms of steel, from either army fly,
 And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky:
 Brands from the fire, are missive weapons made:
 With chargers, bowls, and all the priestly trade.
Latinus frighted, hastens from the fray,
 And bears his unregarded Gods away.
 These on their horses vault, those yoke the car;
 The rest with swords on high, run headlong to the
 war.

Messapus, eager to confound the peace,
 Spurr'd his hot courser thro' the fighting press,
 At king *Aulestes*; by his purple known
 A *Tuscan* prince, and by his regal crown;
 And with a shock encount'ring, bore him down.
 Backward he fell; and as his fate design'd,
 The ruins of an altar were behind:
 There pitching on his shoulders, and his head,
 Amid the scatt'ring fires he lay supinely spread.
 The beamy spear descending from above,
 His cuirass pierc'd, and thro' his body drove.
 Then, with a scornful smile, the victor cries;
 The Gods have found a fitter sacrifice.

NOTES.

* Mr. Pope, in his observations on *Homer*'s catalogue of ships, censures *Virgil* for not having in some places sufficiently distinguished his heroes who have the same name. Thus in book 9, ver. 571, *orig.* a *Chorinæus* is killed by *Asylas*; and here a *Chorinæus* kills *Ebusus*: a *Numa* is found among the slain, after the expedition of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*; and another *Numa* is pursued by *Æneas*, book 10, ver. 562.

Greedy of spoils, th' *Italians* strip the dead
 Of his rich armour; and uncrown his head.

Priest *Chorinæus* arm'd his better hand,
 From his own altar, with a blazing brand:
 And, as *Ebusus* with a thund'ring pace,
 Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face: *
 His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires,
 The crackling crop, a noisom scent expires.
 Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown
 With his left hand; his other cast him down.
 The prostrate body with his knees he press'd;
 And plung'd his holy poinard in his breast.

While *Podalirius*, with his sword, pursu'd
 The shepherd *Alfus* thro' the flying crowd,
 Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow,
 Full on the front of his unwary foe.
 The broad axe enters with a crashing sound,
 And cleaves the chin, with one continu'd wound:
 Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his
 arms around.

An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,
 And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.
 But good *Æneas* rush'd amid the bands, †
 Bare was his bead, and naked were his hands,
 In sign of truce: then thus he cries aloud,
 What sudden rage, what new desire of blood
 Inflames your alter'd minds? O *Trojans* cease
 From impious arms, nor violate the peace.
 By human sanctions, and by laws divine,
 The terms are all agreed, the war is mine.
 Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;
 This hand alone shall right the Gods and you:
 Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
 To this avenging sword the faithless *Turnus* owe.

Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defence,
 A winged arrow struck the pious prince,
 But whether from some human hand it came,
 Or hostile God, is left unknown by fame:
 No human hand, or hostile God was found,
 To boast the triumph of so base a wound.

When *Turnus* saw the *Trojan* quit the plain,
 His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train:
 Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires,
 At once his arms and couriers he requires.

Then,

NOTES.

Homer (says Mr. Pope) is constantly careful to distinguish two of a name, so that one shall not be mistaken for the other, as *Ajax Oileus*, and *Ajax Telamonius*.

† The character of *Æneas* is well supported by this circumstance, of making him exclaim with grief, and eager concern, at the breaking the league.

Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
And with a ready hand assumes the reins. *
He drives impetuous, and where-e'er he goes,
He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.
These his lance reaches, over those he rolls
His rapid car, and crushes out their souls:
In vain the vanquish'd fly; the victor sends
The dead men's weapons at their living friends.

Thus on the banks of *Hebrus*' freezing flood †
The God of battles, in his angry mood,
Clashing his sword against the brazen shield,
Lets loose the reins, and scours along the field:
Before the wind his fiery courfers fly,
Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
Wrath, terror, treason, tumult, and despair,
Dire faces, and deform'd, surround the car;
Friends of the God, and followers of the war. }

With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,
Exulting *Turnus* flies along the plain:
His smoking horses, at their utmost speed,
He lashes on, and urges o'er the dead.
Their fetlocks run with blood; and when they
bound,

The gore, and gath'ring dust, are dash'd around.
Then *Thamyris* and *Pholus*, masters of the war,
He kill'd at hand, but *Sthelenus* afar:
From far the sons of *Imbracus* he slew,
Glaucus and *Lades*, of the *Lycian* crew;
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd;
Or mount the courser that out-strips the wind.

Mean time *Eumedes*, vaunting in the field,
New fir'd the *Trojans*, and their foes repell'd.
This son of *Dolon* bore his grandfire's name;
But emulated more his father's fame.
His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,
The *Grecian* camp and order to descry:
Hard enterprize, and well he might require
Achilles' car, and horses, for his hire;
But, met upon the scout, th' *Etolian* prince
In death bestow'd a juster recompence.

NOTES.

* The absence of *Aeneas* revives the courage of *Turnus*. He is once more a conqueror, as he was before, when *Aeneas* was in *Etruria*. This is what may be called an indirect praise of the hero, which *Virgil* learned from *Homer*. The absence of *Achilles* gives the victory to the *Trojans* in the *Iliad*: as the *Latins*, in the *Aeneid*, are always masters of the field, when *Aeneas* is absent.

† We must not often expect from *Homer* and *Virgil*, those minute resemblances in every branch of a comparison, which are the pride of modern similes. If that which one may call the main action

Fierce *Turnus* view'd the *Trojan* from afar;
And lanch'd his jav'lin from his lofty car:
Then lightly leaping down, pursu'd the blow,
And, pressing with his foot his prostrate foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword,
And plung'd it in the bosom of it's lord.
Possess, said he, the fruit of all thy pains,
And measure, at thy length, our *Latian* plains.
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand,
Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the
land.

Then *Daris*, *Butis*, *Sybaris*, he flew,
Whom o'er his neck the flound'ring courser threw.
As when loud *Boreas* with his blust'ring train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
Where-e'er he flies, he drives the rack before;
And rolls the billows on th' *Aegean* shore:
So where resitless *Turnus* takes his course,
The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force:
His crest of horses hair is blown behind,
By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.

This, haughty *Phegeus* saw with high disdain,
And as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
Light from the ground he leap'd, and seiz'd the }
rein. }

Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold;
The courfers frighted, and their course control'd.
The lance of *Turnus* reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms; but pass'd along
And only raz'd the skin: he turn'd, and held
Against his threat'ning foe his ample shield;
Then call'd for aid: but while he cry'd in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
He lies revers'd; the victor king descends,
And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The *Latian* fields are drunk,
With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.

While he triumphs, and while the *Trojans* yield,
The wounded prince is forc'd to leave the field: †
Strong *Mnestheus*, and *Achates* often try'd,

And

NOTES.

of it, or the principal point of likeness, be preserved; they affect, as to the rest, rather to present the mind with a great image, than to fix it down to an exact one. They are sure to make a fine picture in the whole, without drudging on the under parts; like those free painters, who (one would think) had only made here and there a few very significant strokes, that give form and spirit to all the piece.

† The reader is alarmed at our hero's being wounded at so critical a time. His impatience to be healed, and to rush again to the battle, and the
turn

And young *Ascanius* weeping by his side,
Conduct him to his tent: scarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, supported on his spear. *
Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The steel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than t' enlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.

Iäpis was at hand to prove his art,
Whose blooming youth so fir'd *Apollo's* heart,
That for his love he proffer'd to bestow
His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow:
The pious youth, more studious how to save
His aged sire, now sinking to the grave,
Preferr'd the pow'r of plants, and silent praise
Of healing arts, before *Phæbeian* bays.

Prop'd on his lance the pensive hero stood,
And heard, and saw unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heav'nly art.

All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,
He presses out, and pours their noble juice;
These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.

Mean time the war approaches to the tents:
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:
The driving dust proclaims the danger near,
And first their friends, and then their foes appear;
Their friends retreat, their foes pursue the rear.†
The camp is fill'd with terror and affright;
The hissing shafts within the trench alight;
An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky;
The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those
who die.

NOTES.

turn his presence gives to the army, deserve to be particularly admired.

* This line seems to have been an hint to *Milton*, in his description of *Satan* walking over the burning foil of hell:

His spear, to equal which, the tallest pine,
Hewn on *Norwegian* hills to be the mast
Of some proud admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle.—

Paradise Lost. b. 1.

No. 13.

But now the goddess's mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.
A branch of healing dittany she brought, ‡
Which in the *Cretan* fields with care she fought:
Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround;
The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple
crown'd:

Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This *Venus* brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews
Th' extracted liquor with *Ambrosian* dew,
And o'drous *panacee*: unseen she stands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands:
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the
wound.

The leech, unknowing of superior art,
Which aids the cure, with this foment the part; }
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of it's own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.

Iäpis first perceiv'd the closing wound;
And first the footsteps of a God he found.
Arms, arms, he cries, the sword and shield prepare,
And send the willing chief, renew'd, to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine:
Some God our gen'ral to the battle sends;
Some God preserves his life for greater ends.

The hero arms in haste: his hands unfold
His thighs with cuisses of refulgent gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
That hand sustaining the celestial shield,
This grips the lance; and with such vigour shakes,
That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.
Then, with a close embrace he strain'd his son;
And kissing thro' his helmet, thus begun.

My

NOTES.

† This circumstance heightens our wounded hero's impatience; as the uneasiness he expresses, shews his warmth and eagerness to return to battle.

‡ *Discorides* tells us, that the dittany is a *Cretan* plant of an harsh taste; that it is soft, and like the pulegium, pennyroyal; but with larger leaves, and those woolly or downy; that it has neither flower nor seed; that the juice of it heals wounds made with iron. But *Catrou* mentions some other botanical writers, who describe it according to our poet.

3 L

My son, from my example learn the war,
In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare:
But happier chance than mine attend thy care.
This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:
Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth,
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth,
Assert thy birthright: and in arms be known,
For *Hector's* nephew, and *Aeneas's* son.

He said; and, striding, issu'd on the plain;
Anteus, and *Mnestheus*, and a num'rous train
Attend his steps: the rest their weapons take,
And crowding to the field, the camp forsake.
A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.

Now *Turnus*, posted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progress of the moving war:
With him the *Latins* view'd the cover'd plains;
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
Juturna saw th' advancing troops appear;
And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.
Aeneas leads; and draws a sweeping train,
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
As when a whirlwind rushing to the shore,*
From the mid ocean drives the waves before:
The painful hind, with heavy heart foresees
The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees:
With such impetuous rage the prince appears,
Before his double front; nor less destruction bears:
And now both armies shock; in open field;
Osiris is by strong *Thymbraeus* kill'd.
Archetius, *Ufens*, *Epulon*, are slain;
(All fam'd in arms, and of the *Latian* train;)
By *Gyas*, *Mnestheus*, and *Achates's* hand:
The fatal augur falls, by whose command
The truce was broken, and whose lance, embu'd
With *Trojan* blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd.
Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky;
And o'er the field the frightened *Latins* fly.
The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few:
Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain,
He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.

NOTES.

* This is taken from *Homer's Iliad*, book iv. 275.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A swain surveys the gath'ring storm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
Till black as night the swelling tempest shews,
The cloud condensing as the west wind blows.
He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his
flock
To the close covert of an arching rock.

Juturna heard, and seiz'd with mortal fear,
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;
Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien;
And like *Metiscus*, in his feat is seen.

As the black swallow near the palace plies; †
O'er empty courts, and under arches flies:
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,
To furnish her loquacious nest with food:
So drives the rapid Goddess o'er the plains;
The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.
She steers a various course among the foes;
Now here, now there, her conqu'ring brother
shows;

Now with a strait, now with a wheeling flight,
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight.
Aeneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,
And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
To stop the chariot, but the chariot flies.
If he but gain a glimpse, *Juturna* fears,
And far away the *Daunian* hero bears.

What should he do! nor arts nor arms avail;
And various cares in vain his mind assail;
The great *Messapus* thund'ring thro' the field,
In his left hand two pointed javelins held:
Encount'ring on the prince, one dart he drew,
And with unerring aim, and utmost vigour threw.
Aeneas saw it come, and stooping low
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threat'ning blow.
The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore
The waving plume, which on his helm he wore.
Forc'd by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,
That flying *Turnus* still declin'd the fight;
The prince, whose piety had long repell'd
His inborn ardour, now invades the field:
Invokes the pow'rs of violated peace,
Their rights, and injur'd altars to redress:
Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.

What God can tell, what numbers can display
The various labours of that fatal day? ‡
What chiefs and champions fell on either side,
In combat slain, or by what deaths they dy'd?

Whom

NOTES.

The image of the shepherd on the mountain, seeing the storm rising from the sea, is beautiful, as is the close of this comparison. But in the *Greek* poet, the soldiers, thickening their files, are compared to a storm; in the *Roman*, the general *Aeneas* is compared to a destructive tempest.

† This rural simile has a good effect in relieving the mind of the reader from the bloody and busy scenes he has just been engaged in.

‡ This address of the poet begging some deity to

Whom *Turnus*, whom the *Trojan* hero kill'd :
 Who shar'd the fame, and fortune of the field?
Jove, couldst thou view, and not avert thy sight,
 Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,
 Who leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite ! }

Aeneas first *Rutulian Suro* found,
 Whose valour made the *Trojans* quit the ground:
 Betwixt his ribs the javelin drove so just,
 It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.
 Now *Turnus*, at two blows, two brethren slew:
 First from his horse fierce *Amicus* he threw;
 Then leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.
 Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place;
 Their heads distilling gore, his chariot grace.

Three cold on earth the *Trojan* hero threw;
 Whom without respite at one charge he slew:
Cethegus, *Tanais*, *Tagus*, fell oppress'd,
 And sad *Onythes*, added to the rest;
 Of *Theban* blood, whom *Peridia* bore.
Turnus, two brothers from the *Lycian* shore,
 And from *Apollo's* fane to battle sent,
 O'erthrew, nor *Phæbus* could their fate prevent.
 Peaceful *Menates* after these he kill'd,
 Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:
 On *Lerna's* lake a silent life he led,
 And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread.*
 Nor pompous cares, nor palaces he knew,
 But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew.
 Poor was his house; his father's painful hand
 Discharg'd his rent, and plough'd another's land.

As flames among the lofty woods are thrown,†
 On diff'rent sides, and both by winds are blown,
 The laurels crackle in the spitt'ring fire;
 The frighted silvans from their shades retire:

NOTES.

assist him in describing the ensuing battle, adds great dignity and importance to the narration, and awakens the reader's curiosity and attention. The expostulation with *Jupiter*, likewise, exceedingly heightens the subject.

* The addition of this circumstance is quite in the spirit of *Homer*; who generally diversifies and softens the descriptions of his battles, by distinguishing the profession, business, age, office, nation, family, &c. of every warrior that is slain. One is a blooming youth, whose father dissuaded him from the war; one is a priest, whose piety could not save him; one is a sportsman, whom *Diana* taught in vain; one is a native of a far distant country, who is never to return; one is descended from a noble line, which is to end in his death; one is made re-

Or as two neighb'ring torrents fall from high,
 Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry:
 They roll to sea, with unresisted force,
 And down the rock precipitate their course:
 Not with less rage the rival heroes take
 Their diff'rent ways; nor less destruction make.
 With spears afar, with swords at hand they strike;
 And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.
 Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field,
 And hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield:
 They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
 And heaps of bodies raise the level ground.

Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
 From a long royal race of *Latian* kings,
 Is by the *Trojan* from his chariot thrown,
 Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone:
 Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels that bore
 His living load, his dying body tore.
 His starting steeds, to shun the glitt'ring sword,
 Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.

Fierce *Hyllus* threaten'd high; and face to face
 Affronted *Turnus* in the middle space:
 The prince encounter'd him in full career,
 And at his temples aim'd the deadly spear:
 So fatally the flying weapon sped,
 That thro' his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.
 Nor, *Cisseus*, couldst thou 'scape from *Turnus'* hand,
 In vain the strongest of th' *Arcadian* band:
 Nor to *Cupentus* could his God afford
 Availing aid against th' *Aenean* sword:
 Which to his naked heart pursu'd the course,
 Nor could his plated shield sustain the force.

Iulus fell, whom not the *Grecian* pow'rs,
 Nor great subverter of the *Trojan* tow'rs,

Were

NOTES.

markable by his boasting, another by his beseeching; and another, who is distinguished by nothing else, is marked by his habit, and the singularity of his armour. One has left an aged father, another a palace unfinished, or a wife he was fond of, or children that will be made captives.

† The accumulation of comparisons carries in it a fine poetical enthusiasm. The principal image is more strongly impressed on the mind, by a multiplication of similes, which are the natural product of an imagination labouring to express something very vast; but finding no single idea sufficient to answer it's conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the comparisons to supply this defect. We have several instances of this sort even in so castigated and reserved a writer as *Virgil*.

Were doom'd to kill, while heav'n prolong'd his date:

But who can pass the bounds prefix'd by fate?
In high *Lyrnessus*, and in *Troy*, he held
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty man, the last remains
A little spot of foreign earth contains.

And now both hosts their broken troops unite,
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.
Seresthus, and undaunted *Mnestheus* join
The *Trojan*, *Tuscan*, and *Arcadian* line:
Sea-born *Messapus*, with *Atinas*, heads
The *Latin* squadrons, and to battle leads.
They strike, they push, they throng the scanty }
space;

Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace;
And where one falls, another fills his place.

The *Cyprian* Goddess now inspires her son
To leave th' unfinish'd fight, and storm the town.
For while he rolls his eyes around the plain,
In quest of *Turnus*, whom he seeks in vain,
He views th' unguarded city from afar,
In careless quiet, and secure of war:
Occasion offers, and excites his mind,
To dare beyond the task he first design'd.
Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight;
Attended thus, he takes a neighbouring height: *
The crowding troops about their gen'ral stand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince: Hear and obey,
Ye *Trojan* bands, without the least delay.
Jove is with us, and what I have decreed
Requires our utmost vigour, and our speed.
Your instant arms against the town prepare;
The source of mischief, and the seat of war.
This day the *Latian* tow'rs, that mate the sky,
Shall level with the plain in ashes lie:

NOTES.

* It was a custom of leaders, to harangue their troops from some eminence. This appears from their figures on medals, where we find the inscription *Adlocutio*; the soldiers being represented in arms.

† One of the figures in which the *Romans* drew up their battle, was called *cuneus*, when an army was ranged in the form of a wedge; the most proper to pierce and break the order of an enemy. This too was sometimes called *caput porcinum*, (swine's head,) which in some measure it resembled.

‡ This circumstance artfully justifies the hero's undertaking.

§ This simile is taken from *Apollonius Rhodius*, [*Argonautic*. l. i. ver. 130.] a poet very rich in

The people shall be slaves; unless in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain:
Then shall I wait till *Turnus* will be slain?
Your force against the perjur'd city bend:
There it began, and there the war shall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires;
Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires.

He finish'd; and one soul inspiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.†
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.
Some firebrands, others scaling ladders bear;
And those they toss aloft, and these they rear:
The flames now lanch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,
The clouds of missile arms obscure the sky.
Advancing to the front, the hero stands,
And stretching out to heav'n his pious hands,
Attests the Gods, asserts his innocence, ‡
Upbraids with breach of faith th' *Ausonian* prince:
Declares the royal honour doubly stain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.

Dissenting clamours in the town arise;
Each will be heard, and all at once advise.
One part for peace, and one for war contends:
Some would exclude their foes, and some admit their friends.

The helpless king is hurry'd in the throng;
And whate'er tide prevails, is borne along.

Thus when the swain, within a hollow rock, §
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,
They run around, or labour on their wings,
Disus'd to flight, and shoot their sleepy stings;
To shun the bitter fumes, in vain they try;
Black vapours, issuing from the vent, involve the sky.

But fate, and envious fortune, now prepare
To plunge the *Latins* in the last despair.

The

NOTES.

beautiful comparisons. The passage is translated as follows.

As when the swains, of honey studious, strive
To chase the swarms from some deep cavern'd
hive,

Sudden, impatient of the rising fumes,
Thick and more thick, they press within the waxen
rooms;

Then from their smoaky cells tumultuous pour,
And to the skies, releas'd, in airy circles tow'r.
Virgil, according to custom, has heightened every circumstance. Our poet never speaks of his favourite bees without a seeming pleasure, and in a laboured stile.

The queen, who saw the foes invade the town;
 And brands on tops of burning houses thrown;
 Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear;
 No troops of *Turnus* in the field appear.
 Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain:
 And then concludes the royal youth is slain.
 Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
 The mighty grief, she loaths the vital air.
 She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
 And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:
 She raves against the Gods, she beats her breast,
 She tears with both her hands her purple vest,
 Then round a beam a running noose she ty'd;*
 And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely dy'd.

Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,
 And to her dames, and to her daughter known; †
 The sad *Lavinia* rends her yellow hair,
 And rosy cheeks: the rest her sorrow share:
 With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of
 despair.

The spreading rumour fills the public place;
 Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
 And silent shame are seen in ev'ry face.
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
 Both for his public, and his private woes:
 With filth his venerable beard besmears,
 And fordid dust deforms his silver hairs.
 And much he blames the softness of his mind,
 Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,
 And soon reduc'd to change, what he so well de-
 sign'd:

To break the solemn league so long desir'd,
 Nor finish what his fates, and those of *Troy*, re-
 quir'd.

Now *Turnus* rolls aloof o'er empty plains,
 And here and there some straggling foes he gleans. ‡
 His flying couriers please him less and less,
 Asham'd of easy fight, and cheap success.

NOTES.

* Some nicer critics are highly offended, that *Virgil* should send *Amata* out of the world in so vulgar a manner. But this objection is owing to a want of considering the notions and manners of different ages and countries. In *Apollonius Rhod. Argonaut.* book 1. *Clyte* wife to *Cyzicus* king of the *Dolonians*, hangs herself, ver. 1062, &c. as does *Jocasta* in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*. In the *Oedipus* of *Sophocles* likewise *Jocasta* dies in the same manner.

† The circumstances of the distress consequent upon *Amata's* death, are finely chosen, especially *Lavinia's* grief. The picture of the old pious monarch weeping, tearing his robes, and spreading dust

No. 14.

Thus half contented, anxious in his mind,
 The distant cries come driving in the wind:
 Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs
 drown'd;

A jarring mixture, and a boding sound. §
 Alas, said he, what mean these dismal cries,
 What doleful clamours from the town arise?
 Confus'd he stops, and backward pulls the reins:
 She, who the driver's office now sustains,
 Replies; Neglect, my lord, these new alarms;
 Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms:
 There want not others to defend the wall,
 If by your rival's hand th' *Italians* fall.
 So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,
 In honour equal, equal in success.

To this, the prince: O sister, (for I knew
 The peace infring'd, proceeded first from you,)
 I know you, when you mingled first in fight,
 And now in vain you would deceive my sight:
 Why, Goddess, this unprofitable care?
 Who sent you down from heav'n, involv'd in air?
 Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,
 And see your brother bleeding on the plain?
 For to what pow'r can *Turnus* have recourse,
 Or how resist his fate's prevailing force!
 These eyes beheld *Murranus* bite the ground,
 Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
 I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath,
 My name invoking to revenge his death:
 Brave *Ufens* fell with honour on the place;
 To shun the shameful fight of my disgrace.
 On earth supine, a manly corpse he lies;
 His vest and armour are the victor's prize.
 Then shall I see *Laurentum* in a flame,
 Which only wanted to compleat my shame?
 How will the *Latians* hoot their champion's flight;
 How *Drances* will insult, and point them to the
 fight!

Is

NOTES.

over his hoary head, is very affecting; and with how much consistency of character does he attribute this disaster, to his own neglect of the oracle, and refusing *Aneas* for his son!

‡ The languid flow of the lines in the original expresses weariness and dejection.

§ From this confusion in the city, with what address does the poet return to the battle! He makes *Turnus*, who is in the field, hear the cries and confused noise of the distressed city at a distance; by this means the poet gains an opportunity of bringing us back to the action. The whole is so forcible, that it cannot surely escape the most unfeeling reader.

3 M

Is death so hard to bear? ye Gods below,
(Since those above so small compassion shew,)
Receive a soul unfully'd yet with shame,
Which not belies my great forefathers' name.

He said: and while he spoke, with flying speed,
Came *Sages* urging on his foamy steed;
Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,*
And seeking *Turnus* sent his voice before:
Turnus, on you, on you alone depends.
Our last relief; compassionate your friends.
Like lightning, fierce *Aeneas* rolling on,
With arms invests, with flames invades the town:
The brands are toss'd on high: the winds conspire
To drive along the deluge of the fire:
All eyes are fix'd on you; your foes rejoice;
Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice.
Doubts to deliver, or defend the town;
Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.
The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,

Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.
'Tis true, *Messapus*, fearless of his fate,
With fierce *Atinas*' aid, defends the gate:
On ev'ry side surrounded by the foe;
The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow. }
You, far aloof from your forsaken bands,
Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty sands.
Stupid he sat, his eyes on earth declin'd,
And various cares revolving in his mind: †

NOTES.

* *Virgil* takes all opportunities of beautifying and enriching his poem with images, and such strokes as would have a fine effect in painting. Thus he could not omit the circumstance of the arrow sticking in the face of the messenger, who comes to inform *Turnus* of the dangerous situation of his friends, and the success of the enemy. In a picture, which is proverbially stiled *mutum praemia*, this arrow would produce an admirable expression, artfully calculated to shew distress and danger, and bespeaking bad news.

† The proceeding and following circumstances, viz. *Turnus*'s hearing the distant, confused cries of the distressed city, and stopping to listen to them more distinctly; his mind presaging some sad misfortune; his pathetic lamentation for the death of many of his best and dearest friends; and his apprehensions of the bitter sarcasms *Drances* would cast upon him; the approach of *Sages*, who discovers to him that the city is reduced to the last extremity, and that the queen has murdered herself; and his reproach to

Rage boiling from the bottom of his breast,
And sorrow mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd;
And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his thought:
And love by jealousy to madness wrought.
By slow degrees his reason drove away
The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.
Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look;
And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.
A wooden tow'r with flames already blaz'd,
Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd:
And bridges laid above to join the space:
And wheels below to roll from place to place.
Sister, the fates have vanquish'd: let us go
The way which heaven and my hard fortune shew.

The fight is fix'd; nor shall the branded name
Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.
Death is my choice: but suffer me to try
My force, and vent my rage before I die.
He said, and leaping down without delay,
Thro' crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.
Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving Goddess far behind.
As when a fragment, from a mountain torn †
By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,
Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots,
Prone thro' the void the rocky ruin shoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep;
Down sink, at once, the shepherds and their sheep,
Involv'd

NOTES.

Turnus for his ill timed absence; his silent and inexpressible sorrow and surprize at this fatal news, which perfectly confounds him; and as soon as he returns to himself, his seeing, for the first object, the city in flames; his telling his sister that he is now resolved to perish; and his leaping out of the chariot, and rushing to the fight; are all circumstances, so strongly and naturally conceived and painted; that one can scarce speak of them with that calmness of approbation, which perhaps just criticism demands.

† This simile is drawn from book xiii. of the *Iliad*; and it is justly esteemed one of the noblest in all *Homer*. *Tasso* has likewise copied it, book xviii. St. 82.

As an old rock, with age, or stormy wind,
Tears from some craggy hill, or mountain steep,
Doth break, doth bruise, and into dust doth grind
Woods, houses, hamlets, herds, and folds of sheep;
So fell the beam, and down with all it's kind
Of arms, of weapons, and of men, did sweep.

Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground,
Stun'd with the shock they fall, and stun'd from earth
rebound :

So *Turnus*, hasting headlong to the town,
Should'ring and shoving, bore the squadrons down.
Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew,
Where shafts, and spears, and darts promiscuous
flew ;

And sanguine streams the slipp'ry ground embrue. }
First stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,
He cries aloud, to make the combat cease ;
Rutulians, hold, and *Latin* troops retire ;
The fight is mine, and me the gods require.
'Tis just that I should vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day shall free from wars th' *Ausonian* state ;
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate.

Both armies from their bloody work desist :
And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.
The *Trojan* hero, who receiv'd from fame
The welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,
Soon leaves the taken works, and mounted walls,
Greedy of war, where greater glory calls.
He springs to fight, exulting in his force ;
His jointed armour rattles in the course.
Like *Eryx*, or like *Athos*, great he shows, *
Or father *Appennine*, when white with snows,
His head divine, obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.

The nations over-aw'd, surcease the fight,
Immoveable their bodies, fix'd their fight :
Ev'n death stands still ; nor from above they throw
Their darts, nor drive their batt'ring-rams below.

NOTES.

* This simile is sublime to a great degree. *Milton* has imitated it, *Paradise Lost*, book iv.

—On th' other side *Satan* alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood ;
Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd :
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd.—

There is a very great strength and beauty in the conciseness and simplicity of *Virgil*, which exceeds *Milton's* comparison. Indeed, our great countryman would convey an idea different from *Virgil's* ; he insists upon the fixedness of *Teneriff* or *Atlas* ; whereas *Virgil* would represent *Æneas* enraged, and accordingly mentions the oaks on the top of the *Apennines*, as resounding with tempests.

† This reflection of *Latinus* is natural, and agreeable to the *bienfiance* or decorum of the manners. Old men are very susceptible of impressions of this kind. It was certainly something wonderful and

In silent order either army stands ;
And drop their swords, unknowing, from their
hands.

Th' *Ausonian* king beholds, with wond'ring sight, †
Two mighty champions match'd in single fight ;
Born under climes remote ; and brought by fate,
With swords to try their titles to the state.

Now in clos'd field, each other from afar
They view ; and rushing on, begin the war.
They lanch their spears, then hand to hand they
meet ;

The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet :
Their bucklers clash ; thick blows descend from
high,

And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Courage conspires with chance ; and both engage
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.

As when two bulls for their fair female fight,
In *Sila's* shades, or on *Taburnus'* height ; ‡
With horns adverse they meet : the keeper flies :
Mute stands the herd, the heifers roll their eyes ;
And wait th' event ; which victor they shall bear,
And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty year :
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And push for push, and wound for wound return :
Their dew-laps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood :
Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow thro' the
wood :

Such was the combat in the list'd ground ;
So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.

§ *Jove* sets the beam ; in either scale he lays §
The champion's fate, and each exactly weighs.

On

NOTES.

extraordinary, that two rivals, the one from *Asia*, and the other born in *Italy*, should be disputing for his daughter by force of arms.

‡ Though we have had many comparisons drawn from lions, and tigers, and bulls, and wolves, and other savage animals, nearly resembling each other ; yet the passage before us, comparing the two heroes fighting for *Lavinia*, and the empire of *Latium*, to two bulls contending for the mastery of the meadows, and for the favourite heifers, contains such an exact point of likeness, as cannot but please the reader of taste.

§ This fiction is originally drawn from *Homer*, *Iliad* viii. where the fates of *Hector* and *Achilles* are weighed. *Milton* introduces the Almighty weighing the fate of *Satan* and *Gabriel* :

Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* sign ;

Wherein

On this side life, and lucky chance ascends:
 Loaded with death, that other scale descends.
 Rais'd on the stretch, young *Turnus* aims a blow,
 Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
 Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side:
 As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
 But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
 And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
 Now 'tis but death, or flight: disarm'd he flies,
 When in his hand, an unknown hilt he spies.
 Faint says that *Turnus*, when his steeds he join'd,
 Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
 Snatch'd the first weapon, which his haste could

find.
 'Twas not the fated sword his father bore;
 But that his charioteer *Metiscus* wore.
 This, while the *Trojans* fled, the toughness held;
 But vain against the great *Vulcanian* shield.
 The mortal temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand:
 The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.
 Surpriz'd with fear, he fled along the field;
 And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd.
 For here the *Trojan* troops the list surround;
 And there the pass is clos'd with pools of marshy ground.
Aeneas hastens; tho' with heavier pace,
 His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase:
 And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse,
 Yet pressing foot by foot his foe pursue.

NOTES.

Wherein all things created first he weigh'd;
 The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air,
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events;
 Battles, and realms: in these he puts two weights,
 The signal each of parting and of fight:
 The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam.

Paradise Lost, book iv. ver. 996.

This description Mr. *Pope* prefers both to *Homer's* and *Virgil's*, on account of the beautiful allusion to the sign of *Libra* in the heavens, and that noble imagination of the Maker's weighing the whole world at the creation, and all the events of it since; correspondent at once to philosophy, and the stile of the scriptures.

* *Virgil* drew the close of this comparison from *Apollonius Rhodius*: but has finely improved it by the beauty of his diction: "As when the sagacious dogs trace out in the groves the horned goats or stags, the extremity of their jaws approach, and almost touch the hunted animal from behind, and they snap their teeth together in vain."

Arg. book iii. ver 278.

+ Though *Hector* in the *Iliad* has much more reason to fly from *Achilles*, than *Turnus* from *Aeneas*,

Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around *
 With crimson toils, or in a river found:
 High on the bank the deep mouth'd hound appears;
 Still opening, following still, where-e'er he steers:
 The persecuted creature to and fro,
 Turns here and there to 'scape his *Umbrian* foe:
 Steep is th' ascent, and if he gains the land,
 The purple death is pitch'd along th' strand:
 His eager foe determin'd to the chase,
 Stretch'd at his length gains ground at ev'ry pace:
 Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
 And now he holds, or thinks he holds his prey:
 Just at the pinch the stag springs out with fear,
 He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with air.

The rocks, the lakes, the meadows ring with cries;
 The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the skies.

Thus flies the *Daunian* prince: and flying blames
 His tardy troops; and calling by their names,
 Demands his trusty sword. The *Trojan* threats
 The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats
 To lay in ashes, if they dare supply
 With arms or aid, his vanquish'd enemy:
 Thus menacing, he still pursues the course,
 With vigour, tho' diminish'd of his force.
 Ten times already, round the list'd place, +
 One chief had fled, and t'other giv'n the chase:

No

NOTES.

yet this flight of *Turnus* will not, we believe, appear an act of cowardice, if we consider his pressing circumstances. The sword which he uses against *Aeneas* (which was that of his charioteer *Metiscus*, and unluckily snatched up for his own by mistake) is broken in pieces, upon the celestial armour of the *Trojan* hero. Thus *Turnus* is at once disarm'd, and naturally betakes himself to flight: on the one side is the *Trojan* army, on the other a broad lake; on another the walls of *Laurentum*. He calls out on his friends, to give him his own sword from the city, which *Aeneas* forbids them to do with loud menaces. Thus distressed, he is obliged to suffer himself to be hunted, as it were, by *Aeneas*, to the number of ten rounds. But, notwithstanding this behaviour, having regained his sword by the assistance of *Juturna*, he turns, and attacks *Aeneas*. And thus the courage and fierceness of his character are justly supported.—The wonderful ought to have place in tragedy, but still more in epic poetry; which proceeds in this point even to the unreasonable: for as in epic poems one sees not the persons acting, so whatever passes the bounds of reason, is proper to produce the admirable and the marvellous. For example;

No trivial prize is play'd ; for on the life
Or death of *Turnus*, now depends the strife.

Within the space, an olive tree had stood,
A sacred shade, a venerable wood,
For vows to *Faunus* paid, the *Latins* guardian
God.*

Here hung the vests, and tablets were engrav'd,
Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd.
With heedless hands the *Trojans* fell'd the tree,
To make the ground inclos'd for combat free.
Deep in the root, whether by fate or chance,
Or erring haste, the *Trojan* drove his lance ;
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to
free

Th' incumber'd spear from the tenacious tree ;
That whom his fainting limbs pursu'd in vain,
His flying weapon might from far attain.

Confus'd with fear, bereft of human aid,
Then *Turnus* to the Gods, and first to *Faunus*
pray'd.

O *Faunus* pity, and thou mother earth,
Where I thy foster son receiv'd my birth,
Hold fast the steel ; if my religious hand
Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd ;
Propitious hear my pious pray'r ! He said,
Nor with successful vows invok'd their aid.
Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and
strain'd,

But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.

Juturna took her time : and while in vain
He strove, assum'd *Metiscus*' form again :
And, in that imitated shape, restor'd
To the despairing prince, his *Daunian* sword.
The queen of love, who with disdain and grief,
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief ;

T' assert her offspring with a greater deed,
From the tough root the ling'ring weapon freed.

Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance ;
One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance :
And both resolv'd alike, to try the fatal chance.†

Mean time imperial *Jove* to *Juno* spoke,
Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock :
What new arrest, O queen of heav'n, is sent
To stop the fates now lab'ring in th' event ?
What further hopes are left thee to pursue ?
Divine *Aeneas*, (and thou know'st it too,)
Free-dom'd to these celestial seats is due.

What more attempts for *Turnus* can be made,
That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely shade !

Is it becoming of the due respect,
And awful honour of a God elect,

A wound unworthy of our state to feel ;
Patient of human hands, and earthly steel ?

Or seems it just, the sister should restore
A second sword, when one was lost before ;
And arm a conquer'd wretch, against his con-
queror ?

For what without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay more, thy dictates, dost *Juturna* do ?

At last, in deference to my love, forbear
To lodge within thy soul this anxious care :

Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload ;
Who should relieve the Goddesses but the God ?

Now, all things to their utmost issue tend ;

Push'd by the fates to their appointed end :

While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour—

For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted pow'r :

Toss'd on the seas thou couldst thy foes distress,

And driv'n ashore, with hostile arms oppress :

Deform

NOTES.

ample ; what *Homer* says of *Hector*, pursued by *Achilles*, would appear ridiculous on the stage ; for the spectators could not forbear laughing to see, on the one side, the *Greeks* standing without any motion ; and, on the other, *Achilles* pursuing *Hector*, and making signs to the troops not to dart at him. But all this does not appear, when we read the poem ; for what is wonderful is always agreeable ; and, as a proof of it, we find, that they who relate any thing, usually add something to the truth, that it may the better please those who hear it. A poet is indeed inexcusable, if he introduces such things as are impossible according to the rules of poetry : but this ceases to be a fault, if by these means he attends to the thing proposed ; for he has then brought about what he intended ; for example, if he renders, by it,

No. 14.

NOTES.

any part of his poem more astonishing or admirable. Such is the place in the *Iliad*, where *Achilles* pursues *Hector*, and such is the present passage in *Virgil*.

* The true poet dignifies even the meanest object. The trunk of an old tree, in which *Aeneas* happened to stick his spear, was an olive, says *Virgil*, consecrated to *Faunus* ; which the *Trojans* had with great impiety (as *Turnus* says, to cast odium on his enemies) lately cut down.

† Just as we expected the heroes would engage in a decisive combat, the poet stops short, and introduces a dialogue betwixt *Jupiter* and *Juno* on this important action. Such unexpected pauses are judicious, awaken and raise the reader's attention, and make him impatient for the event.

3 N.

Deform the royal house; and from the side
Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride.

Now cease at my command. The Thund'rer
said:

And with dejected eyes this answer *Juno* made. *
Because your dread decree too well I knew;
From *Turnus* and from earth unwilling I withdrew,
Else should you not behold me here alone,
Involv'd in empty clouds my friends bemoan;
But girt with vengeful flames, in open fight,
Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
'Tis true, *Juturna* mingled in the strife
By my command, to save her brother's life;
At least to try: but by the *Stygian* lake,
(The most religious oath the Gods can take,)
With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.
And now resign'd to your superior might,
And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loath the fight.
This let me beg, (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself, and for your father's land;
That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless,)
The laws of either nation be the same;
But let the *Latins* still retain their name;
Speak the same language, which they spoke before;
Wear the same habits which their grandfathers wore:
Call them not *Trojans*: perish the renown,
And name of *Troy* with that detested town.
Latium be *Latium* still; let *Alba* reign,
And *Rome's* immortal majesty remain.

NOTES.

* *Virgil*, we have seen, has divided his poem, as *Homer* did his *Odyssey*. The first part contains the voyage and arrival of *Aeneas* in *Italy*: the second his establishment there. But he has connected these two great events better than *Homer*, by giving them a common intrigue or plot. He did not introduce, for the first part of his intrigue, a deity who could act no where but by sea, as the *Neptune* of *Homer*; but makes choice of *Juno*, the Goddess of the air, who had an equal power over sea and land. She at first vigorously opposes the voyage of our hero, and afterwards his settlement. This opposition then is what constitutes the general intrigue of the whole action. The solution of the plot or intrigue begins, when the anger of *Juno* is softened, and she is appeased by *Jupiter*, as she appears to be in this passage of the twelfth book of the *Aeneid*.

† Here the poet gives a most artful reason why the *Romans* did not retain more of the *Trojan* customs, and names, and habits, than they were known to have done.

Then thus the founder of mankind replies,
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes.)
Can *Saturn's* issue, and heav'n's other heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be mistress, and your full desires obtain:
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' *Ausonian* people sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.†

The *Trojans* to their customs shall be ty'd,
I will, myself, their common rites provide;
The native shall command, the foreigners sub-
side.

All shall be *Latium*; *Troy* without a name:
And her lost sons forget from whence they came.
From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall flow,
Equal to Gods, excelling all below. ‡
No nation more respect to you shall pay,
Or greater off'rings on your altars lay. §
Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires
Had found success, and from the cloud retires.

The peace thus made, the Thund'rer next prepares
To force the wat'ry Goddess from the wars.
Deep in the dismal regions, void of light,
Three daughters at a birth were born to night:
These their brown mother, brooding on her care,
Indulg'd with windy wings to flit in air:
With serpents girt alike; and crown'd with his-
sing hair.

In heav'n the *Diræ* call'd, and still at hand, ||
Before the throne of angry *Jove* they stand,

His

NOTES.

† *Virgil* puts a very poignant satire into the mouth of *Jupiter*, against the Gods. But we should not understand this passage exactly according to the letter. It is common among the poets, in describing exalted merit, to extol it above the Gods.

§ *Juno* was highly worshipped among the *Romans*; particularly by women of the first quality. She had a magnificent temple dedicated to her service, on the *Aventine* mount. *Scipio* brought her statue from *Carthage* to *Rome*.

|| It is to be observed that *Pluto* is not the only deity who has furies under his jurisdiction. *Jupiter* has his likewise. Thus the Gods were feigned to punish crimes in this and the next life. Though *Virgil's* images are great, yet how much more terrible, and with what a greater degree of sublimity, are the agents and instruments of *JEHOVAH* described in the sacred writings, when he is angry! Read particularly the following passage, *Samuel* 2 book, chap. 24. "And when the angel of the Lord stretched out his hand upon *Jerusalem* to destroy

His ministers of wrath ; and ready still *
 The minds of mortal men with fears to fill :
 Whene'er the moody fire, to wreak his hate
 On realms or towns, deserving of their fate,
 Hurls down diseases, death and deadly care,
 And terrifies the guilty world with war.
 One sister-plague of these from heav'n he sent,
 To fright *Futurna* with a dire portent.
 The pest comes whirling down : by far more slow
 Springs the swift arrow from the *Parthian* bow,
 Or *Cydon* eugh ; when traversing the skies,
 And drench'd in pois'nous juice, the sure destruc-
 tion flies.

With such a sudden, and unseen a flight,
 Shot thro' the clouds the daughter of the night.
 Soon as the field inclos'd she had in view,
 And from afar her destin'd quarry knew :
 Contracted, to the boding bird she turns,
 Which haunts the ruin'd piles, and hallow'd urns,
 And beats about the tombs with nightly wings ;
 Where songs obscure on sepulchres she sings.
 Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries
 The fury round unhappy *Turnus* flies,
 Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes. }
 A lazy chilness crept along his blood,
 Chok'd was his voice, his hair with horror stood. †
Futurna from afar beheld her fly,
 And knew th' ill omen by her screaming cry,
 And stridour of her wing. Amaz'd with fear,
 Her beauteous breasts she beat, and rent her flowing
 hair.

Ah me, she cries, in this unequal strife,
 What can thy sister more to save thy life !
 Weak as I am, can I, alas, contend
 In arms, with that inexorable fiend !

NOTES.

troy it, the Lord repented him of the evil, and said to the angel that destroyed the people, it is enough! —stay now thy hand!"—

* After this manner *Satan* appears in heaven ; the book of *Job*, chap. i. ver. 6.

† However simple this circumstance may appear, yet the ancients, who so faithfully represent the genuine feelings of nature, always mention the erection of the hair as a strong mark of dread and terror. *Sophocles*, in that wonderfully sublime scene, where the death of *Oedipus* is described, after telling us how loudly he and his daughters lamented on their taking leave of each other, adds—"A silence ensued: when suddenly a certain voice called out, *Oedipus*, aloud, so that the hairs of all present were erected with fear."

Now, now, I quit the field ! forbear to fright
 My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night !
 The lashing of your wings I know too well :
 The founding flight, and fun'ral screams of hell ! †
 These are the gifts you bring from haughty *Jove*,
 The worthy recompence of ravish'd love !
 Did he for this exempt my life from fate ?
 O hard conditions of immortal state !
 Tho' born to death, not privileg'd to die,
 But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity !
 Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
 Companion to my brother's ghost below !
 The joys are vanquish'd : nothing now remains
 Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
 What earth will open her devouring womb,
 To rest a weary Goddess in the tomb !
 She drew a length of sighs ; nor more she said,
 But in her azure mantle wrap'd her head :
 Then plung'd into the stream, with deep despair,
 And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.

Now stern *Æneas* waves his weighty spear
 Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear :
 What farther subterfuge can *Turnus* find ?
 What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind ?
 'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight :
 Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
 Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
 What skill and courage can attempt in war.
 With for the wings of wind to mount the sky ; }
 Or hid, within the hollow earth to lie. }
 The champion shook his head ; and made this
 short reply.

No threats of thine, my manly mind can move :
 'Tis hostile heav'n I dread, and partial *Jove*. §

He

NOTES.

† This is a most lively, and animated passage. We are almost ready to think we hear the very found, and cannot avoid trembling with horror !

§ We are now come to the conclusion of the poem, and to what the critics term the unravelling. It is necessary to make some difference between the action and the unravelling, whether it be of the epopœia in general, or of the *Æneid* in particular. The action here is the establishment of a *Trojan* colony: it's unravelling is the cessation of all those obstacles which obstruct this establishment. *Aristotle* prescribes, that the action of the poem ought to have an historical verisimilitude ; and that it is faulty when it admits the machinery of Gods. In fact, would it not be fool-hardiness in an hero to attempt an action, from whence it would be impos-
sible

He said no more ; but with a sigh, repress'd
The mighty sorrow, in his swelling breast.
Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
An antique stone he saw ; the common bound
Of neighb'ring fields ; and barrier of the ground :
So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days,
Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly
raise.

He heav'd it at a lift : and pois'd on high,*
Ran flagg'ring on, against his enemy.
But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew
His way : or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load :
And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood,
The stone drops from his arms ; and falling short,
For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.

NOTES.

fible for him to escape safely, without a miracle? If then the fury is here introduced, it is as a circumstance belonging to the unravelling, and not to the action, which is concluded, in the *Aeneid*, in the most natural manner imaginable. Both parties engage in a sacrifice, and oaths are mutually sworn, that the *Trojans* shall be received in *Italy*, and that it shall be permitted them to make a settlement there, supposing that *Aeneas* conquers *Turnus*. History has nothing more simple, or agreeable to truth. No deity forces or over-rules their sentiments: it is with the utmost freedom that the *Trojans* are admitted to compose a joint people with the *Latins*. But after all, a complication of circumstances still subsists. *Turnus*, yet living, is still an obstacle to the reception of the *Trojans* into the *Latian* territories. His death alone can be an unravelling of these complicated circumstances. But it is lawful to introduce Gods, for the unravelling, though it is contrary to rule, to make them contribute any thing to the action. The fury then contributes to remove the obstacle which *Turnus* forms against the establishment of the *Trojans*; and *Juturna* assists in prolonging the execution of his attempts. In this point *Virgil's* conduct is not contrary to the rules of art. In fine, the unravelling of the *Aeneid* is of the number of those which *Aristotle* calls simple. He admits of two sorts, the simple and the implex. The simple is that which is carried on without a peripetie or remembrance. Thus, in the *Iliad*, the death of *Hector* removes all those obstacles which hindered the taking of *Troy*: and in the *Aeneid*, the death of *Turnus* cuts off all those difficulties which kept back and detained the establishment of the *Trojans*. On the contrary, in the *Odyssey*, the unravelling is implex. This is always accompanied with a remem-

And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,
The sickly fancy labours in the night : †
We seem to run ; and, destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course :
In vain we heave for breath ; in vain we cry :
The nerves unbrac'd, their usual strength deny ;
And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die :
So *Turnus* far'd, whatever means he try'd,
All force of arms, and points of art employ'd,
The fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour
void.

A thousand various thoughts his soul confound :
He star'd about ; nor aid nor issue found :
His own men stop the pass ; and his own walls
surround.

Once

NOTES.

brance or discovery. *Ulysses*, disguised under the dress of a beggar, after having put to death the troublesome suitors of his wife *Penelope*, makes himself known to her. From the peripetie, the situation of both is suddenly changed for the better. *Penelope* ceases to be a prey to those princes who paid their addresses to her ; and *Ulysses*, after a long absence, enjoys domestic tranquillity.

* In book 21, of the *Iliad*, *Pallas* throws an huge stone at *Mars*. Mr. *Pope* observes, that the action in a mortal (*Turnus*) is somewhat extravagantly imagined : what principally renders it so (says he) is an addition of two lines to this simile, which *Virgil* borrows from another part of *Homer*; only with this difference, that, whereas *Homer* says no two men could raise such a stone, *Virgil* extends it to twelve. He further adds, that the passage is improperly introduced in *Virgil*; being just after *Turnus* is described as weakened and oppressed with fears and ill-omens: it exceeds probability; and *Turnus*, he says, looks more like a knight-errant in a romance, than an hero in an epic poem. Thus far this great poet and critic, from whom in this case we shall beg leave to dissent. That *Turnus* was oppressed with fears, and ill omens, is certain; but we are to consider this action as the last effort of a despairing man; and it is well known, that extremity of circumstances will call forth all a man's strength, and provoke him to exert all his abilities in a most surprising manner.

† The like simile is applied to *Hector* by *Homer*, *Il.* 22. There is a certain listlessness and impotence in this verse of the original, which finely corresponds with the weak and fruitless essays we seem to make in dreams.

Once more he pauses; and looks out again:
And seeks the Goddess charioteer in vain.
Trembling he views the thund'ring chief advance,
And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:
Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conqu'ring foe,
Forgets to ward; and waits the coming blow.
Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,
Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.

The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,
The destin'd mark: and rising as he threw,
With it's full swing the fatal weapon flew. }
Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls;
Or stones from batt'ring engines break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
The lance drove on; and bore the death along.
Nought could his sev'n-fold shield the prince avail,
Nor aught beneath his arms the coat of mail;
It pierc'd thro' all; and with a grisly wound,
Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the *Latins* rend the vaulted sky:
Woods, hills, and vallies, to the voice reply.

Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes cast upwards, and with arms display'd: }
And recreant thus to the proud victor pray'd.
I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
Use what the Gods, and thy good fortune give.*
Yet think; oh think, if mercy may be shown,
(Thou hadst a father once; and hast a son:)

NOTES.

* It is extremely judicious in the poet to make *Turnus* himself (whom perhaps we have been inclin'd to pity) fairly own, that he deserves to die, and that he has nothing to plead against his fate: the motive he makes use of to work upon the compassion of *Aeneas*, by putting him in mind of his father *Anchises*, will appear the best chosen imaginable, if we recollect the tenderness and piety of our hero, so predominant in his character: and *Turnus*'s solemn resignation of *Lavinia*, points out to us, and reminds us of, the occasion of the war, and of the combat which was to decide it.

† The humanity of the hero is kept up and supported to the last. He pities, and is disposed to spare, his rival and inveterate enemy *Turnus*, till he accidentally casts his eyes on the spoils of his friend. This circumstance instantly awakens his anger, and

Pity my fire, now sinking to the grave;
And for *Anchises*' sake, old *Daunus* save!
Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death;
Give to my friends my body void of breath!
The *Latian* chiefs have seen me beg my life;
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife,
Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble strife.

In deep suspense the *Trojan* seem'd to stand;
And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt. †
When casting down a casual glance he spy'd
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side:
The fatal spoils which haughty *Turnus* tore
From dying *Pallas*, and in triumph wore.
Then rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his
eyes:)

Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go;
'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives this deadly blow.
He rais'd his arm aloft: and at the word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the
wound. ‡

NOTES.

gives justness to his indignation: and our judicious poet, by artfully putting the word *offering* into the mouth of *Aeneas*, suggests to the reader, that the death of *Turnus* is not a murder, but a sacrifice.

‡ *Virgil* closes the whole scene of action by the death of *Turnus*, and leaves the rest to be imagined by the mind of the reader; he does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it so far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. For it is evident, that the fall of *Turnus*, by giving *Aeneas* a full power over *Italy*, answers the whole design and intention of the poem: had he gone farther, he had overshot his mark. Thus the action of the *Æneid* ends, according to the rules laid down by the best critics, where the mind is left in repose, without expectation of any farther event.

THE GENUINE
WORKS OF VIRGIL,

The Famous ROMAN POET.

The FIRST BOOK of the GEORGICS.*

ARGUMENT.

The poet, in the beginning of this book, propounds the general design of each Georgic: and, after a solemn invocation of all the Gods who are any way related to his subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he compliments with divinity; and after strikes into his business. He shews the different kinds of tillage proper to different soils, traces out the original of agriculture, gives a catalogue of the husbandman's tools, specifies the employments peculiar to each season, describes the changes of the weather, with the signs in heaven and earth that forbode them; instances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Cæsar's death; and shuts up all with a supplication to the Gods for the safety of Augustus, and the preservation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harvest, when
to turn
The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn;
The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine,
And how to raise on elms the teeming vine:

NOTES.

* Virgil may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three the greatest masters of Greece. There has been abundance of criticism spent on Virgil's *Pastorals* and *Æneids*, but the *Georgics* are a subject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with *Pastoral*; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the stile of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a *Georgic*, as that of a shepherd is in *Pastoral*. But though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place, the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a plough-man, but with the address of a

The birth and genius of the frugal bee,
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.
Ye deities! who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the seasons, and the year direct;

Bacchus

NOTES.

poet. No rules therefore that relate to *Pastoral*, can any way affect the *Georgics*, which fall under that class of poetry, which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of *Theognis* and *Pythagoras*; or philosophical speculations, as those of *Aratus* and *Lucretius*; or rules of practice, as those of *Hesiod* and *Virgil*. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the *Georgics* goes upon, is perhaps the least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed
sensible

Bacchus and foſt'ring *Ceres*, pow'rs divine,
Who gave us corn for maſt, for water wine:
Ye fauns, propitious to the rural ſwains,
Ye nymphs that haunt the mountains and the plains,

NOTES.

ſenſible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of it's notions, and perplexes him with a multitude of it's diſputes. But this kind of poetry we are now ſpeaking of, addreſſes itſelf wholly to the imagination; it is altogether converſant among the fields and woods, and has the moſt delightful part of nature for it's province. It raiſes in our minds a pleaſing variety of ſcenes and landſcapes, whiſt it teaches us; and makes the dulleſt of it's precepts look like a deſcription. A *Georgic* therefore is ſome part of the ſcience of huſbandry put into a pleaſing dreſs, and ſet off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry. Now ſince this ſcience of huſbandry is of a very large extent, the poet ſhews his ſkill in ſingling out ſuch precepts to proceed on, as are uſeful, and at the ſame time moſt capable of ornament. *Virgil* was ſo well acquainted with this ſecret, that to ſet off his firſt *Georgic*, he has run into a ſet of precepts, which are almoſt foreign to his ſubject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the ſigns in nature, which precede the changes of the weather. And if there be ſo much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is ſo much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and ſhew themſelves in the beſt and moſt advantageous light. They ſhould all be ſo finely wrought together in the ſame piece, that no coarſe ſeam may diſcover where they join; as in a curious brede of needlework, one colour falls away by ſuch juſt degrees, and another riſes ſo inſenſibly, that we ſee the variety without being able to diſtinguiſh the total vaniſhing of the one from the firſt appearance of the other. Nor is it ſufficient to range and diſpoſe this body of precepts into a clear and eaſy method, unleſs they are delivered to us in the moſt pleaſing and agreeable manner: for there are ſeveral ways of conveying the ſame truth to the mind of man; and to chooſe the pleaſanteſt of theſe ways, is that which chiefly diſtinguiſhes poetry from proſe, and makes *Virgil's* rules of huſbandry pleaſanter to read than *Varró's*. Where the proſe-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a deſcription, and repreſents his countryman performing the action in which he would inſtruct his reader. Where the one ſets out as fully and diſtinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate

Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful ſuccour, for your gifts I ſing.
And thou, whoſe trident ſtruck the teeming earth,
And made a paſſage for the courſer's birth;

And

NOTES.

to us; the other ſingles out the moſt pleaſing circumſtance of this truth, and ſo conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the underſtanding. This way of writing is every where much in uſe among the poets, and is particularly practiſed by *Virgil*, who loves to ſuggeſt a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it; to let us ſee juſt ſo much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the underſtanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a bye-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with it's own diſcoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and ſeems to work out the reſt by the ſtrength of her own faculties.

If we compare *Virgil* with *Hefiod*, we ſhall find that the latter had much more of the huſbandman than the poet in his temper; he was wonderfully grave, diſcreet, and frugal; he lived altogether in the country, and was, probably for his great prudence, the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. Theſe principles of good huſbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the ſubject of that which is the moſt celebrated of them. He is every where bent on inſtruction, avoids all manner of digreſſions, and does not ſtir out of the field once in the whole *Georgic*. His method in deſcribing month after month with it's proper ſeaſons and employments, is too grave and ſimple; it takes off from the ſurprize and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verſe. The reader is carried through a courſe of weather, and may beforehand gueſs whether he is to meet with ſnow or rain, clouds or ſunſhine, in the next deſcription. His deſcriptions indeed have abundance of nature in her ſimplicity and undreſs. *Virgil*, on the other hand, has ſo raiſed the natural rudeneſs and ſimplicity of his ſubject with ſuch a ſignificancy of expreſſion, ſuch a pomp of verſe, ſuch variety of transitions, and ſuch a ſolemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both poets together, we ſee in one the plainneſs of a downright countryman, and in the other, ſomething of a ruſtic majeſty, like that of a *Roman* dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meaneſt of his precepts with a kind of grandeur, he breaks the clods and toſſes the dung about with an air of gracefulness.

And thou, for whom the *Cæan* shore sustains
The milky herds that graze the flow'ry plains ; *
And thou, the shepherd's tutelary God,
Leave, for a while, O *Pan*! thy lov'd abode :
And, if *Arcadian* fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my song repair. †
Inventor, *Pallas*, of the fatt'ning oil,
Thou founder of the plough, and ploughman's toil ;
And thou, whose hands the shroud-like cypress
rear ;
Come all ye Gods and Goddesses that wear
The rural honours, and increase the year.
You, who supply the ground with seeds of grain ;
And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain :
And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd state ‡
Is yet the business of the Gods debate ;

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fulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of *Aratus*, where we may see how judiciously he has picked out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation ; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images which he found in the original. The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in it's metaphors than any of the rest. The poet with a great beauty applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last *Georgic* has indeed as many metaphors, but not so daring as this ; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by *Virgil* in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of *Virgil*'s mind in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it. The third *Georgic* seems to be the most laboured of them all ; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot-race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The *Scythian* winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to out-do *Lucretius* in the description of his plague ; and it is astonishing how wonderfully he has succeeded. But *Virgil* seems no where so well pleased as when he is got among his bees in the fourth *Georgic* ; and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of *Æneas* and *Turnus*, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as in his *Æneid* he compares the labour of his

Whether in after-times to be declar'd
The patron of the world, and *Rome*'s peculiar
guard ;
Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,
And the round circuit of the year to guide ;
Pow'rful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,
And with thy Goddess's mother's myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, *Cæsar*, chuse the wat'ry reign,
To smooth the surges, and correct the main ?
Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray,
Ev'n utmost *Thulé* shall thy pow'r obey ;
And *Neptune* shall resign the fasces of the sea. }
The wat'ry virgins for thy bed shall strive,
And *Tethys* all her waves in dowry give.
Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays,
And seated near the Balance, poise the days :

Where

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Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the *Cyclops*. In short, the last *Georgic* was a good prelude to the *Æneid* ; and very well shewed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. We therefore conclude this poem to be one of the most complete, elaborate, and finished pieces of all antiquity. The *Æneid* indeed is of a nobler kind, but the *Georgic* is more perfect in it's kind. The *Æneid* has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the *Georgic* are more exquisite. In short, the *Georgic* has all the perfections that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

* *Aristæus* is here invoked, who taught the arts of curdling milk and cultivating olive trees. *Tripolemus* the son of *Celeus* was the inventor of the plough. In a contention between *Neptune* and *Minerva* about naming *Athens*, *Neptune* struck the earth with his trident, and produced a horse, and *Pallas* an olive tree.

† *Lycaeus* and *Maenalus* were two mountains in *Arcadia*, sacred to *Pan*.

‡ The poet here begins a fine address to *Augustus*, asking him whether he would chuse to be the God of earth, sea, or heaven. *Catrou* ingeniously imagines this address was added by *Virgil* the year before his death, when several other passages were likewise inserted ; for he says *Augustus* was not thus highly honoured till after his return from the conquest of *Egypt*.

Where in the void of heav'n a space is free,
 Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee.*
 The Scorpion ready to receive thy laws,
 Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.
 Whatever part of heav'n thou shalt obtain,
 For let not hell presume of such a reign;
 Nor let so dire a thirst of empire move
 Thy mind, to leave thy kindred Gods above.
 Tho' *Greece* admires *Elisium's* blest retreat,
 Tho' *Proserpine* affects her silent seat,
 And, importun'd by *Ceres* to remove,
 Prefers the fields below to those above.
 But thou, propitious *Cæsar*! guide my course,
 And to my bold endeavours add thy force.
 Pity the poet's and the ploughman's cares,
 Int'rest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
 And use thyself betimes to hear and grant our
 pray'rs.

While yet the spring is young, while earth un-
 binds†
 Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
 While mountain-snows dissolve against the sun,
 And streams yet new, from precipices run;
 Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
 Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer.

NOTES.

* *Libra*, or the balance, was originally represented as held up by *Scorpius*, who extended his claws for that purpose out of his own proper dominions; and, under *Augustus*, or a little after his death, they made *Scorpius* contract his claws, and introduced a new personage, (most probably *Augustus* himself) to hold the balance. On the *Farnese* globe it is held by *Scorpius*; (which, by the way, may perhaps shew that work to have been previous to the *Augustan* age;) in several of the gems and medals, on which we have the signs of the zodiac, it is held by a man. This is said to be *Augustus*. It was a very common thing among the *Roman* poets to compliment their emperors with a place among the constellations; and perhaps the *Roman* astronomers took the hint of placing *Augustus* there, and that in this very situation, from *Virgil's* compliment of this kind to the emperor. To say the truth, there could scarce have been a place or employment, better chosen for *Augustus*. The astronomers originally were at a loss how to have the balance supported: they were obliged, for this purpose, to make *Scorpius* take up the space of two signs in the zodiac; which was quite irregular: and to be sure they would be ready to lay hold of any fair occasion of reducing to his due bounds again. On the other hand, it was quite as proper for *Augustus*, as it was improper for *Scor-*

No. 14.

And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
 Till the bright share is bury'd in the soil.
 That crop rewards the greedy peasant's pains,
 Which twice the sun, and twice the cold suf-
 tains,‡
 And bursts the crowded barns, with more than
 promis'd gains.
 But ere we stir the yet unbroken ground,
 The various course of seasons must be found;
 The weather, and the setting of the winds;
 The culture suiting to the several kinds
 Of seeds and plants, and what will thrive and rise,
 And what the genius of the soil denies.
 This ground with *Bacchus*, that with *Ceres* suits:
 That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
 A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground:
 Thus *Tmolus* is with yellow saffron crown'd;
India, black ebony and white ivory bears;
 And soft *Idume* weeps her od'rous tears.
 Thus *Pontus* sends her beaver stones from far, §
 And naked *Spaniards* temper steel for war.
Epirus for th' *Elean* chariot breeds
 (In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.
 This is th' original contract; these the laws
 Impos'd by nature, and by nature's cause,

On

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pius, to hold it: for beside it's being a compliment to him for his justice, or for his holding the balance of the affairs of the world, (if they talked of princes then, in the style we have been so much used to of late) *Libra* was the very sign that was said to preside over *Italy*; and so *Augustus* in holding that, would be supposed to be the guardian angel of his country after his decease, as he had been so formally declared to be the father and protector of it in his life-time. Upon the whole, we do not see how any thought of this kind could have been carried on with more propriety, than this seems to have been, by the admirers or flatterers of that emperor.

† The writers of agriculture, says Dr. *Martyn*, did not confine themselves to the computation of astrologers; but dated their spring from the end of the frosty weather.

‡ The meaning is, that a field which has lain still two years together, instead of one (which last is the common method) will bear a much greater crop.

§ It is a vulgar mistake that the testicles of the beaver contain the castor; for it is taken from some odoriferous glands about the groin of this animal. *Virsa* in this place does not mean poisonous, but efficacious or powerful.

On fundry places, when *Deucalion* hurl'd
 His mother's entrails on the desert world:
 Whence men, a hard laborious kind were born. }
 Then borrow part of winter for thy corn;
 And early with thy team the glebe in furrows }
 turn,
 That while the turf lies open and unbound,
 Succeeding suns may bake the mellow ground.
 But if the soil be barren, only scar
 The surface, and but lightly print the share,
 When cold *Arcturus* rises with the sun;
 Lest wicked weeds the corn should over-run*
 In wat'ry soils: or lest the barren sand
 Should suck the moisture from the thirsty land.
 Both these unhappy soils the swain forbears,
 And keeps a sabbath of alternate years;
 That the spent earth may gather heat again,
 And, better'd by cessation, bear the grain.
 At least where vetches, pulse, and tares have stood,
 And stalks of lupines grew (a stubborn wood.)†
 Th' ensuing season, in return, may bear
 The bearded product of the golden year.
 For flax and oats will burn the tender field,‡
 And sleepy poppies harmful harvests yield.
 But sweet vicissitudes of rest and toil
 Make easy labour, and renew the soil.
 Yet sprinkle fordid ashes all around,
 And load with fatt'ning dung thy fallow ground.

NOTES.

* *Virgil* speaks of the seasons of ploughing strong and light ground. The first, says he, must be ploughed early in the spring, and lie all summer; and the other lightly in autumn: or else the strong ground will run all to weeds, and the light ground will have all it's juices exhausted.

† The *trifolium lupinus* is not our lupin, but that feed which they now in *Italy* lay afoak so long in water, to get rid of it's bitterness, and even sell it so in their streets. It is but a very insipid thing at best. The *faselus* of the *Romans* is our lupin.

‡ That flax, oats, and poppies, dry and impoverish the soil, we have the concurrent testimony of *Columella*, *Paladius*, and *Pliny*. The *Romans* cultivated poppies, not our common scarlet ones, but our garden poppy.

§ They still use the method so much recommended by *Virgil* of burning the stubble, especially in the more barren fields, in most parts of *Italy*; and about *Rome* in particular, where there is so much bad ground. The smoke is very troublesome when they do it; and there had been so many complaints made of it to *Clement XI.* that he had resolved to forbid that practice. When the order was laid be-

Thus change of seeds for meagre soils is best;
 And earth manur'd, not idle, though at rest.

Long practice has a sure improvement found,
 With kindled fires to burn the barren ground,
 When the light stubble, to the flames resign'd,§
 Is driv'n along, and crackles in the wind.
 Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
 Is warm'd with secret strength for better birth;
 Or when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
 Redundant humours thro' the pores expire;
 Or that the warmth distends the chinks, and makes
 New breathings, whence new nourishment she
 takes;

Or that the heat the gaping ground constrains,
 New knits the surface, and new strings the veins,
 Lest soaking show'rs should pierce her secret seat, }
 Or freezing *Boreas* chill her genial heat;
 Or scorching suns too violently beat. }

Nor is the profit small, the peasant makes,
 Who smooths with harrows, or who pounds with
 rakes,

The crumbling clods: nor *Ceres* from on high
 Regards his labours with a grudging eye;
 Nor his, who ploughs across the furrow'd grounds,||
 And on the back of earth inflicts new wounds;
 For he with frequent exercise commands
 Th' unwilling soil, and tames the stubborn lands. ¶

Yc

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fore that pope, to be signed by him; a cardinal (who happened to be with his holiness) spoke much of the use of it; shewed him this passage in *Virgil*; and the pope in reading it, changed his mind, and rejected the order.

|| What the poet speaks of here retains the *Roman* name to this day in many parts of *England*, and is called, sowing upon the back; that is, sowing stiff ground after once ploughing. Now, says *Virgil*, he that draws a harrow or hurdle over his ground before he sows it, does it much good, for this fills up the chinks, which otherwise would bury the corn; but then, says he, *Ceres* always looks kindly on him, who ploughs his ground across again.

¶ *Virgil* in his *Georgics* gives us an idea of *Ceres* as regarding the laborious husbandman from heaven, and blessing the work of his hand with success. There is a picture like this in the famous old manuscript of *Virgil* in the *Vatican*; and *Lucretius* has a strong description of another deity, exactly in the same attitude, though with a different regard. This image of *Ceres* puts one in mind of that beautiful one in the *Psalms*—"Righteousness (a person) hath looked down from heaven."

Ye swains invoke the pow'rs who rule the sky,
 For a moist summer, and a winter dry :
 For winter drought rewards the peasant's pain,
 And broods indulgent on the bury'd grain.
 Hence *Mysia* boasts her harvest, and the tops
 Of *Gargarus* admire their happy crops.*
 When first the soil receives the fruitful seed,
 Make no delay, but cover it with speed :
 So fenc'd from cold ; the pliant furrows break,
 Before the surly clod resists the rake.
 And call the floods from high, to rush amain
 With pregnant streams, to swell the teeming grain.
 Then when the fiery suns too fiercely play,
 And shrivell'd herbs on with'ring stems decay,
 The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
 Undams his wat'ry stores, huge torrents flow ;
 And, rattling down the rocks, large moisture yield,
 Temp'ring the thirsty fever of the field. †
 And lest the stem, too feeble for the freight,
 Should scarce sustain the head's unwieldy weight,
 Sends in his feeding flocks betimes t' invade
 The rising bulk of the luxuriant blade ; ‡
 Ere yet th' aspiring offspring of the grain
 O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain :
 And drains the standing waters, when they yield
 Too large a bev'rage to the drunken field.
 But most in autumn, and the show'ry spring,
 When dubious months uncertain weather bring ;
 When fountains open, when impetuous rain
 Swells hasty brooks, and pours upon the plain ;
 When earth with slime and mud is cover'd o'er,
 Or hollow places spue their wat'ry store.
 Nor yet the ploughmen, nor the lab'ring steer,
 Sustain alone the hazards of the year ;
 But glutton geese, and the *Strymonian* crane, §
 With foreign troops invade the tender grain :

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* This is one of those figures that raise the style of the *Georgics*, and make it so majestic.

† When the *Persians* were masters of *Asia*, they permitted those who conveyed a spring to any place, which had not been watered before, to enjoy the benefit for five generations ; and as a number of rivulets flowed from mount *Taurus*, they spared no expence in directing the course of their streams. At this day, without knowing how they came thither, they are found in the fields and gardens.

‡ It is a common practice among the farmers at present, when the corn is too rank and luxuriant, to turn in their sheep and feed it down.

§ *Virgil* speaks of the goose as a very troublesome bird, and very pernicious to the corn. They are still

And tow'ring weeds malignant shadows yield ;
 And spreading succ'ry chokes the rising field.
 The fire of Gods and men, with hard decrees,
 Forbids our plenty to be bought with ease :
 And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil,
 Should exercise, with pain, the grudging soil.
 Himself invented first the shining share,
 And whetted human industry by care :
 Himself did handy-crafts and arts ordain ;
 Nor suffer'd sloth to rust his active reign. ||
 Ere this, no peasant vex'd the peaceful ground,
 Which only turfs and greens for altars found :
 No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
 Distinguish'd acres of litigious grounds :
 But all was common, and the fruitful earth
 Was free to give her unexacted birth.
Jove added venom to the viper's brood,
 And swell'd with raging storms, the peaceful flood ;
 Commillion'd hungry wolves t' infest the fold,
 And shook from oaken leaves the liquid gold.
 Remov'd from human reach the chearful fire,
 And from the rivers bade the wine retire :
 That studious need might useful arts explore,
 From furrow'd fields to reap the foodful store ;
 And force the veins of clashing flints t' expire
 The lurking seeds of their celestial fire.
 Then first on seas the hollow'd alder swam :
 Then sailors quarter'd heav'n, and found a name
 For ev'ry fix'd and every wand'ring star :
 The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and the northern car.
 Then toils for beasts, and lime for birds were found ;
 And deep-mouth'd dogs did forest walks surround :
 And casting nets were spread in shallow brooks,
 Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
 Then saws were tooth'd, and founding axes made ;
 (For wedges first did yielding wood invade.)

And

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so in flocks, in the *Campania Felice*, the country which *Virgil* had chiefly in his eye when he wrote his *Georgics*.

|| This account of the providential usefulness of some seeming evils, is not only beautifully poetical, but strictly philosophical. Want is the origin of art ; infirmities and weaknesses are the cause and cement of human society. If man were perfect and self-sufficient, all the efforts of industry would be useless. A dead calm would reign over all the species.

' Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally

' The common int'rest, and endear the tie ;'

Says the great moral poet in his *Essay on Man*. And this doctrine is strongly illustrated throughout that whole system.

And various arts in order did succeed

(What cannot endless labour, urg'd by need?)

First *Ceres* taught, the ground with grain to sow,
And arm'd with iron shares the crooked plough;
When now *Dodonian* oaks no more supply'd
Their mast, and trees their forest fruit deny'd.
Soon was his labour doubled to the swain,
And blasting mildews blacken'd all his grain.
Tough thistles chok'd the fields, and kill'd the corn,
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was borne.
Then burrs and brambles, an unbidden crew
Of graceless guests, th' unhappy field subdue:
And oats unblest'd, and darnel domineers,
And shoots it's head above the shining ears.
So that unless the land with daily care
Is exercis'd, and with an iron war
Of rakes and harrows, the proud foes expell'd.
And birds with clamours frighted from the field;
Unless the boughs are lopp'd that shade the plain,
And heav'n invok'd with vows for fruitful rain,
On other crops you may with envy look,
And shake for food the long-abandon'd oak.*
Nor must we pass untold what arms they wield,
Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field:
Without whose aid the ground her corn denies,
And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise.
The crooked plough, the share, the tow'ring height
Of waggons, and the cart's unwieldy weight;
The shed, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail,
The fan of *Bacchus*, with the flying sail.†
These all must be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
The promis'd blessing of a bounteous crop.
Young elms with early force in copses bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.
Of eight feet long a fasten'd beam prepare,
On either side the head produce an ear,
And sink a socket for the shining share.

Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke;
Or softer linden harden'd in the smoke.
I could be long in precepts, but I fear
So mean a subject might offend your ear.
Delve of convenient depth your threshing floor;
With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er:
And let the weighty roller run the round,
To smooth the surface of th' unequal ground;
Lest crack'd with summer heats the flooring flies,
Or sinks, and thro' the crannies weeds arise.
For fundry foes the rural realms surround;
The field-mouse builds her garner under ground.
For gather'd grain the blind laborious mole
In winding mazes works her hidden hole.
In hollow caverns vermin make abode,
The hissing serpent, and the swelling toad:
The corn-devouring weazel here abides,
And the wise ant her wintry store provides.

Mark well the flow'ring almonds in the wood;
If od'rous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign,
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
But if a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,
Such and so barren will thy harvest be:
In vain the hind shall vex the threshing-floor,
For empty chaff and straw will be thy store.
Some sleep their feed, and some in cauldrons boil
With vigorous nitre, and with lees of oil,
O'er gentle fires, th' exuberant juice to drain,
And swell the flatt'ring hulks with fruitful grain.
Yet is not the success for years assur'd,
Tho' chosen is the seed, and fully cur'd;
Unless the peasant, with his annual pain,
Renews his choice, and culls the largest grain.
Thus all below, whether by nature's curse,
Or fate's decree, degen'rate still to worse.

So

NOTES.

* This is another instance of *Virgil's* poetical manner of telling plain things; instead of saying, you will have no crop; you will be forced, says he, to go into the wild forests, as man used to do, before he was civilized, for food.

† The persons who were initiated into any of the ancient mysteries, were to be particularly good; they looked upon themselves as separated from the vulgar of mankind, and dedicated to a life of singular virtue and piety. This may be the reason that the fan or van, the *mystica vannus Iacchi*, was used in initiations: the instrument that separates the wheat from the chaff being as proper an emblem as can well be, of setting apart the good and virtuous from the wicked or useless part of mankind. In the drawings of the ancient paintings by *Bellori*, there

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are two that seem to relate to initiations; and each of them has the *vannus* in it. In one of them, the person that is initiating, stands in a devout posture, and with a veil on, the old mark of devotion; while two that were formerly initiated hold the van over his head. In the other there is a person holding a van, with a young infant in it. The latter may signify much the same with the scripture expression, entering into a state of virtue "as a little child." *Mark* x. 15. The van itself puts one in mind of another text relating to a particular purity of life, and the separation of the good from the bad, "Whose fan is in his hand, and he shall thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire." *Luke* iii. 17.

So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream;
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.*

Nor must the ploughman less observe the skies,
When the *Kids*, *Dragon*, and *Arcturus* rise,
Than sailors homeward bent, who cut their way
Thro' *Helle's* stormy straits, and oyster-breeding sea.
But when *Astrea's* ballance hung on high,
Betwixt the nights and days divides the sky,
Then yoke your oxen, sow your winter grain;
Till cold *December* comes with driving rain. †
Linseed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
In a dry season, and prevent the storm.
Sow beans and clover in a rotten soil,
And millet, rising from your annual toil.
When with his golden horns, in full career,
The *Bull* beats down the barriers of the year;
And *Argos* and the *Dog* forsake the northern sphere. ‡

NOTES.

* It is remarkable in *Virgil*, that he frequently joins in the same sentence the complete and perfect present with the extended and passing present; which proves that he considered the two, as belonging to the same species of time; and therefore naturally formed to coincide with each other.

———*Si brachia forte remisit,*

Atque illum in praeceps pronus rapit alveus omni. Geor. i.
Terra tremat, fugere ferae. G. i.

In the same manner he joins the same two modifications of time in the past; that is to say, the complete and perfect with the extended and passing.

———*Irruerant Danai & tectum omne tenebant.*

Æn. 2.

† *Bruma* was not used by the ancients for the whole winter; but for one day only of it, the shortest day, or the winter solstice.—The word *extremus* in *Latin* has two very different significations; it may relate to the beginning, as well as the end of any thing; or to the nearest part of it, as well as that farthest off. Thus, if one was to say, *in extremo ponte*, it may mean the hither extremity or end of the bridge; and when *Virgil* says his countrymen should work "Till winter's first impracticable rains," it must be understood of the beginning of that rainy season, which was itself unfit for work; this took up the latter half of *December*, which was therefore turned all into holy-days, or the *Saturnalia*, in which the slaves that were at other times kept to hard work, were indulged in particular liberties, and spent all the time in mirth and joviality.

‡ By *averso astro*, it is most probable *Virgil* means the *Bull*; for that constellation rises with his hinder parts upwards. Throughout *Manilius* the *Bull* is
No. 15.

But if your care to wheat alone extend,
Let *Maia* with her sisters first descend, §
And the bright *Cassian* diadem downward bend, }
Before you trust in earth your future hope;
Or else expect a listless lazy crop.
Some swains have sown before, but must have found
A husky harvest from the grudging ground.
Vile vetches would you sow, or lentils lean,
The growth of *Egypt*, or the kidney bean!
Begin when the slow *Waggoner* descends;
Nor cease your sowing till mid-winter ends:
For this, thro' twelve bright signs *Apollo* guides
The year, and earth in several climes divides.
Five girdles binds the skies, the torrid zone ||
Glow with the passing and repassing sun.
Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heav'n,
To frost and snows the bitter blasts are giv'n.
Betwixt the midst and these, the Gods assign'd
Two habitable seats for human kind:

And

NOTES.

called *astrum aversum*. Some read *adversum*; but that is scarce reconcileable to the sense of this passage.

§ The heliacal setting of these stars *Eosæ Atlantides* is pointed out by the word *abscondantur*. Wherever *Virgil* speaks of the setting of any stars in general, and without any such restriction, it is always to be understood of their natural setting.

|| Under the torrid and burning zone lies that part of the earth which is contained between the two tropics. This was thought by the ancients to be uninhabitable, because of the excessive heat: but later discoveries have shewn it to be inhabited by many great nations. It contains a great part of *Asia*, *Africa*, and *South America*. Under the two frigid or cold zones lie those parts of the earth, which are included within the two polar circles, which are so cold, being at a great distance from the sun, as to be scarce habitable. Within the arctic circle, near the north pole, are contained *Nova Zembla*, *Lapland*, *Greenland*, &c. within the antarctic circle, near the south pole, no land has as yet been discovered; though the great quantities of ice found there make it probable, that there is more land near the south than the north pole. Under the two temperate zones are contained those parts of the globe which lie between the tropics and polar circles. The temperate zone, between the arctic circle and the tropic of *Cancer*, contains the greatest part of *Europe* and *Asia*, part of *Africa*, and almost all *North America*. That between the antarctic circle and the tropic of *Capricorn*, contains part of *South America*, or the *Antipodes*.

And cross their limits cut a sloping way,
Which the twelve signs in beauteous order sway. *
Two poles turn round the globe: one seen to rise
O'er *Scythian* hills, and one in *Lybian* skies.
The first sublime in heav'n, the last is whirl'd
Below the regions of the nether world.
Around our pole the spiry Dragon glides,
And like a winding stream the Bears divides;
The less and greater, who by *Fate's* decree
Abhor to dive beneath the southern sea;
There, as they say, perpetual night is found
In silence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
Or when *Aurora* leaves our northern sphere,
She lights the downward heav'n, and rises there.
And when on us she breathes the living light,
Red vesper kindles there the tapers of the night.
From hence uncertain seasons we may know,
And when to reap the grain, and when to sow;
Or when to sell the fuzes; when 'tis meet
To spread the flying canvas for the fleet.
Observe what stars arise or disappear;
And the four quarters of the rolling year.
But when cold weather and continued rain,
The lab'ring husband in his house restrain,
Let him forecast his work with timely care,
Which else is huddled when the skies are fair:
Then let him mark the sheep, or whet the shining
share, †
Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His sacks, or measure his increasing store;
Or sharpen stakes, or head the forks, or twine
The fallow twigs to tie the straggling vine;
Or wicker baskets weave, or air the corn,
Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn.
No laws, divine or human, can restrain
From necessary works the lab'ring swain.
Ev'n holy-days and feasts permission yield,
To float the meadows, or to fence the field;

NOTES.

* Here the poet describes the zodiac, which is a broad belt spreading about five or six degrees on each side of the ecliptic line, and contains the twelve constellations or signs. They are *Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces*. The ecliptic line cuts the equinoxial obliquely in two opposite points, whence the poet calls the zodiac *obliquus signorum ordo*. It traverses the whole torrid zone, but neither of the temperate zones; so that, *per ambas*, must mean between, not through them. Thus presently after, speaking of the Dragon, he says, it twines, *per duas arctos*: now that constellation cannot be said to twine through the two Bears, but between them. The

To fire the brambles, snare the birds, and steep
In wholesome water-falls the woolly sheep.
And oft the drudging ass is driv'n, with toil,
To neighb'ring towns with apples and with oil:
Returning late, and loaden home with gain
Of barter'd pitch, and hand-mills for the grain.

The lucky days in each revolving moon,
For labour choose: the fifth be sure to shun;
That gave the *Furies* and pale *Pluto* birth,
And arm'd against the skies, the sons of earth.
With mountains pil'd on mountains, thrice they
strove

To scale the steepy battlements of *Jove*;
And thrice his light'ning and red thunder play'd,
And their demolish'd works in ruin laid.
The sev'nth is, next the tenth, the best to join
Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine.
Then weavers stretch your stays upon the west:
The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.
Some works in dead of night are better done:
Or when the morning dew prevents the sun.
Parch'd meads and stubble mow, by *Phæbe's* light,
Which both require the coolness of the night:
For moisture then abounds, and pearly rains
Descend in silence to refresh the plains.
The wife and husband equally conspire,
To work by night, and rake the winter fire:
He sharpens torches in the glimm'ring room,
She shoots the flying shuttle through the loom;
Or boils in kettles musts of wine, and skims
With leaves, the dregs that overflow the brims.
And till the watchful cock awakes the day,
She sings to drive the tedious hours away.
But in warm weather, when the skies are clear,
By day-light reap the product of the year;
And in the sun your golden grain display,
And thresh it out, and winnow it by day. ‡

Plough

NOTES.

zodiac is the annual path of the sun, through each sign of which he passes in about the space of a month. He is said to be in one of those signs, when he appears in that part of the heavens, where those stars are, of which the sign is composed.

† How came the *Romans* not to find out the art of printing many years ago? The *Cæsars* impressed their whole names on grants and letters, and this practice was so common a one, that even the shepherds impressed their names on their cattle.

‡ The *Romans* did not thrash or winnow their corn: in the heat of the day, as soon as it was reaped, they laid it on a floor made on purpose, in the middle of the field, and then they drove horses or mules

Plough naked, swain ; and naked sow the land,
 For lazy winter numbs the lab'ring hand.
 In genial winter, swains enjoy their store,
 Forget their hardships, and recruit for more.
 The farmer to full bowls invites his friends,
 And what he got with pains, with pleasure spends.
 So sailors, when escap'd from stormy seas,
 First crown their vessels, then indulge their ease.
 Yet that's the proper time to thrash the wood
 For mast of oak, your father's homely food.
 To gather laurel-berries, and the spoil
 Of bloody myrtles, and to press your oil.
 For stalking canes to set the guileful snare,
 T' inclose the stags in toils, and hunt the hare.
 With *Balearic* slings, or *Gnosian* bow,
 To prosecute from far the flying doe.
 Then, when the fleecy skies new clothe the wood,
 And cakes of rustling ice come rolling down the
 flood.

Now sing we stormy stars, when autumn weighs
 The year, and adds to nights, and shortens days ;
 And sun's declining shine with feeble rays :
 What cares must then attend the toiling swain ;
 Or when the low'ring spring, with lavish rain,
 Beats down the slender stem and bearded grain :
 While yet the head is green, or lightly swell'd
 With milky moisture, overlooks the field.
 Ev'n when the farmer, now secure of fear,
 Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd year :
 Ev'n while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
 And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands :
 Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise,
 From all the warring winds that sweep the skies :
 The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
 And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble borne ;
 With such a force the flying rack is driv'n,
 And such a winter wears the face of heav'n :
 And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
 Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main :
 The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
 The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.

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mules round about it, till they trod all the grain out. This was the common practice too all over the east ; and that humane text of scripture, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," is a plain allusion to it.

* This description is very sublime. While the winds are roaring, the rains descending, the rivers overflowing, he nobly introduces *Jupiter* himself surrounded with a thick cloud, and from thence darting his thunderbolts, and splitting the loftiest mountains, all the earth trembling and astonished with

The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring sound
 The rising rivers float the nether ground ;
 And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas re-
 bound.

The father of the Gods his glory shrouds :
 Involv'd in tempests, and a night of clouds. *
 And from the middle darkness flashing out,
 By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
 Earth feels the motions of her angry God,
 Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod,
 And flying beasts in forests seek abode :
 Deep horror seizes ev'ry human breast,
 Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd ;
 While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
 And fires the mountains with repeated blows :
 The rocks are from their old foundations rent ;
 The winds redouble, and the rains augment :
 The waves in heaps are dash'd against the shore,
 And now the woods, and now the billows roar.

In fear of this, observe the starry signs,
 Where *Saturn* houses, and where *Hermes* joins.
 But first to heav'n thy due devotion pay,
 And annual gifts on *Ceres*' altars lay.
 When winter's rage abates, when chearful hours
 Awake the spring, the spring awakes the flow'rs.
 On the green turf thy careless limbs display,
 And celebrate the mighty mother's day.
 For then the hills with pleasing shades are crown'd,
 And sleeps are sweeter on the silken ground :
 With milder beams the sun securely shines ;
 Fat are the lambs, and luscious are the wines.
 Let ev'ry swain adore the pow'r divine,
 And milk and honey mix with sparkling wine :
 Let all the choir of clowns attend the shew,
 In long procession, shouting as they go ;
 Invoking her to bless their yearly stores,
 Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.
 Thus in the spring, and thus in summer's heat,
 Before the sickles touch the ripening wheat,
 On *Ceres* call ; and let the lab'ring hind
 With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind :

On

NOTES.

fear and dread. This description, however fine it is, is excelled by the storm in the 18th *Psalms*. God is described flying upon the wings of the wind—"He made darkness his secret place, his pavillion round about him, with dark water and thick clouds to cover him.—The springs of waters were seen, and the foundations of the round world were discovered at thy chiding, O Lord." See the whole, too long to be transcribed, but inimitably great and sublime.

On *Ceres* let him call, and *Ceres* praise, *
 With uncouth dances, and with country lays.
 And that by certain signs we may preface
 Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
 The Sov'reign of the heav'n's has set on high
 The moon, to mark the changes of the sky:
 When southern blasts shall cease, and when the
 swain
 Should near their folds his feeding flocks restrain.
 For ere the rising winds begin to roar,
 The working seas advance to wash the shore:
 Soft whispers run along the leafy woods,
 And mountains whistle to the murm'ring floods: †
 Ev'n then the double billows scarce abstain
 From the toss'd vessel on the troubled main;
 When crying cormorants forsake the sea,
 And stretching to the covert wing their way;
 When sportful coots run skimming o'er the
 strand;
 When watchful herons leave their wat'ry stand;
 And mounting upwards with erected flight,
 Gain on the skies, and soar above the light.
 And oft before tempest'ous winds arise,
 The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies;
 And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
 With sweeping glories, and long trails of light:
 And chaff with eddy winds is whirl'd around,
 And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground;
 And floating feathers on the waters play.
 But when the winged thunder takes his way
 From the cold north, and east and west engage,
 And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
 The clouds are crush'd, a glut of gather'd rain
 The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain,
 And sailors furl their dropping sheets amain. }
 Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise,
 So plain the signs, such prophets are the skies:
 The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
 Above the storm, and leaves the lowly vales:
 The cow looks up, and from afar can find ‡
 The change of heav'n, and snuffs it in the wind.

NOTES.

* This sacrifice the *Romans* called *Ambarvalia* from *ambire arva*; for they led the victim round the fields.

† This puts us in mind of a passage in *Thomson's Seasons* on the same subject, the approach of a storm:

Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
 Sighs the sad genius of a coming storm;
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
 And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook

The swallow skims the river's wat'ry face,
 The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race.
 The careful ant her secret cell forsakes,
 And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks.
 At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood, §
 Huge flocks of rising rooks forsake their food,
 And, crying, seek the shelter of the wood. }
 Besides, the several sorts of wat'ry fowls,
 That swim the seas, or haunt the standing pools:
 The swans that sail along the silver flood,
 And dive with stretching necks to search their food,
 Then lave their backs with sprinkling dew in vain,
 And stem the stream to meet the promis'd rain.
 The crow, with clam'rous cries, the show'r de-
 mands,
 And single stalks along the desert sands. ||
 The nightly virgin, while her wheel she plies,
 Foresees the storms impending in the skies,
 When sparkling lamps their sputtering light ad-
 vance,
 And in the sockets oily bubbles dance.
 Then after show'rs, 'tis easy to descry
 Returning suns, and a serener sky:
 The stars shine smarter, and the moon adorns,
 As with unborrow'd beams, her sharpen'd horns.
 The filmy gossamer now flits no more,
 Nor halcyons bask on the short sunny shore:
 Their litter is not toss'd by fows unclean,
 But a blue drouthy mist descends upon the plain.
 And owls, that mark the setting sun, declare
 A star-light evening, and a morning fair.
 Tow'ring aloft, avenging *Nifus* flies,
 While dar'd below the guilty *Scylla* lies.
 Where ever frightened *Scylla* flies away,
 Swift *Nifus* follows and pursues his prey.
 Where injur'd *Nifus* takes his airy course,
 Thence trembling *Scylla* flies, and shuns his force.
 This punishment pursues th' unhappy maid,
 And thus the purple hair is dearly paid.
 Then, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
 And croaking notes proclaim the settled fair.

Then,

NOTES.

And cave prefaceful send a hollow moan,
 Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.

‡ This prognostic is taken from *Aratus*; and we would observe once for all, that almost each of the signs of weather are borrowed (and indeed beautified) from that ancient writer.

§ This alludes to the ridiculous notion of the ancients, that the rainbow sucked up water with it's horns from lakes and rivers.

|| This line admirably represents the action of the crow, and is an echo to the sense.

Then, round their airy palaces they fly,
To greet the sun: and seiz'd with secret joy,
When storms are over-blown, with food repair
To their forsaken nests, and callow care.
Not that I think their breasts with heav'nly souls *
Inspir'd, as man, who destiny controls.
But with the changeful temper of the skies,
As rains condense, and sun-shine rarifies;
So turn the species in their alter'd minds,
Compos'd by calms, and discompos'd by winds.
From hence proceeds the birds harmonious voice;
From hence the cows exult, and frisking lambs
rejoice.

Observe the daily circle of the sun,
And the short year of each revolving moon:
By them thou shalt foresee the following day:
Nor shall a starry night thy hopes betray.
When first the moon appears, if then she shrouds
Her silver crescent, tip'd with fable clouds;
Conclude she bodes a tempest on the main,
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.
Or, if her face with fiery flushing glow,
Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow.
But four nights old, (for that's the surest sign,) †
With sharpen'd horns if glorious then she shine;
Next day, not only that, but all the moon,
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempests, both by land and sea,
And sailors in the port their promis'd vows shall
pay.

Above the rest, the sun, who never lies,
Foretels the change of weather in the skies:
For if he rise, unwilling, to his race,
Clouds on his brow, and spots upon his face;

NOTES.

* This is a remarkable instance of *Virgil's* clear and beautiful style in expressing even the most abstruse notions. The meaning of the words *fata prudentia major*, which occasions difficulties among the commentators, seems to be a greater knowledge (than men have) in the fate of things.

† The verse in the original is quoted by *Seneca* in his works, in a different manner from the common reading.—*PLENA, nec obtusis per cælum cornibus ibit*; and he certainly meant it so, by what he says of it. If this be the true reading, it may be thus understood.—“If on the fourth day of the new moon, it's whole disk appears, and the horns of that part of it which is enlightened, are sharp, and well pointed; then the next day, and all the following, to the end of the month, will be free both from high winds and rain.”

‡ Though we believe there is no one thing in the
No. 15.

Or if thro' mists he shoots his sullen beams,
Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams;
Suspect a drilling day, with southern rain,
Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promis'd grain.
Or if *Aurora*, with half-open'd eyes,
And a pale sickly cheek, salute the skies;
How shall the vine, with tender leaves, defend
Her teeming clusters, when the storms descend?
When ridgy roofs and tiles can scarce avail
To bar the ruin of the rattling hail.
But more than all, the setting sun survey,
When down the steep of heav'n he drives the day.
For oft we find him finishing his race,
With various colours erring on his face;
If fiery red his glowing globe descends,
High winds and furious tempests he portends:
But if his cheeks are swoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet weather by his wat'ry hue;
If dusky spots are varied on his brow, ‡
And streak'd with red, a troubled colour shew;
That sullen mixture shall at once declare
Winds, rains and storms, and elemental war.
What desp'rate madman then would venture o'er
The frith, or haul his cables from the shore?
But if with purple rays he brings the light,
And a pure heav'n relights to quiet night;
No rising winds, or falling storms, are nigh:
But northern breezes through the forest fly,
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled sky. }
Th' unerring sun by certain signs declares,
What the late ev'n, or early morn prepares:
And when the south projects a stormy day, §
And when the clearing north will puff the clouds
away.

The

NOTES.

whole language of the *Romans*, that we are more at a loss about now, than their names of colours; it appears evident enough, that *cæruleus* was used by them for some dark colour or other.

§ Several of the commentators that have been used to consider the winds only in a natural way, and never perhaps in an allegorical one, are greatly offended at the word *cogitet* here. The thinking of a wind is to them the highest pitch of absurdity that can be. They are therefore for altering the passage. If these gentlemen would please to consider that it is not they, but *Virgil* that is speaking here; that the winds were frequently represented as persons in his time; that he had been used to see them so represented both in *Greece*, and in his own country; and that they were commonly worshipped as Gods—they might perhaps be persuaded not to think this so strange an expression for him to use.

The sun reveals the secrets of the sky;
And who dares give the source of light the lye?
The change of empires often he declares,
Pierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.
He first the fate of *Cæsar* did foretel, *
And pity'd *Rome*, when *Rome* in *Cæsar* fell.
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light;
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.

Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:
Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the sun.
Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd,
And birds obscene, and howling dogs divin'd.
What rocks did *Ætna's* bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails; and what floods of
fire!

What clanks were heard, in *German* skies afar,
Of arms and armies, rushing to the war!
Dire earthquakes rent the solid *Alps* below,
And from their summits shook th' eternal snow:
Pale spectres in the close of night were seen,
And voices heard of more than mortal men.
In silent groves, dumb sheep and oxen spoke,
And streams ran backward, and their beds for-
look:

NOTES.

* It is amazing that the best historians, *Pliny*, *Plutarch*, and *Appian*, join in relating these prodigies. *Plutarch* not only mentions the paleness of the sun, for a whole year after *Cæsar's* death, but adds, that the fruits rotted for want of heat. *Appian* relates the stories of the clashing of arms, and shouts in the air, an ox speaking with a human voice, statues sweating blood, wolves howling in the *Forum*, and victims wanting entrails.

† The redundant syllable in *fluviorum*, is expressive of the inundation. *Dion Cassius* relates, that the river *Po* did not only overflow and occasion prodigious damages, but left likewise great quantities of serpents when it retired.

‡ Many learned critics have disputed about the meaning of this passage, which was never cleared up till Mr. *Holdsworth* published a judicious dissertation on the subject. He is of opinion, that *Virgil* means by his two battles of *Philippi*, not two battles fought on the same individual spot, but at two distant places of the same name, the former at *Philippi* (alias *Thebææ Phthiææ*) near *Pharsalus* in *Thessaly*: the latter at *Philippi* near the confines of *Thrace*. And though historians (all except *Lucius Florus*) for distinction's sake, call the latter battle only by the name of *Philippi*; yet, as there was one at *Philippi* near *Pharsalia*, in sight of which the

The yawning earth disclos'd th' abyss of hell;
The weeping statues did the wars foretel;
And holy sweat from brazen idols fell.
Then rising in his might, the king of floods †
Rush'd thro' the forest, tore the lofty woods;
And rolling onward, with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds, and lab'ring hinds away.
Blood sprang from wells, wolves howl'd in towns;
by night,

And boding victims did the priests affright.
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,
Nor forked light'nings flash'd from such a fullen sky.
Red meteors ran across th' ethereal space;
Stars disappear'd, and comets took their place.
For this, th' *Emathian* plains once more were
strow'd ‡

With *Roman* bodies, and just heav'n thought good
To fatten twice those fields with *Roman* blood.
Then, after length of time, the lab'ring swains,
Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains, §
Shall ruffy piles from the plough'd furrows take,
And over empty helmets pass the rake.
Amaz'd at antique titles on the stones,
And mighty relics of gigantic bones.

Ye

NOTES.

former was fought, the poets, for certain reasons (which, says he, I shall consider hereafter) call both by the same name. As to the reasons which he says determined *Virgil* to call both battles by the same name, the chief of them is this: "that in compliment to *Augustus*, he might impress the superstitious *Romans* with a belief, that the vengeance of the Gods against the murderers of *Cæsar* was denounced by numbers of prodigies and omens; and in so remarkable a manner that there appeared in it a particular stroke of providence, according to the heathen superstition, that the second battle which proved fatal to the *Romans*, should be fought in the same province with the first, and near a second *Philippi*."

§ The delicate art of the poet in returning to his subject by inserting this circumstance of the ploughman's finding old armour, cannot be sufficiently admired. *Philips* has finely imitated it in his *Cyder*, where speaking of the destruction of old *Acriconium*, he adds,

— Upon that treacherous tract of land,
She whilom stood; now *Ceres*, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest freight bedeck'd
The apple-tree, by our fore-fathers' blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

Ye home-born Deities, of mortal birth ! *
Thou, father *Romulus*, and mother earth,
Goddeſs unmov'd ! whoſe guardian arms extend
O'er *Tuſcan Tiber's* courſe, and *Roman* tow'rs de-
fend ; †

With youthful *Cæſar* your joint pow'rs engage,
Nor hinder him to ſave the ſinking age.
O ! let the blood, already ſpilt, atone
For the paſt crimes of curſ'd *Laomedon* ! ‡
Heav'n wants thee there ; and long the Gods, we know,
Have grudg'd thee, *Cæſar*, to the world below :
Where fraud and rapine, right and wrong confound ; }
Where impious arms from every part reſound, }
And monſtrous crimes in ev'ry ſhape are crown'd. }

NOTES.

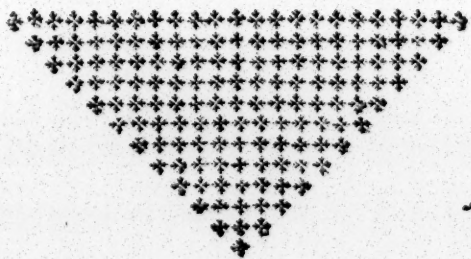
* *Virgil* by the *dii patrii*, here means the great train of Deities, firſt received all over the eaſt, and afterwards ſucceſſively in *Greece* and *Italy*. Among the *Romans*, the three Deities received as ſupreme, were *Jupiter*, *Juno*, and *Minerva* ; and therefore *Virgil* adds the word *indigetes*, to fix it to the three great ſupreme Gods, received as ſuch in his own country. *Indigetes* here is much the ſame as *noſtri* in *Juvenal*, when he ſpeaks of theſe very Deities.

The peaceful peaſant to the wars is preſt ;
The fields lie fallow in inglorious reſt ;
The plain no paſture to the flock affords,
The crooked ſcythes are ſtraiten'd into ſwords :
And there *Euphrates* her ſoft offspring arms,
And here the *Rhine* rebellows with alarms ;
The neighb'ring cities range on ſev'ral ſides,
Perfidious *Mars* long plighted leagues divides, }
And o'er the waſted world in triumph rides. }
So four fierce courſers ſtarting to the race,
Scour thro' the plain, and lengthen ev'ry pace :
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threat'ning cries they
fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.

NOTES.

† *Virgil* in this place, and in *Geo.* 2. 530, ſpeaks of *Tuſcany* and *Rome* almoſt as if they were upon the ſame footing ; chiefly out of complaiſance for his great patron *Mæcenæſ*, who was deſcended from the old race of the kings of that country.

‡ *Apollo* and *Neptune* being hired by *Laomedon*, to aſſiſt him in building a wall round his city of *Troy*, when the work was finiſhed, were by him defrauded of their pay.



The SECOND BOOK of the GEORGICS.

A R G U M E N T.

The subject of the following book is planting. In handling of which argument, the poet shews all the different methods of raising trees: describes their variety; and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the soils in which the several plants thrive best; and thence takes occasion to run out into the praises of Italy. After which, he gives some directions for discovering the nature of every soil; prescribes rules for dressing of vines, olives, &c. And concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country life.

THUS far of tillage, and of heav'nly signs;
Now sing, my Muse, the growth of gen'rous
vines: *

The shady groves, the woodland progeny,
And the slow product of *Minerva's* tree.

Great father *Bacchus*! to my song repair;
For clust'ring grapes are thy peculiar care:
For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
And the last blessings of the year are thine;
To thee his joys the jolly *Autumn* owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.
Come, strip with me, my God, come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink at ev'ry
pore.

Some trees their birth to bounteous nature owe;†
For some, without the pains of planting, grow.

NOTES.

* Instead of coolly proposing the subject he is going to treat of, viz. the cultivation of vines, olives, &c. the poet at once breaks out into a rapturous address to *Bacchus*; the image contained in the next lines is beautiful and picturesque. We see the God treading the wine-press.

† The poet says, wild trees are produced three several ways, spontaneously, by seeds, and by suckers.

With osiers thus the banks of brooks abound,
Sprung from the wat'ry genius of the ground:
From the same principle grey willows come;
Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.
But some from seeds inclos'd in earth arise;
For thus the mastful chestnut mates the skies,
Hence rise the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where *Jove* of old oraculously spoke. ‡
Some from the root a rising wood disclose;
Thus elms, and thus the savage cherry grows. §
Thus the green bays, that binds the poet's brows,
Shoots, and is shelter'd by the mother's boughs.

These ways of planting, nature did ordain,
For trees and shrubs, and all the sylvan reign.
Others there are, by late experience found; ||
Some cut the shoots, and plant in furrow'd ground;
Some

NOTES.

‡ In this and many other passages, he glances at, and ridicules the superstition of the *Grecians*.

§ This kind of fruit had not been brought into *Italy* many years before *Virgil* wrote. It is said, *Lucullus* first introduced them into that country after he had conquered *Mithridates*.

|| Having spoken of trees which spontaneously propagate their species, he now proceeds to mention those methods which are used by human industry.
These

Some cover rooted stalks in deeper mould;
 Some cloven stakes, and (wond'rous to behold)
 Their sharpen'd ends in earth their footing place,
 And the dry poles produce a living race.*
 Some bow their vines, which bury'd in the plain,
 Their tops in distant arches rise again.
 Others no root require, the lab'rer cuts
 Young slips, and in the soil securely puts.
 Ev'n stumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,†
 Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.
 'Tis usual now, an inmate graff to see
 With insolence invade a foreign tree:
 Thus pears and quinces from the crab-tree come;
 And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.

Then let the learned gard'ner mark with care
 The kinds of stocks, and what those kinds will
 bear,

Explore the nature of each sev'ral tree;
 And known, improve with artful industry;
 And let no spot of idle earth be found,
 But cultivate the genius of the ground.
 For open *Ismarus* will *Bacchus* please;‡
Taburnus loves the shade of olive trees.

The virtues of the sev'ral soils I sing.
Mæcenas, now thy needful succour bring!
 O thou! the better part of my renown,
 Inspire thy poet, and thy poem crown;
 Embark with me, while I new tracks explore,
 With flying sails and breezes from the shore:
 Not that my song, in such a scanty space,
 So large a subject fully can embrace:
 Not tho' I were supply'd with iron lungs,
 A hundred mouths, fill'd with as many tongues:

NOTES.

These are by suckers, sets, layers, cuttings, pieces of cleft wood, and ingrafting.

* There are two ways of planting setters; when the bottom is slit across both ways, and when it is cut into a point, which is called the colt's foot.

† It is common in *Italy* to see old olive-trees, that seem totally dead in the trunk, and yet have very flourishing young heads. The same is often as surprizing in old willows; of which we have seen several (and particularly some in the garden island in *St. James's Park*) which send down a tap-root from their heads through the trunk, that often seems intirely decayed; and so form a young tree on an old stock, which looks as flourishing as the other does rotten.

‡ *Ismarus* is a mountain in *Thrace*; *Taburnus* in *Campania*, famous for olives.

§ The poet had before mentioned the three ways by which wild trees are produced. Here he follows

No. 15.

But steer my vessel with a steady hand,
 And coast along the shore in sight of land.
 Nor will I tire thy patience with a train
 Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.
 The trees, which of themselves advance in air, §
 Are barren kinds, but strongly built and fair:
 Because the vigour of the native earth
 Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth.
 Yet these, receiving graffs of other kind,
 Or thence transplanted, change their savage mind;
 Their wildness lose, and quitting nature's part,
 Obey the rules and discipline of art.
 The same do trees, that, sprung from barren roots
 In open fields, transplanted, bear their fruits.
 For where they grow, the native energy
 Turns all into the substance of the tree,
 Starves and destroys the fruit, is only made
 For brawny bulk, and for a barren shade.
 The plant that shoots from seed, a fullen tree
 At leisure grows, for late posterity;
 The gen'rous flavour lost, the fruits decay,
 And savage grapes are made the birds ignoble prey.
 Much labour is requir'd in trees, to tame
 Their wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.
 Well must the ground be digg'd, and better dress'd,
 New soil to make, and meliorate the rest.
 Old stakes of olive trees in plants revive;
 By the same methods *Paphian* myrtles live;
 But nobler vines by propagation thrive. }
 From roots hard hazles, and from scyons rise ||
 Tall ash, and taller oak that mates the skies:
 Palm, poplar, fir, descending from the steep
 Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep.

The

NOTES.

the same method, and shews by what culture each sort may be meliorated.

|| After the general conclusion of planting out with great toil, and the short remark added, that some trees thrive best, not by the ordinary way of planting, but by layers and truncheons, *Virgil* proceeds next to another sort of planting, still more difficult; and tells us, that not only young plants and truncheons may be removed, but even grown trees. This is methodical, and consistent with what preceded, the transition easy, and the climax just. We continue still in the plantation, but we are led into a part we had seen nothing of before, a grove of some considerable growth, newly planted. And therefore we may observe, all the epithets and decorations, used here to enliven the subject, are suited to trees of an advanced age. By this interpretation it must appear already, that the epithet *ardua*, which is a great difficulty with some of the commentators, be-

3 S

comes

The thin-leav'd arbut, hazle graffs receives,
And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
Thus mastful beech the bristly chefnut bears,
And the wild ash is white with blooming pears;
And greedy swine from grafted elms are fed
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.

But various are the ways to change the state
Of plants, to bud, to graff, t' inoculate.
For where the tender rinds of trees disclose
Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there grows;
Just in that space a narrow slit we make,
Then other buds from bearing trees we take;
Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close,
In whose moist womb th' admitted infant grows.

NOTES.

comes plain and easy: and indeed it was so far from embarrassing us, that it helped to explain what went before. We advance farther in the plantation, and are shewn, that even the palm too (an exotic) may be transplanted when tall, or in poetic language, be born a tree; and so likewise the fir, when grown fit for a mast. We may very reasonably imagine, that in *Virgil's* time, that age of luxury, the great men of *Rome* transplanted tall trees from woods and nurseries, as is frequently done with us, into their walks and gardens. *Maccenas*, to whom this book is dedicated, had a garden, we know, on the *Esquiline* hill, celebrated by *Horace* and others; and it is not improbable, that in order to bring it sooner to perfection, this might be practised there, perhaps just at the time when *Virgil* was writing this *Georgic*. If so, how artfully does the poet here insinuate, with his usual address, a compliment to his patron? We only hint this as a conjecture; but are more inclined to believe, that something of the wilderness part of a garden is intended, by the palm being placed among the others; which, though a fruit tree in it's own country, yet is not improperly put here in the company of forest-trees, because it did not bear fruit, nor was counted a fruit-tree, at that time in *Italy*: as *Pliny* informs us, *lib. 3. c. 4.* and therefore could be planted only, as the others might, for beauty and ornament to gardens. Whether *Virgil* had any such view or not, there can at least be no doubt but that removing tall trees was practised among the *Romans*. We find by *Pliny*, that the common method of making their *arbuta*, or plantations for supporting vines, was by planting out elms, when about five years old, or about twenty foot high: *lib. 17. c. 11.* And the fir, mentioned above, which *Pliny* tells us had so deep a root, must certainly have been a tall tree, and yet, he says, was re-

But when the smooother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep incision in the tree;
And in the solid wood the slip inclose,
The bat'ning bastard shoots again and grows;
And in short space the laden boughs arise,
With happy fruit advancing to the skies.
The mother-plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.

Of vegetable woods are various kinds,
And the same species are of sev'ral minds.
Lotes, willows, elms, have different forms allow'd,
So fun'ral cypress rising like a throud.
Fat olive trees of sundry sorts appear,
Of sundry shapés their unctuous berries bear.

Radii

NOTES.

moved. As to the palm, though it did not arrive to such perfection in *Italy*, as to bear fruit, yet we find it was common there; and a tree which not only would bear removing, but thrive the better for it. And to put this matter about removing tall trees beyond dispute, *Virgil* himself confirms it in another place, and makes his *Corycius Senex* put it in practice, *Georg. iv. 144, &c.* It is true, most of the commentators and translators seem not to have rightly apprehended the meaning of this passage, and thereby have lost much of it's spirit. But since the above explication is just, and gives it it's full force, we doubt not, but when they compare the expression of both passages together, they will more easily agree to our interpretation; and will be surprized, as indeed we are, how it before escaped them. With regard to the verses following:

*Inseritur vero ex foetu nucis arbutus horrida,
Et steriles platani malos gessere valentes.*

Virgil had before spoken of grafting in the common method. As he there grafts only kernel fruit on kernel, and stone on stone, he shews plainly, that he understands what was the common method, and conforms to it. Again, under the articles of improvements, he observes, that chance-plants, which are naturally wild, may be civilized by grafting, as crabs, sloes, or wild plumbs, &c. Having thus sufficiently mentioned this practice, and there being no necessity to repeat it, as he endeavours to be as concise as possible; he proceeds in the next place to tell us, that trees of different kinds may likewise be grafted on each other. And as he had before shewed, in the four preceding verses, what art could do in transplanting tall trees; he advances here to shew what may likewise be done by the help of art in grafting, viz. that any cion may be ingrafted on any stock.

Radii long olives, *Orchites* round produce,
And bitter *Pausia* pounded for the juice.
Alcinus' orchard various apples bears:
Unlike are bergamottes and pounder pears.
Nor our *Italian* vines produce the shape,
Or taste, or flavour of the *Lesbian* grape.
The *Thasian* vines in richer soils abound,
The *Mereotique* grow in barren ground.
The *Psythian* grape we dry: *Legæan* juice*
Will itamming tongues, and stagging feet produce.

Rathe ripe are some, and some of later kind,
Of golden some, and some of purple rind.
How shall I praise the *Ræthean* grape divine,
Which yet contends not with *Falernian* wine!
Th' *Aminean* many a consulship survives,
And longer than the *Lydian* vintage lives,
Or high *Phanæus* king of *Chian* growth:
But for large quantities and lasting both,
The less *Argitis* bears the prize away.
The *Rhodian*, sacred to the solemn day;
In second services is pour'd to *Jove*;
And best accepted by the Gods above.†
Nor must *Bumastus* his old honours lose,‡
In length and largeness like the dugs of cows.
I pass the rest, whose ev'ry race and name,
And kinds, are less material to my theme.
Which who would learn, as soon may tell the sands,

Driv'n by the western wind on *Libyan* lands;
Or number, when the blust'ring *Eurus* roars,
The billows beating on *Ionian* shores.

Nor ev'ry plant on ev'ry soil will grow:
The fallow loves the wat'ry ground, and low;

NOTES.

* *Passum* is a wine made from raisins, or dried grapes, common both in *Italy* and the south of *France*. But the grapes are only hung up to dry, and not squeezed into barrels like our common raisins.

† Among the *Romans*, the first course consisted of flesh, and the second of fruit, at which they poured out wine to offer to the Gods, called a libation.

‡ *Bumastus* is the very large red sort of grapes, that they give you so perpetually in their deserts in *Italy*: and particularly at *Florence*. It has it's name from it's shape, each grape being like the teat of a cow; *Varro* half latinises the word, where he calls it *bumamma*.

§ *Virgil* here gives a very high character of this tree, both for it's beauty and usefulness: we take it that he means orange-trees, which were brought first

The marshes, alders; nature seems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild ash's reign;
The baleful yew to northern blasts assigns;
To shores the myrtles, and to mount the vines.

Regard th' extremest cultivated coast,
From hot *Arabia* to the *Scythian* frost:
All sorts of trees their sev'ral countries know;
Black ebon only will in *India* grow:
And od'rous frankincense on the *Sabaean* bough. }
Balm slowly trickles through the bleeding veins
Of happy shrubs, in *Idumæan* plains.
The green *Egyptian* thorn, for med'cine good;
With *Ethiop's* hoary trees and woolly wood,
Let others tell: and how the *Ceres* spin
Their fleecy forests in a slender twine.
With mighty trunks of trees on *Indian* shores,
Whose height above the feather'd arrow soars,
Shot from the toughest bough; and by the brawn
Of expert archers, with vast vigour drawn.
Sharp-tasted citrons *Median* climes produce;§
Bitter the rind, but gen'rous is the juice:
A cordial fruit, a present antidote
Against the direful stepdame's deadly draught:
Who, mixing wicked weeds with words impure,
The fate of envy'd orphans would procure.
Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
And did it not a diff'rent scent disclose,
A laurel were: the fragrant flowers condemn
The stormy winds, tenacious of their stem.
With this the *Medes*, to lab'ring age bequeath
New lungs, and cure the founnels of the breath.
But neither *Median* woods, (a plenteous land) ||
Fair *Ganges*, *Hermus* rolling golden sand,

Nor

NOTES.

into *Italy* from *Media* in his time. As the orange-tree was not yet generally known in *Italy*, he describes it by it's likeness to a tree, well known there, the laurel-tree. The leaves, says he, resemble the leaves of that; but have a finer and more diffused smell, and it is almost always beautified with flowers. *Pliny* (*Nat. Hist. lib. xii. c. 3.*) calls the orange-tree *malus Medica*, and his account of it agrees extremely with this in *Virgil*.

|| We are now come to his most beautiful praises of *Italy*; nor is it easy to determine which is greatest, the poet's skill, or the patriot's love of his country. He glances at *Greece* with some ironical sarcasms, in several parts of this passage, and alludes to the famous story of *Jason*. Mr. *Thomson* has finely imitated these praises of *Italy* in his *Seasons*, where he celebrates *Great Britain*. 6

Nor *Bactria*, nor the richer *Indian* fields,
 Nor all the gummy stores *Arabia* yields;
 Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
 Can with sweet *Italy* contend in fame.
 No bulls whose nostrils breathe a living flame,
 Have turn'd our turf, no teeth of serpents here
 Were sown, an armed host, and iron crop to bear.
 But fruitful vines, and the fat olives freight,
 And harvest heavy with their fruitful weight,
 Adorn our fields; and on the chearful green,
 The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.
 The warrior horse here bred, is taught to train:
 There flows *Clitumnus* thro' the flow'ry plain;*
 Whose waves, for triumphs after prosp'rous war,
 The victim ox, and snowy sheep prepare.
 Perpetual spring our happy climate sees;
 Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
 And summer suns recede by slow degrees.

Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
 Nor nourishes the lion's angry feed;
 Nor pois'nous aconite is here produc'd,
 Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
 Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide,
 Or rais'd on such a spiry volume ride.

Next add our cities of illustrious name,
 Their costly labour, and stupendous frame;
 Our forts on steepy hills, that far below†
 See wanton streams, in winding vallies flow.

NOTES.

* Now called *Clitumnus*; it rises a little below the village of *Campello* in *Ombria*. The inhabitants near this river still retain a notion, that it's waters are attended with a supernatural property, imagining that it makes the cattle white that drink of it; a quality for which it is likewise celebrated by many of the *Latin* poets.

† Among other instances of the happiness of *Italy*, *Virgil* mentions it's having so many towns built on craggy rocks and hills. There were more formerly, and are several still. In the road from *Rome* to *Naples*, you see no less than four in one view, from the hill on which *Piperno* now stands; reckoning that for one of them. These were very useful, of old, for defence, among such a fighting race of people: and are so still for their coolness, in so hot a climate, that they are generally forced to drive their flocks of sheep up upon the mountains for the summer-season, as they usually feed them in the sheltered plains by the sea-side in the winter.

‡ *Italy* is washed on the north side by the *Adriatic* sea, or gulph of *Venice*, which is called *mare superum*, or the upper sea; and on the south side by the *Tyr-*

Our two-fold seas, that washing either side,‡
 A rich recruit of foreign stores provide.
 Our spacious lakes; thee, *Larius*, first; and next
Benacus, with tempestuous billows vex.
 Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
 Of the vast mound that binds the *Lucrine* lake?
 Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,
 Roars round the structure, and invades the fence.
 There, where secure, the *Julian* waters glide,
 Or where *Avernus*' jaws admit the *Tyrrhene* tide.
 Our quarries, deep in earth, were fam'd of old
 For veins of silver, and for ore of gold.
 Th' inhabitants themselves, their country grace;
 Hence rose the *Marfian* and *Sabellian* race:
 Strong-limb'd and stout, and to the wars inclin'd;
 And hard *Ligurians*, a laborious kind:
 And *Vulscians* arm'd with iron-headed darts,
 Besides an offspring of undaunted hearts,
 The *Decii*, *Marii*, great *Camillus* came
 From hence, and greater *Scipio*'s double name: §
 And mighty *Cæsar*, whose victorious arms
 To farthest *Asia* carry fierce alarms:
 Avert unwarlike *Indians* from his *Rome*;
 Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home.

Hail, sweet *Saturnian* soil! of fruitful grain ||
 Great parent, greater of illustrious men,
 For thee my tuneful accents will I raise,
 And treat of arts disclos'd in ancient days:

Once

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rhene or *Tuscan* sea, which is called *mare inferum*, or the lower sea. The *Larius* is a great lake at the foot of the *Alps* in the *Milanese*, now called *Lago di Como*. The *Benacus* is another great lake in the *Veronese*, now called *Lago di Garda*; out of which flows the *Mincius*, on the banks of which our poet was born. *Lucrinus* and *Avernus* are two lakes of *Campania*; the former of which was almost wholly destroyed by an earthquake, but the latter is still remaining, and now called *Lago d'Averno*.

§ The elder *Scipio* delivered his country from the invasion of *Hannibal*, by transferring the war into *Africa*; where he subdued the *Carthaginians*, imposed a tribute upon them, and took hostages. Hence he had the surname of *Africanus*, and the honour of a triumph. The younger *Scipio* triumphed for the conclusion of the third *Punic* war, by the total destruction of *Carthage*. Hence they were called the thunderbolts of war.

|| The conclusion of *Pliny's* natural history bears a very near resemblance to this passage, and is very beautiful.

Once more unlock for thee the sacred spring,
And old *African* verse in *Roman* cities sing.

The nature of their sev'ral soils now see,
Their strength, their colour, their fertility;
And first for heath and barren hilly ground,
Where meagre clay and flinty stones abound;
Where the poor soil all succour seems to want,
Yet this suffices the *Palladian* plant.
Undoubted signs of such a soil are found,
For here wild olive shoots o'erspread the ground,
And heaps of berries strew the fields around. }
But where the soil, with fatt'ning moisture fill'd,
Is cloath'd with grass, and fruitful to be till'd;
Such as in chearful vales we view from high;
Which dripping rocks with rolling streams supply,
And feed with ooze, where rising hillocks run
In length, and open to the southern sun;
Where fern succeeds, ungrateful to the plow,
That gentle ground to gen'rous grapes allow.
Strong stocks of vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the vats with friendly juice;
Such as our priests in golden goblets pour
To Gods, the givers of the chearful hour.
Then when the bloated *Thyſcan* blows his horn,
And reeking entrails are in chargers borne.

If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care,
Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare;
Then seek *Tarentum's* lawns, and farthest coast,
Or such a field as hapless *Mantua* lost:
Where silver swans sail down the wat'ry road,
And graze the floating herbage of the flood,
There chryſtal streams perpetual tenour keep,
Nor food nor springs are wanting to thy sheep.
For what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plow,
Putrid and looſe above, and black below;
For ploughing is an imitative toil,
Reſembling nature in an eaſy ſoil.
No land for ſeed like this, no fields afford
So large an income to the village lord!
No toiling teams from harveſt-labour come
So late at night, ſo heavy laden home.

NOTES.

* *Virgil* ſays that the dry hungry ſoil now under conſideration, is of ſo barren a nature, that not even thoſe common plants, caſia and roſemary, will grow in it. Dr. *Martyn* has proved the caſia here mentioned not to be the celebrated aromatic caſia, but a very vulgar herb.

† *Densa* ſignifies ſuch a ſoil, as will not eaſily admit the rain, is eaſily cracked, and apt to gape, and
No. 15.

The like of foreſt land is underſtood,
From whence the ſurly ploughman grubs the wood, }
Which had for length of ages idle ſtood.
Then birds forſake the ruins of their ſeat,
And flying from their neſts their callow young
forget.

The coarſe lean gravel on the mountains ſides,
Scarce dewy bev'rage for the bees provides: *
Nor chalk nor crumbling ſtones, the food of ſnakes,
That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
The ſoil exhaling clouds of ſubtile dews,
Inbibing moiſture which with eaſe ſhe ſpews;
Which ruſts not iron, and whoſe mould is clean;
Well cloath'd with chearful graſs and ever-green,
Is good for olives, and aſpiring vines,
Embracing huſband elms, in am'rous twines:
Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to ſow,
And equal to the paſture and the plow.

Such is the ſoil of fat *Campanian* fields,
Such large increaſe the land that joins *Vefuvius*
yields,

And ſuch a country could *Acerra* boaſt,
Till *Clanſius* overflow'd th' unhappy coaſt.

I teach thee next the diff'ring ſoils to know;
The light for vines, the heavier for the plow. †
Chuſe firſt a place for ſuch a purpoſe fit,
There dig the ſolid earth, and ſink a pit. ‡
Next fill the hole with it's own earth again,
And trample with thy feet, and tread it in;
Then if it riſe not to the former height
Of ſuperfice, conclude that ſoil is light:
A proper ground for paſtorage and vines.
But if the ſullen earth, ſo preſs'd, repines,
Within it's native manſion to retire,
And ſtays without, a heap of heavy mire;
'Tis good for arable, a glebe that aſks
Tough teams of oxen, and laborious taſks.

Salt earth and bitter are not fit to ſow,
Nor will be tam'd and mended by the plow.
Sweet grapes degen'rate there, and fruits declin'd
From their firſt flav'rous taſte, renounce their kind.
This truth by ſure experiment is try'd:
For firſt an oſier colander provide

Of

NOTES.

ſo let in the ſun to the root of the vines, and in a manner to ſtrangle the young plants. This therefore muſt be a hard or ſtiff ſoil; *rara*, lets the ſhowers quite through, and is apt to be dried up with the ſun. Therefore this muſt be a looſe ſoil.

‡ It is extremely difficult to make this experiment, which is told with great dignity in the *Latin*, read gracefully and agreeably in a tranſlation.

Of twigs thick wrought, (such toiling peasants
twine,

When thro' strait passages they strain their wine;)

In this close vessel place that earth accurs'd,

But fill'd brimful with wholesome water first:

Then run it through, the drops will rope around,

And by the bitter taste disclose the ground.

The fatter earth by handling we may find,

With ease distinguish'd from the meagre kind:

Poor soil will crumble into dust, the rich

Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch.

Moist earth produces corn and grafs, but both

Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth.

Let not my land so large a promise boast,

Left the lank ears in length of stem be lost.

The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd,

The lighter in the poising hand is weigh'd:

'Tis easy to distinguish by the sight,

The colour of the soil, and black from white.

But the cold ground is difficult to know,

Yet this the plants that prosper there will shew;

Black ivy, pitch-trees, and the baleful yew.

These rules consider'd well, with early care

The vineyard destin'd for thy vines prepare:

But, long before the planting, dig the ground,

With furrows deep that cast a rising mound:

The clods, expos'd to winter winds, will bake;

For putrid earth will best in vineyards take,

And hoary frosts, after the painful toil

Of delving hinds, will rot the mellow soil.

Some peasants, not t' omit the nicest care,*

Of the same soil their nursery prepare,

With that of their plantation; lest the tree

Translated, should not with the soil agree.

Beside, to plant it as it was, they mark

The heav'n's four quarters on the tender bark;

NOTES.

* Having explained the several sorts of soil, *Virgil* proceeds to give some instructions concerning the planting of vines: and speaks of the trenches to be made to receive the plants out of the nursery; of taking care that the nursery and the vineyards should have a like soil, and that the plants should be set with the same aspect which they had in the nursery.

† *Virgil* does not mean the form of a *Quincunx* in this description, but that you should plant your vines in a square in the following order:

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* * * * *
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* * * * *
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And to the north or south restore the side,
Which at their birth did heat or cold abide.

So strong is custom, such effects can use

In tender souls of pliant plants produce.

Chuse next a province for thy vineyard's reign,

On hills above, or in the lowly plain:

If fertile fields or vallies be thy choice,

Plant thick, for bounteous *Bacchus* will rejoice

In close plantations there. But if the vine

On rising ground be plac'd, or hills supine,

Extend thy loose battalions largely wide,

Opening thy ranks and files on either side: †

But marshall'd all in order as they stand,

And let no soldier straggle from his band.

As legions in the field their front display,

To try the fortune of some doubtful day,

And move to meet their foes with sober pace,

Strict to their figure, tho' in wider space;

Before the battle joins; while from afar

The field yet glitters with the pomp of war, ‡

And equal *Mars* like an imperial lord,

Leaves all to fortune and the dint of sword;

So let thy vines in intervals be set,

But not their rural discipline forget:

Indulge their width, and add a roomy space,

That their extremest lines may scarce embrace;

Nor this alone t' indulge a vain delight,

And make a pleasing prospect for the sight:

But for the ground itself, this only way

Can equal vigour to the plants convey;

Which crowded, want the room their branches to
display.

How deep they must be planted, wouldst thou
know?

In shallow furrows vines securely grow.

Not

NOTES.

As *Virgil* compares the disposition of the trees in a vineyard, to an army drawn up in battle array, it is evident that he must mean this figure. The *Romans* usually allowed three feet square for every common soldier to manage his arms, that is, six feet between each, which is a proper distance for the vines in *Italy*, according to *Columella*, who says the rows should not be wider than ten feet, nor nearer than four.

‡ The shining beauties of the clusters of the vines (says *Dr. Martyn*) are finely represented by the splendor of the brazen arms. But we doubt this part of the comparison is too minute, and too much like an *Italian* conceit, for *Virgil* to have thought of.

Not so the rest of plants; for *Jove's* own tree,
That holds the woods in awful sov'reignty,
Requires a depth of lodging in the ground;
And, next the lower skies, a bed profound:
High as his topmost boughs to heav'n ascend,
So low his roots to hell's dominion tend.
Therefore, nor winds nor winter's rage o'erthrows
His bulky body, but unmov'd he grows.
For length of ages lasts his happy reign,
And lives of mortal men contend in vain.
Full in the midst of his own strength he stands,
Stretching his brawny arms, and leafy hands;
His shade protects the plains, his head the hills
commands.

The hurtful hazle in the vineyard shun;
Nor plant it to receive the setting sun: *
Nor break the topmost branches from the tree;
Nor prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands:
For sparkling fire, from hinds unwary hands, †
Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after spread abroad by raging winds.
For first the smould'ring flame the trunk receives,
Ascending thence, it crackles in the leaves;
At length victorious to the top aspires,
Involving all the wood in smoaky fires.
But most, when driv'n by winds, the flaming storm
Of the long files destroys the beauteous form.
In ashes then th' unhappy vineyard lies,
Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise;
Nor will the wither'd stock be green again,
But the wild olive shoots, and shades th' ungrateful
plain.

Be not seduc'd with wisdom's empty shows,
To stir the peaceful ground when *Boreas* blows.
When winter frosts constrain the field with cold,
The fainty root can take no steady hold.
But when the golden spring reveals the year,
And the white bird returns, whom serpents fear;
That season deem the best to plant thy vines.
Next that, is when autumnal warmth declines;

NOTES.

* It is worth observing that the poet has brought together here, more precepts than in any part of all the *Georgics*; but it is likewise remarkable, that he has placed them very artfully betwixt that fine passage just mentioned, and another equally beautiful.

† This fine description of a fire raging among the vines and their supporters, judiciously relieves the dryness of the *didactic* lines preceding.

‡ There are few passages in the *Georgics* more charming than this description of spring.

Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
Or *Capricorn* admits the winter sun.

The spring adorns the woods, renews the leaves, ‡
The womb of earth the genial seed receives.
For then almighty *Jove* descends, and pours
Into his buxom bride his fruitful show'rs;
And mixing his large limbs with her's, he feeds
Her birth with kindly juice, and fosters teeming
seeds.

Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
And beasts, by nature stung, renew their love.
Then fields the blades of bury'd corn disclose,
And while the balmy western spirit blows,
Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose.
With kindly moisture then the plants abound,
The grass securely springs above the ground;
The tender twig shoots upwards to the skies,
And on the faith of the new sun relies. §
The swerving vines on the tall elms prevail,
Unhurt by southern show'rs or northern hail.
They spread their gems the genial warmth to share,
And boldly trust the buds in open air.
In this soft season (let me dare to sing)
The world was hatch'd by heav'n's imperial king: }
In prime of all the year, and holy-days of spring.
Then did the new creation first appear;
Nor other was the tenour of the year:
When laughing heav'n did the great birth attend,
And eastern winds their wintry breath suspend;
Then sheep first saw the sun in open fields,
And savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds;
And golden stars flew up to light the skies, ||
And man's relentless race, from stony quarries
rise.

Nor could the tender, new creation bear
Th' excessive heats or coldness of the year;
But chill'd by winter, or by summer fir'd,
The middle temper of the spring requir'd.
When warmth and moisture did at once abound,
And heav'n's indulgence brooded on the ground.

For

NOTES.

§ This ascribing boldness and fear to trees is highly poetical.

|| This seems to be oddly put together at first sight. The forests were stocked with beasts, and the heavens with constellations. It was not so in those times, when the constellations were generally considered as real animals, and many of them as men, but most of them as beasts. The prologue to *Plautus's Rudens* is spoken by *Arcturus*, as one of the *Dramatis Personæ*.

For what remains, in depth of earth secure
 Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure;
 And shells and gravel in the ground inclose;*
 For thro' their hollow chinks the water flows;
 Which thus imbib'd, returns in misty dews,
 And steaming up, the rising plant renews.
 Some husbandmen, of late, have found the way,
 A hilly heap of stones above to lay,
 And press the plants with shreds of potters clay. }
 'This fence against immoderate rains they found:
 Or when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty ground.
 Be mindful when thou hast intomb'd the shoot,
 With store of earth around to feed the root;
 With iron teeth of rakes and prongs to move
 The crusted earth, and loosen it above.
 Then exercise thy sturdy steers to plough
 Betwixt thy vines, and teach the feeble row
 To mount on reeds, and wands, and, upward led,
 On ashen poles to raise their forky head.
 On these new crutches let them learn to walk,
 Till swerving upwards, with a stronger stalk,
 They brave the winds, and clinging to their
 guide, †
 On tops of elms at length triumphant ride.
 But in their tender nonage, while they spread
 Their springing leaves, and lift their infant head,
 And upward while they shoot in open air, ‡
 Indulge their childhood, and the nursing spare.
 Nor exercise thy rage on new-born life,
 But let thy hand supply the pruning-knife;
 And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loth
 To strip the branches of their leafy growth:

NOTES.

* Mr. Evelyn mentions the placing potsherds, pebbles, or flints near the root of the stem; but then he adds, remember you remove them after a competent time, else the vermin, snails and insects which they produce and shelter, will gnaw and greatly injure their bark; and therefore to lay a coat of moist rotten litter with a little earth upon it, will preserve it moist in summer, and warm in winter, enriching the showers and dews that strain through it.

† The word *tabulata* in the original signifies the branches of elms extended at proper distances to sustain the vines.

‡ The original expression is extremely bold and strong, for which the poet had the authority of his master *Lucretius*.

§ The ancient theatre was a semicircular building, appropriated to the acting of plays, the name being derived from a Greek word, which signifies to behold. It was divided into the following parts. 1. The *porticus*, *scalæ*, *sedilia*; the rows of *sedilia*,

But when the rooted vines, with steady hold,
 Can clasp their elms, then husbandman be bold
 To lop the disobedient boughs, that stray'd
 Beyond their ranks: let crooked steel invade
 The lawless troops, which discipline disclaim,
 And their superfluous growth with rigour tame.
 Next, fence'd with hedges and deep ridges round,
 Exclude th' incroaching cattle from thy ground,
 While yet the tender gems but just appear,
 Unable to sustain th' uncertain year;
 Whose leaves are not alone foul winter's prey,
 But oft by summer suns are scorch'd away;
 And worse than both, become th' unworthy browse
 Of buffaloes, salt goats, and hungry cows: }
 For not *December's* frost that burns the bows,
 Nor dog-days parching heat that splits the rocks, }
 Are half so harmful as the greedy flocks;
 Their venom'd bite, and scars indented on the
 flocks. }

For this the malefactor goat was laid
 On *Bacchus'* altar, and his forfeit paid. §
 At *Athens* thus old comedy began,
 When round the streets the reeling actors ran;
 In country villages and crossing ways,
 Contending for the prizes of their plays:
 And glad, with *Bacchus*, on the grassy soil,
 Leap'd o'er the skins of goats besinear'd with oil.
 Thus *Roman* youth deriv'd from ruin'd *Troy*,
 In rude *Saturnian* rhymes express their joy:
 With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience
 please,
 Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of trees:

In

NOTES.

or seats, were called *cunei*, because they were formed like wedges, growing narrower, as they came nearer the center of the theatre; and these were all disposed about the circumference of the theatre. 2. The orchestra, signifying to dance: it was the inner part, or center of the theatre, and the lowest of all, and hollow, whence the whole open space of the theatre was called *cavea*. Here sat the senators, and here were the dancers and music. 3. The *proscenium*, which was a place drawn from one horn of the theatre to the other, between the orchestra and the scene, being higher than the orchestra, and lower than the scene: here the comic and tragic actors spoke and acted upon an elevated place, which was called the *pulpitum*, or stage. 4. The scene was the opposite part to the audience, decorated with pictures and columns, and originally with trees, to shade the actors, when they performed in the open air. 5. *Proscenium*, or part behind the scenes.

In jolly hymns they praise the God of wine,
 Whose earthen images adorn the pine;
 And there are hung on high, in honour of the vine:
 A madness so devout the vineyard fills,
 In hollow vallies and on rising hills;
 On whate'er side he turns his honest face,*
 And dances in the wind, those fields are in his grace.
 To *Bacchus*, therefore, let us tune our lays,
 And in our mother-tongue resound his praise,
 Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
 Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought;
 Whose offer'd entrails shall his crime reproach,
 And drip their fatness from the hazle broach.
 To dress thy vines new labour is requir'd,
 Nor must the painful husbandman be tir'd:
 For thrice, at least, in compass of a year,
 Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer,
 To turn the glebe; besides thy daily pain
 To break the clods, and make the surface plain;
 T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
 That suck the vital moisture of the vine.
 Thus in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
 And the year rolls within itself again.
 Ev'n in the lowest months when storms have shed
 From vines the hairy honours of their head,
 Not then the drudging hind his labour ends,
 But to the coming year his care extends:
 Ev'n then the naked vine he persecutes;
 His pruning-knife at once reforms and cuts.
 Be first to dig the ground, be first to burn
 The branches lopt, and first the props return
 Into thy house, that bore the burden'd vines;
 But last to reap the vintage of thy wines.
 Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'erthade
 Th' incumber'd vine; rough brambles twice in-
 vade;
 Hard labour both! commend the large excess
 Of spacious vineyards; cultivate the less.
 Besides, in woods the shrubs of prickly thorn,
 Sallows and reeds, on banks of rivers born,
 Remain to cut; for vineyards useful found,
 To stay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground:
 Nor when thy tender trees at length are bound;

NOTES.

* *Virgil* speaks of some little heads of *Bacchus*, which the countrymen of old hung up on trees, that the face might turn every way; out of a notion that the regards of this God gave felicity to their vineyards: and *Ovid* mentions *Bacchus's* turning his face towards him, as a blessing. *Virgil* on this occasion says, that there is plenty where-ever this God turns his beautiful face.

No. 16.

When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are
 free,
 When husbands have survey'd the last degree,
 And utmost files of plants, and order'd ev'ry tree;
 Ev'n when they sing at ease in full content, †
 Insulting o'er the toils they underwent;
 Yet still they find a future task remain,
 To turn the soil and break the clods again:
 And after all, their joys are unsincere,
 While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear.
 Quite opposite to these are olives found,
 No dressing they require, and dread no wound;
 Nor rakes nor harrows need, but fix'd below,
 Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
 The soil itself due nourishment supplies:
 Plough but the furrows, and the fruits arise:
 Content with small endeavours till they spring.
 Soft peace they figure, and sweet plenty bring;
 Then olives plant, and hymns to *Pallas* sing.
 Thus apple-trees, whose trunks are strong to
 bear,
 Their spreading boughs exert themselves in air;
 Want no supply, but stand secure alone,
 Nor trusting foreign forces but their own,
 Till with the ruddy freight the bending branches
 groan.
 Thus trees of nature, and each common bush
 Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries blush,
 Vile shrubs are shorn for browse: the towering
 height
 Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.
 And shall we doubt (indulging easy sloth)
 To sow, to set, and to reform their growth?
 To leave the lofty plants; the lowly kind
 Are for the shepherd or the sheep design'd.
 Ev'n humble broom and osiers have their use,
 And shade for sheep and food for flocks produce;
 Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees;
 Besides the pleasing prospect of the trees.
 How goodly looks *Cytarus*, ever green
 With boxen groves, with what delight are seen
Narycian woods of pitch, whose gloomy shade
 Seems for retreat of heav'nly Muses made!

But

NOTES.

† Mr. *Benson* complains, that he could not find that the word *antes* in the original, was used by any other *Roman* writer, and says, that he did not know what to make of it. It undoubtedly signifies ranks or files, and is a metaphor taken from the army. For *Cato de Re Militare* says, *pedites quatuor agminibus, equites duobus antibus duces*.

3 U

But much more pleasing are those fields to see,
That need not plows nor human industry.
Ev'n cold *Caucasian* rocks with trees are spread,
And wear green forests on their hilly head.
Tho' bending from the blast of eastern storms,
Tho' shent their leaves, and shatter'd are their
arms;

Yet heav'n their various plants for use designs:
For houses cedars, and for shipping pines.
Cypress provides for spokes, and wheels of wains:
And all for keels of ships, that scour the wat'ry
plains.

Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves;*
The war from stubborn myrtle shafts receives;
From cornels jav'lines; and the tougher yew
Receives the bending figure of a bow.

Nor box, nor limes, without their use are made,
Smooth grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade;
Which curious hands may carve, and steel with
ease invade.

Light alder stems the *Po's* impetuous tide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.

Now balance with these gifts the fummy joys
Of wine, attended with eternal noise.

Wine urg'd to lawless lust the *Centaur's* train,†
Thro' wine they quarrel'd, and thro' wine were
slain.

O happy, if he knew his happy state!‡
The swain, who, free from business and debate,
Receives his easy food from nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land!

No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,§
T' admit the tides of early visitants,
With eager eyes devouring as they pass,
The breathing figures of *Corinthian* brags.
No statues threaten from high pedestals:
No *Persian* arras hides his homely walls,

With antic vests; which, thro' their shady fold,
Betray the streaks of ill-dissembled gold.
He boasts no wool, whose native white is dy'd
With purple poison of *Affyrian* pride.
No costly drugs of *Araby* defile,
With foreign scents the sweetness of his oil.
But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner blest,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads, and streams that thro' the valley glide;
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And after toilsome days, a soft repose at night.
Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardship and to homely fare,
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train:
Nor are the Gods ador'd with rites profane.
From hence *Astrea* took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing steps appear.

Ye sacred Muses, with whose beauty fir'd,
My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd;
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear,
Would you your poet's first petition hear;
Give me the ways of wand'ring stars to know;
The depths of heav'n above, or earth below.
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun.
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recesses they shrink again.
What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.

But

NOTES.

* The use of the very leaves of this tree, especially of the female, is not to be despised; for being suffered to dry in the sun upon the branches, and the spray stripped off about the decrease in *August* (as also where the suckers and stolones are supernumerary, and hinder the thriving of their nurseries) they will prove a great relief to cattle in winter, and scorching summers; when hay and fodder is dear, they will eat them before oats, and thrive exceedingly well with them.

† This happened at the nuptials of *Pirithous*, king of the *Lapithæ*, where a *Centaur*, aided by his brethren, attempted to ravish his bride *Hippodamia*.

‡ The following description of the pleasures of a

6

NOTES.

country life is celebrated almost to a proverb; it affords the highest ideas of *Virgil's* uncorrupt mind, as well as of his poetry. He has assembled here all the most striking and beautiful objects of nature. No contrast was ever worked up more strongly, than this between the city and country life.—*Sua si bona norint*, is a tender reproach to the *Romans* for their insensibility of being delivered from the horrors of war, and restored to the quiet enjoyment of their possessions.

§ *Virgil* hath evidently taken the very turn and manner of expression in these lines from a passage in his master *Lucretius*, book 2. In both poets they are exquisitely beautiful.

But if my heavy blood restrain the flight
Of my free soul, aspiring to the height
Of nature and unclouded fields of light,
My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life.
A country cottage near a crystal flood, *
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
Some God conduct me to the sacred shades,
Where bacchanals are sung by *Spartan* maids,
Or lift me high to *Hemus'* hilly crown,
Or in the plains of *Tempe* lay me down : †
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race. ‡
Happy the man, who, studying nature's laws,
Thro' known effects can trace the secret cause.
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of fortune, and resign'd to fate.
And happy too is he, who decks the bow'rs
Of sylvans, and adores the rural pow'rs ;
Whose mind, unmov'd, the bribes of courts can
see,
Their glitt'ring baits, and purple slavery.
Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their
frown,
Nor, when contending kindred tear the crown,
Will set up one, or pull another down.
Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of tumults, and descents, and distant war:

NOTES.

* *Cowley* observes upon this passage, that the first wish of *Virgil* was to be a good philosopher; the second, a good husbandman; and God, whom he seemed to understand better than most of the learned heathens, dealt with him just as he did with *Solomon*; because he prayed for wisdom in the first place, he added all things else which were subordinately to be desired. He made him one of the best philosophers, and the best husbandman; and to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best poet: he made him besides all this a rich man, and a man who desired to be made no richer.

† It cannot possibly be the poet's inquiry where these places are situated, though most of the translators take it so; but it is an ardent wish to be placed in such delightful retreats. These noble lines are undoubtedly a compliment to *Lucretius*, whose system must lead him to despise the fears of death and hell: how strongly and poetically is the latter particular expressed by the roaring (din, or noise) of the infernal river *Acheron*.

‡ The very best of the *Roman* poets copied so much after the *Greeks*, that they sometimes give us

Nor with a superstitious fear is aw'd,
For what befalls at home, or what abroad.
Nor envies he the rich their happy store,
Nor his own peace disturbs, with pity for the
poor. §
He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing ground and laden trees afford.
From his lov'd home no lucre him can draw;
The senate's mad decrees he never saw,
Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law. ||
Some to the seas, and some to camps resort,
And some with impudence invade the court.
In foreign countries others seek renown;
With wars and taxes others waste their own,
And houses burn, and household Gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glitt'ring gems encase : ¶
To loll on couches, rich with *Cytron* steds,
And lay their guilty limbs in *Tyrian* beds,
This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
Hov'ring and brooding on his bury'd store.
Some patriot fools to popular praise aspire,
Of public speeches, which worse fools admire.
While from both benches, with redoubled sounds,
Th' applause of lords and commoners abounds.
Some thro' ambition, or thro' thirst of gold,
Have slain their brothers, or their country fold;
And leaving their sweet homes, in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another sun.

The

NOTES.

ideas of things, that would be proper enough for a *Greek*, but found quite improper from a *Roman*. *Virgil's* and *Horace's* instancing *Thrace*, as so very cold a country, is a strong proof of this. — *Thrace* was full north of *Greece*, and some of the *Greeks* therefore might talk of the coldness of that country as strongly, perhaps, as some among us talk of the coldness of *Scotland*. The *Roman* writers speak just in the same stile of the coldness of *Thrace*, though a considerable part of *Italy* lay in as northern a latitude, and some of it even farther north than *Thrace*.

§ The meaning of this is not, that he looks on distress and misery with a stoical apathy and indifference, but that there is no body in the country (so happy are they) to be pitied.

|| The *tabularium* in the original was the place where the public records were kept at *Rome*. It was in the temple of *Liberty*.

¶ The *Romans* carried luxury so far, as to procure large drinking cups made of one intire gem. See instances of this kind in *Pliny's Natural History*. *Pocula myrrhina* were common among them.

The peasant, innocent of all these ills,
 With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills;
 And the round year with daily labour fills.
 And hence the country markets are supply'd;
 Enough remains for household charge beside;
 His wife and tender children to sustain,
 And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving train.
 Nor cease his labours, till the yellow field
 A full return of bearded harvest yield;
 A crop so plenteous, as the land to load,
 O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks
 abroad.

Thus ev'ry sev'ral season is employ'd;
 Some spent in toil, and some in ease enjoy'd.
 The yearning ewes prevent the springing year;
 The laded boughs their fruit in autumn bear:
 'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
 Bak'd in the sun-shine of ascending fields.
 The winter comes, and then the falling mast,
 For greedy swine provides a full repast.
 Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast,
 And winter fruits are mellow'd by the frost.
 His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliss:
 His little children climbing for a kiss,*
 Welcome their father's late return at night;
 His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight.
 His kine with swelling udders ready stand,
 And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.
 His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd
 Fight harmless battles in his homely yard;

NOTES.

* *Pendent circum oscula, hang about his kisses*, is an image most poetical and well expressed; but would not bear a literal translation. The passage in *Lucretius*, from whom this is imitated, has an image still more tender and natural. — He says, — *nec dulces occurrunt oscula nati praeripere*, — which last word, representing the children running out to meet their father, and striving which shall have the first kiss, is very beautiful.

Himself in rustic pomp, on holidays,
 To rural pow'rs a just oblation pays,
 And on the green his careless limbs displays.
 The hearth is in the midst; the herdsman round
 The chearful fire, provoke his health in goblets
 crown'd.

He calls on *Bacchus*, and propounds the prize;
 The groom his fellow-groom at butts defies;
 And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes.
 Or stripp'd for wrestling, smears his limbs with
 oil,

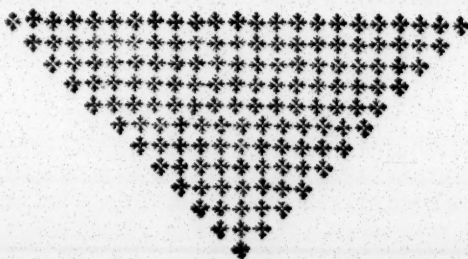
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
 Such was the life the frugal *Sabines* led; †
 So *Remus* and his brother *God* were bred:
 From whom th' austere *Etrurian* virtue rose: ‡
 And this rude life our homely fathers chose.
 Old *Rome* from such a race deriv'd her birth,
 (The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth;)
 Which now on sev'n high hills triumphant reigns,
 And in that compass all the world contains.
 Ere *Saturn's* rebel son usurp'd the skies,
 When beasts were only slain for sacrifice; §
 While peaceful *Crete* enjoy'd her ancient lord,
 Ere sounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman sword:
 Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
 Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death;
 The good old *God* his hunger did assuage
 With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age.
 But over-labour'd with so long a course,
 'Tis time to set at ease the smoking horse.

NOTES.

† To raise the praises of the country life still higher, he tells us, that this was the life their glorious ancestors, and the first founders of their city, were so fond of.

‡ He mentions *Etruria* in compliment to *Mæcenas*, who was descended from the ancient kings of *Tuscany*.

§ *Varro* informs us, that in ancient times it was deemed a capital crime to kill an ox.



The THIRD BOOK of the GEORGICS.

A R G U M E N T.

This book begins with the invocation of some rural deities, and a compliment to Augustus; after which, Virgil directs himself to Mæcenas, and enters on his subject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves several pleasant descriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the book he relates the diseases incident to cattle; and ends with the description of a fatal murrain that formerly raged among the Alps.

THY fields, propitious Pales, I rehearse,*
And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse.
Amphrysian shepherd; the *Lycæan* woods;
Arcadia's flow'ry plants and pleasing floods.
All other themes that careless minds invite,
Are worn with use, unworthy me to write.†
Busiris' altars, and the dire decrees
Of hard *Eurystheus*, ev'ry reader fees:
Hylas the boy, *Latona's* erring isle,
And *Pelops'* iv'ry shoulder, and his toil
For fair *Hippodame*, with all the rest
Of *Grecian* tales, by poets are express;

New ways I must attempt, my groveling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.

I, first of *Romans*, shall in triumph come
From conquer'd *Greece*, and bring her trophies
home:

With foreign spoils adorn my native place;
And with *Idume's* palms my *Mantua* grace.
Of *Parian* stone a temple will I raise,
Where the flow *Mincius* thro' the valley strays:
Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,
And reeds defend the winding water's brink.‡

Full

NOTES.

* This is the book which appears to us the most charming of all the *Georgics*. Mr. Addison's favourite is the fourth, which indeed is more sweet and elegant, but the beauties of this are more great and sublime. He invokes *Pales* as the Goddess of shepherds, and *Apollo* who fed the herds of king *Admetus* on the banks of the river *Amphrysus*.

† Virgil here strongly ridicules the trite and fabulous subjects of the *Grecian* poets. It is ingeniously conjectured by *Fulvius Ursinus*, that he alludes to particular authors who had treated of the fabulous stories he mentions. Thus *Homer* has related the fable of *Eurystheus* in the eighteenth *Iliad*. *Athenæus* No. 16.

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quotes the *Busiris* of *Mnesimachus* in his ninth book. *Theocritus* and *Apollonius* relate the story of *Hylas* and *Hercules* his grief for his loss. *Callimachus* is referred to in *Latonia Delos*, and the first *Olympic* ode of *Pindar* is to be understood by the mention of *Hippodamia* and *Pelops*. He breaks out at last into a noble triumph of assurance, that he shall rival these *Greek* poets.

‡ This description of the *Mincio* is as exact as possible; the force of it lies chiefly in the epithets, *tardis*, *ingens*—the wide spreading and almost stagnation of the river, which forms the lake of *Mantua*.

Full in the midst shall mighty *Cæsar* stand, *
Hold the chief honours, and the dome command :

NOTES.

* On the idea of the apotheosis, which was the usual mode of flattery in the *Augustan* age, but, as having the countenance of public authority, sometimes inartificially enough employed, *Virgil* hath projected one of the noblest allegories in ancient poetry, and at the same time hath given to it all the force of just compliment, the occasion itself allowed. Each of these excellencies was to be expected from his talents. For as his genius led him to the sublime; so his exquisite judgment would instruct him to palliate this bold fiction, and qualify, as much as possible, the shocking adulation implied in it. So singular a beauty deserves to be shewn at large. The third *Georgic* sets out with an apology for the low and simple argument of that work, which yet the poet esteemed, for it's novelty, preferable to the sublimer, but trite, themes of the *Greek* writers. Not but he intended, on some future occasion, to adorn a nobler subject. This was the great plan of the *Æneid*, which he now prefigures and unfolds at large. For, taking advantage of the noblest privilege of his art, he breaks away, in a fit of prophetic enthusiasm, to predict his successes in this projected enterprize, and, under the imagery of the ancient triumph, which comprehends, or suggests to the imagination, whatever is most august in human affairs, to delineate the future glories of this ambitious design. The whole conception, as we shall see, is of the utmost grandeur and magnificence; though according to the usual management of the poet (which as not being apprehended by his critics, hath furnished occasion even to the best of them, to charge him with a want of the sublime) he hath contrived to soften and familiarize it's appearance to the reader, by the artful manner in which it is introduced. It stands thus:

tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim

Tollere humo, VICTORQUE virum volitare per ora.
The idea of victory, thus casually dropped, he makes the basis of his imagery; which, by means of this gradual preparation, offers itself easily to the apprehension, though it thereby loses, as the poet designed it should, much of that broad glare, in which writers of less judgment love to shew their ideas, as tending to set the common reader at a gaze. The allegory then proceeds:

Primus ego in patriam mecum (modo vita superfit)

Aonio rediens deducam vertice Musas.

The projected conquest was no less than that of all the *Grecian Musas* at once; whom, to carry on the

Then I, conspicuous in my *Tyrian* gown,
(Submitting to his godhead my renown)

A hun-

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decorum of the allegory, he threatens, 1. to force from their high and advantageous situation on the summit of the *Aonian Mount*; and, 2. to bring captive with him into *Italy*; the former circumstance intimating to us the difficulty and danger of the enterprize; and the latter, his complete execution of it. The *palmy*, triumphal entry, which was usual to victors on their return from foreign successes, follows:

Primus Idumæas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas.

But ancient conquerors did not hold it sufficient to reap this transient fruit of their labours. They were ambitious to consecrate their glory to immortality, by a temple, or other public monument, which was to be built out of the spoils of the conquered cities or countries. This the reader sees is suitable to the idea of the great work proposed; which was, out of the old remains of *Grecian* art, to compose a new one, that should comprize the virtues of all of them: as, in fact, the *Æneid* is known to unite in itself whatever is most excellent, not in *Homer* only, but, universally, in the wits of *Greece*. The everlasting monument of the marble temple is then reared. And, because ancient superstition usually preferred, for these purposes, the banks of rivers to other situations, therefore the poet, in beautiful allusion to the site of some of the most celebrated pagan temples, builds his on the *Mincius*. Next, this temple was to be dedicated, as a monument of the victor's piety, as well as glory, to some propitious, tutelary deity, under whose auspices the great adventure had been achieved. The dedication is then made to the poet's divinity, *Augustus*:

In medio mihi CÆSAR erit, templumque tenebit.

Templum tenebit. The expression is emphatical; as intimating to us, and prefiguring the secret purpose of the *Æneid*, which was, in the person of *Æneas*, to shadow forth and consecrate the character of *Augustus*. His divinity was to fill and occupy that great work. And the ample circuit and magnificence of the epic plan was projected only, as a more awful enclosure of that august presence, which was to inhabit and solemnize the vast round of this poetic building. And now the wonderful address of the poet's artifice appears. The mad servility of his country had deified the emperor in good earnest: and his brother poets made no scruple to worship in his temples, and to come before him with handfuls of real incense, smoking from the altars. But the sobriety of *Virgil's* adoration was of another cast. He seizes this circumstance

A hundred courfers from the goal will drive;
 The rival chariots in the race fhall flrive.
 All *Greece* fhall flock from far, my games to fee,
 The whorlbat and the rapid race fhall be
 Referv'd for *Cæfar*, and ordain'd by me.

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fhance only to embody a poetical fiction; which on the fupposition of an actual deification, hath all the force of compliment, which the fact implies, and yet, as prefented through the chafte veil of allegory, eludes the monftrous offence, which the naked recital muft needs have given to decency and common fenfe. Had the emperor's popular divinity been flatly acknowledged, and adored, the praife, even under *Virgil's* management, had been infufferable for it's extravagance; and without fome fupport for his poetical *numen* to reft upon, the figure had been more forced and ftrained, than the rules of juft writing allow. As it is, the hiftorical truth of his apotheofis authorizes and fupports the fiction, and the fiction in it's turn, ferves to refine and palliate the hiftory.—The *Æneid* being, by the poet's improvement of this circumftance, thus naturally predicted under the image of a temple, we may expect to find a clofe and ftudied analogy betwixt them. The great, component parts of the one, will no doubt be made, very faithfully, to represent and adumbrate thofe of the other. This hath been executed with great art and diligence. 1. The temple, we obferved, was erected on the banks of a river. This fite was not only proper for the reason already mentioned, but alfo, for the further convenience of inftituting public games, the ordinary attendants of the confecration of temples. Thefe were generally, as in the cafe of *Olympic* and others, celebrated on the banks of rivers. To fee the propriety of the figure there ufed, the reader needs only be reminded of the book of games in the *Æneid*, which was purpofely introduced in honour of the emperor, and not, as is commonly thought, for a mere trial of fkill between the poet and his mafter. The emperor was paffionately fond of thefe fports, and was even the author, or reftorer of one of them. It is not to be doubted, that he alludes alfo to the quinquennial games, actually celebrated, in honour of his temples, through many parts of the empire. And this the poet undertakes in the civil office of *victor*. 2. What follows is in the religious office of *priest*. For it is to be noted, that, in affuming this double character, which the decorum of the folemnities, here recounted, prefcribed, the poet has an eye to the political defign of the *Æneid*, which was to do honour to *Cæfar*, in either capacity of a civil and religious perfonage;

Myfelf, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear:
 Ev'n now, methinks, the public fhouts I hear,
 The paffing pageants, and the pomps appear.
 I, to the temple will conduct the crew;
 The facrifice and facrificers view;

From

NOTES.

both being effential to the idea of the perfect legiflator he was to adorn and recommend. The imagery he makes ufe of cannot be underftood, without reflecting on the customary form and difpofition of the pagan temples. The fhrine or fankuary, wherein the ftatue of the prefiding God was placed, was in the center of the building. Exactly before the fhrine, and at no great diftance from it, was the altar. Further, the fhrine was inclofed, and fhut up on all fides by doors of curious carved work, and ductile veils, embellifhed by the rich embroidery of flowers, animals, or human figures. This being obferved, the progrefs of the imagery will be this. The proceffion to the fhrine: the facrifice on the altars, erected before it: and, laftly, the painted, or rather wrought fcenery of the purple veils, inclofing the image, which were ornamented, and feemed to be fufained or held up by the figures of inwoven *Britons*. The meaning of all which is, that the poet would proceed to the celebration of *Cæfar's* praife in all the gradual, folemn preparation of poetic pomp: that he would render the moft grateful offerings to his divinity in thofe occasional episodes, which he fhould confecrate to his more immediate honour: and finally, that he would provide the richeft texture of his fancy, for a covering to that admired image of his virtues, which was to make the fovereign pride and glory of his poem.—The choice of the inwoven *Britons*, for the fupport of his veil, is well accounted for by thofe who tell us, that *Augustus* was proud to have a number of thefe to ferve about him in quality of flaves.—The ornaments of the doors of this fhrine, on which the fculptor ufed to lavifh all the riches of his art, are next delineated. Here the covering of the figure is too thin to hide the literal meaning from the commoneft reader, who fees, that the feveral triumphs of *Cæfar*, here recorded in fculpture, are thofe, which the poet hath taken fo much pains to finifh, and hath occasionally inferted, as it were, in miniature, in feveral places of his poem. Let him only turn to the prophetic fpeech of *Anchifes'* fhade in the VIth, and to the defcription of the fhield in the VIIIth book.—Hitherto we have contemplated the decorations of the fhrine, i. e. fuch as bear a more direct and immediate reference to the honour of *Cæfar*. We are now prefented with a view of the remoter

From thence return, attended by my train,
 Where the proud theatres disclose the scene;
 Which interwoven *Britons* seem to raise,*
 And shew the triumph which their shame displays.
 High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,†
 The crowd shall *Cæsar's* *Indian* war behold;
 The *Nile* shall flow beneath, and on the side
 His shatter'd ships on brazen pillars ride,
 Next him *Niphates* with inverted urn,
 And dropping sedge, shall his *Armenia* mourn!
 And *Asian* cities in our triumph borne. }
 With backward bows the *Parthian* shall be there;
 And, spurring from the fight, confess their fear.
 A double wreath shall crown our *Cæsar's* brows,
 Two differing trophies from two different foes.
Europe and *Afric* in his fame shall join;
 But neither shore his conquest shall confine.
 The *Parian* marble, there, shall seem to move,
 In breathing statues, not unworthy *Jove*;

NOTES.

remoter surrounding ornaments of the temple. These are the illustrious *Trojan* chiefs, whose story was to furnish the materials, or, more properly, to form the body and case, as it were, of this august structure. They are also connected with the idol deity of the place by the closest ties of relationship, the *Julian* family affecting to derive it's pedigree from this proud original. The poet then, in his arrangement of these additional figures, with admirable judgment, completes and rounds the entire fiction. Nothing now remains but for fame to eternize the glories of what the great architect had, at the expence of so much art and labour, completed; which is predicted, in the highest sublime of ancient poetry, under the idea of *envy*, whom the poet personalizes, shuddering at the view of such transcendent perfection; and tasting, beforehand, the pains of a remediless vexation, strongly pictured in the image of the worst infernal tortures.— Thus have we presumed, but with a religious awe, to inspect and declare the mysteries of this ideal temple. The attempt, after all, might have been censured as prophane, if the great *Mystagogue* himself, or somebody for him, had not given us the undoubted key to it. Under this encouragement we could not withstand the temptation of disclosing thus much of one of the noblest fictions of antiquity; and the rather, as the propriety of allegoric composition, which made the distinguished pride of ancient poetry, seems but little known or attended to by the modern professors of this fine art.

* The commentators seem not sufficiently to have explained the expression of, *ut versis discedat frontibus*

Resembling heroes, whose ethereal root
 Is *Jove* himself, and *Cæsar* is the fruit.
Tros and his race the sculptor shall employ,
 And he the God, who built the walls of *Troy*.
 Envy herself at last grown pale and dumb,
 (By *Cæsar* combated and overcome)
 Shall give her hands: and fear the curling snakes
 Of lashing furies, and the burning lakes:
 The pains of famish'd *Tantalus* shall feel;
 And *Sisyphus* that labours up the hill }
 The rolling rock in vain, and curs'd *Ixion's* wheel. }
 Mean time we must pursue the *Sylvan* lands;
 (Th' abode of nymphs) untouch'd by former hands; }
 For such, *Mæcenæ*, are thy hard commands. }
 Without thee nothing lofty can I sing:
 Come then, and with thyself thy genius bring,
 With which inspir'd, I brook no dull delay,
Cytheron loudly calls me to my way; }
 Thy hounds, *Taygetus*, open, and pursue their prey. }

High

NOTES.

in the original. The ancient scenes were painted on a triangular machine, which was so formed as to turn upon an axle or pin; each of it's three sides represented a different subject: viz. 1. A city. 2. A palace, or magnificent portico. 3. A wild forest, cave, or meadow. When a comedy was played, the first of these three frontispieces was turned towards the spectators; when a tragedy, the second; when a satyrical piece (such, for instance, as the *Cyclops* of *Euripides*) the third was exposed to view. And these triangular machines were placed under the arches of the theatre.

† These beautiful verses, containing an allegory of his design to publish the *Æneid* in honour of *Augustus*, must have been added in the year of *Rome* 734, after *Augustus* had subdued the *Indians* and *Parthians*, and recovered the eagles which had been lost by *Crassus*. The *invidia infelix* points at those persons, which must have been many, that secretly repined at the imperial dignity of *Augustus*. Let us add the following passage from *Polymetis*. "The persons he is speaking of are the enemies of the *Julian* family: or the faction, as he calls it, against the *Cæsars*. These, he says, should be represented on the temple he would build to *Augustus*, as in the tortures of *Tartarus*; and more particularly as punished in the same manner as *Ixion* and *Sisyphus*. *Ixion* was punished there for his ingratitude and impiety: *Sisyphus* as a villain and a robber. So that this is calling all the party against *Augustus*, rascals and ingrates; and infers the highest compliment to that prince, at the same time that it is the most cruel of invectives against his enemies."

High *Epidaurus* urges on my speed,
Fam'd for his hills and for his horses breed;
From hills and dales the chearful cries rebound;
For echo hunts along, and propagates the sound.

A time will come, when my maturer muse,
In *Cæsar's* wars a nobler theme shall chuse.
And thro' more ages bear my sovereign's praise,
Than have from *Tithon* past to *Cæsar's* days.

The gen'rous youth, who, studious of the prize,
The race of running coursers multiplies;
Or to the plough the sturdy bullocks breeds,
May know that from the dam the worth of each
proceeds.

The mother cow must wear a low'ring look,*
Sour headed, strongly neck'd to bear the yoke.
Her double dew-lap from her chin descends;
And at her thighs the pond'rous burden ends.
Long as her sides and large, her limbs are great,
Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.
Her colour shining black, but fleck'd with white;
She tosses from the yoke; provokes the fight:
She rises in her gait, is free from fears,
And in her face a bull's resemblance bears:
Her ample forehead with a star is crown'd;
And with her length of tail she sweeps the ground.
The bull's insult at four she may sustain;
But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain,
Six seasons use; but then release the cow,
Unfit for love, and for the lab'ring plow.

Now while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
Submit thy females to thy lusty fire;
Watch the quick motions of the frisky tail,
Then serve their fury with the rushing male,
Indulging pleasure lest the breed should fail.

In youth alone, unhappy mortals live; †
But ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive;
Discolour'd sickness, anxious labour come,
And age and death's inexorable doom.

NOTES.

* *Varro* and *Columella* say that a good cow's head should be large, her neck long and broad, her dew-laps hanging low, and in general, that her body should be long and large.

† This tender moral reflection thrown in, diversifies and exalts the low subject the poet is treating of.

‡ Having spoken of the marks of good cows, the poet proceeds to speak of horses, and gives a beautiful description of a colt that is fit to be chosen for a stallion. There is some difficulty concerning the meaning of *spadices*: but after much inquiry Dr. *Martyn* thinks it is the colour we call bay, chestnut, or forrel.

§ *Glaucus*, when spoken of the colour of an
No. 16.

Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair;
Recruit and mend 'em with thy yearly care:
Still propagate, for still they fall away,
'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay.

Like diligence require the courser's race,
In early choice, and for a longer space.
The colt, that for a stallion is design'd, ‡
By sure presages shews his generous kind,
Of able body, sound of limb and wind.
Upright he walks on patterns firm and straight,
His motions easy, prancing in his gait.
The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood;
To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trem-
bling wood.

Dauntless at employ noises; lofty neck'd;
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly-back'd,
Brawny his chest, and deep; his colour grey; §
For beauty dappled, or the brightest bay;
Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd
fight, ||

On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round,
His chine is double, starting with a bound.
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow:
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

Such was the steed in *Grecian* poets fam'd,
Proud *Cyllarus*, by *Spartan Pollux* tam'd;
Such coursers bore to fight the God of *Thrace*;
And such, *Achilles*, was thy warlike race.
In such a shape, grim *Saturn* did restrain ¶
His heav'nly limbs, and flow'd with such a mane.

When,

NOTES.

horse, signifies a dark or iron-grey; our people in *Wales* still call a grey horse *kephal glauce*.

|| This is a beautiful description of a mettlesome horse: but it is far excelled by that noble one in the book of *Job*. Particularly, "He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage, neither believeth he (for joy!) that it is the sound of the trumpet," is more spirited and strong than any circumstance in *Virgil's* picture.

¶ *Saturn*, to avoid being discovered by his wife *Ops* while he was engaged with *Phylyra* his mistress, turned himself into a beautiful horse. *Chiron* the famous centaur was the son of this nymph *Phylyra*.

When, half surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,
The leacher gallopp'd from his jealous queen;
Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain;
And with shrill neighings fill'd the neighbouring plain.

But worn with years when dire diseases come,
Then hide his not ignoble age at home:
In peace t' enjoy his former palms and pains:
And gratefully be kind to his remains.
For when his blood no youthful spirits move,
He languishes and labours in his love.
And when the sprightly seed should swiftly come,
Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.
In vain he burns like hasty stubble fires,
And in himself his former self requires.

His age and courage weigh; not those alone,
But note his father's virtues and his own;
Observe, if he disdains to yield the prize;
Of loss impatient, proud of victories.

Hast thou beheld, when from the goal they start,*
The youthful charioteers, with heaving heart
Rush to the race; and panting, scarcely bear
Th' extremes of feverish hope, and chilling fear;

NOTES.

* No description was ever more spirited and lively than this of the chariot-race. The poet has crowded into a few lines all the circumstances that are most striking in the famous description of *Homer*, and it must be owned has here excelled the *Greek* poet. One may say, as *Longinus* does on almost a similar occasion, that the soul of the reader is, as it were, mounted in the chariot, and whirled along in the race with it.

† *Pliny* says, that *Bellerophon* invented the backing of horses, *Peletronius* bridles and furniture, and the centaurs of *Thessaly* the fighting on horseback.

‡ There are several lines in this third *Georgic*, which shew that the *manège* was found out much earlier than some would imagine. Witness the following passage,

Gyrusque dederat

Impositi dorso.

And that other,

Carpere mox gyrum incipiat, &c.

The simile just after was meant to shew, a violently swift, but at the same time a level and uniform motion.

§ The following observations on this passage are made by a very ingenious gentleman. I have (says he) always been absolutely at a loss to make out the connection of these three lines (in the original) with the foregoing. Translators and commentators make *quamvis* refer to something which is certainly

Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their force;
The flying chariot kindles in the course:
And now a-low and now aloft they fly,
As borne through air, and seem to touch the sky:
No stop, no stay, but clouds of sand arise,
Spurn'd and cast backward on the follow'rs eyes.
The hindmost blows the foam upon the first;
Such is the love of praise, an honourable thirst.

Bold *Eriethonius* was the first who join'd †
Four horses for the rapid race design'd;
And o'er the dusty wheels presiding fate;
The *Lapithe* to chariots add the state
Of bits and bridles; taught the steed to bound; ‡
To turn the ring, and trace the mazy ground;
To stop, to fly, the rules of war to know;
T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.

To chuse a youthful steed, with courage fir'd,
To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
Experienc'd masters, and in sundry ways;
Their labours equal, and alike their praise.
But once again the batter'd horse beware, §
The weak old stallion will deceive thy care.

Tho'

NOTES.

not expressed there, nor I think implied, or insinuated; nor indeed consistent with what is there expressed. How can the horse be supposed, *saepae versos hostes egisse*, if he was not *calidus animis*? *Quamvis* implies an opposition between these two, whereas no two things can be more naturally connected. You have got over the difficulty as well as your neighbours. But I think it is insuperable, as the text now stands. Besides, *quamvis* implies that the horse above described was rejected, not that he was sought out, and chosen. In short I am persuaded, these three lines are not in their right place. Suppose them placed as follows;

Hunc quoque, ubi aut morbo gravis, aut jam segnior annis

Deficit, abde domo; nec turpi ignosce senectæ.

Quamvis saepe fugâ versos ille egerit hostes,

Et patriam Epirum referat, fortesque Mycenæ,

Neptunique ipsa deducat origine gentem.

Frigidus in venerem senior——

Hunc quoque—*abde domo*—*quamvis*——Observe that the horses here above mentioned are war-horses; *Pollux*, *Mars* and *Achilles*' his horses; *qui versos hostes egerint*; now see how well the other passage goes on without the lines in question.

Æquus uterque labor, æqui juvenemque magistri

Exquirunt, calidumque animis, et cursibus acrem.

His animadversis——

Nimirum, juventute, animis, pernicitate——

By way of precedent, there are two remarkable transpositions

Tho' famous in his youth for force and speed,
Or was of *Argos* or *Epirian* breed,
Or did from *Neptune's* race, or from himself proceed.

These things premis'd, when now the nuptial time

Approaches for the stately fied to climb;
With food enable him to make his court;
Distend his chine, and pamper him for sport:
Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canst find,
Of generous warmth, and of salacious kind:*
Then water him, and (drinking what he can)
Encourage him to thirst again, with bran.
Instructed thus, produce him to the fair,
And join in wedlock to the longing mare:
For if the fire be faint, or out of case,
He will be copied in his famish'd race;
And sink beneath the pleasing task assign'd;
(For all's too little for the craving kind.)

As for the females, with industrious care
Take down their mettle, keep 'em lean and bare;
When conscious of their past delight, and keen
To take the leap, and prove the sport again;
With scanty measure then supply their food;
And, when athirst, restrain 'em from the flood;
Their bodies harrass, sink them when they run;
And fry their melting marrow in the sun:
Starve 'em, when barns beneath their burden groan,

And winnow'd chaff by western wind is blown.
For fear the rankness of the swelling womb
Should scant the passage, and confine the room:
Lest the fat furrows should the sense destroy
Of genial lust, and dull the feat of joy.
But let them suck the seed with greedy force,
And close involve the vigour of the horse.

The male has done; thy care must now proceed
To teeming females, and the promis'd breed.
First let 'em run at large, and never know
The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plow:

Let 'em not leap the ditch, or swim the flood,
Or lumber o'er the meads or cross the wood:
But range the forest, by the silver side
Of some cool stream, where nature shall provide
Green grafs and fat'ning clover for their fare,
And mossy caverns for their noontide lair;
With rocks above to shield the sharp nocturnal air.

About th' *Alburnian* groves, with holly green,
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen;
This flying plague (to mark it's quality,)
Oestros, the *Grecians* call; *Afyllus*, we:†
A fierce loud buzzing breeze, their stings draw blood;

And drive the cattle gadding thro' the wood.
Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry,
Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.
This curse the jealous *Juno* did invent,
And first employ'd for *Io's* punishment.
To shun this ill, the cunning leach ordains
In summer's sultry heats (for then it reigns)
To feed the females, ere the sun arise,
Or late at night, when stars adorn the skies.
When she has calv'd, then set the dam aside;
And for the tender progeny provide.
Distinguish all betimes, with branding fire,
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the fire:
Whom to reserve for husband of the herd,
Or who shall be to sacrifice preferr'd;
Or whom thou shalt to turn thy glebe allow;
To smooth the furrow, and sustain the plow;
The rest, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
May run in pastures, and at pleasure feed.
The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, bred to the rural trade:
Set him betimes to school; and let him be
Instructed there in rules of husbandry;
While yet his youth is flexible and green;
Nor bad examples of the world has seen.

Early

NOTES.

transpositions of this kind in the *Æneid*, which the critics have rectified against all authority of manuscript—*Æneid* 6, 745. *Donec longa dias*—and the two next lines, which should follow after *exurit igni*. *Æneid* 10. 717. *Ille autem impavidus*—and the next, which should come after *clamoribus instant*.

* *Varro* and *Columella* speak of the necessity of feeding the bulls amply for two months before the time.

† This insect is a dreadful plague to the cows of *Italy*. An *Italian* writer informs us, that it resem-

NOTES.

bles a wasp, has two membraneous wings, with which it makes a most horrible whizzing. The belly is terminated by three long rings, one within another, from the last of which proceeds a formidable sting. This sting is composed of a tube through which the egg is emitted, and two augres, which make way for the tube to penetrate into the skin of the cattle. These augres are armed with little knives which prick with their points, and cut with their edges, causing intolerable pain to the wounded animal.

Early begin the stubborn child to break ;
 For his soft neck, a supple collar make
 Of bending osiers ; and (with time and care
 Inur'd that easy servitude to bear)
 Thy flattering method on the youth pursue ;
 Join'd with his school-fellows by two and two,
 Persuade 'em first to lead an empty wheel,
 That scarce the dust can raise, or they can feel ;
 In length of time produce the lab'ring yoke
 And shining shares, that make the furrows smoke.
 Ere the licentious youth be thus restrain'd,
 Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd,
 Their wanton appetites not only feed
 With delicacies of leaves and marshy weed,
 But with thy sickle reap the rankest land,
 And minister the blade with bounteous hand.
 Nor be with harmless parsimony won
 To follow what our homely fires have done ;
 Who fill'd the pail with beefings of the cow ;
 But all her udder to the calf allow.

If to the warlike steed thy studies bend,
 Or for the prize in chariots to contend ;
 Near *Pisa's* flood the rapid wheels to guide,
 Or in *Olympian* groves aloft to ride,
 The generous labours of the courser, first
 Must be with sight of arms and sound of trumpets
 nurs'd ;

Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear,
 And let him clashing whips in stables hear ;
 Sooth him with praise, and make him understand
 The loud applauses of his master's hand :
 'This from his weaning, let him well be taught,
 And then betimes in a soft snuffle wrought ;
 Before his tender joints with nerves are knit,
 Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit ;
 But when to four full springs his years advance,
 Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance ;
 And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat,
 To turn, to bound in measure, and curvet.

NOTES.

* It cannot be imagined, by the severest critics, who think such beauties of style in the ancients chimerical, that *Virgil* did not intend to represent by this swift line of dactyles the course of the wind.

Ille volat, simul arva fuga, simul aequora verrens.

† This alludes to the *Olympic* games celebrated about *Olympia* in the region of *Elis*. Whoever would have a just notion of the great political usefulness of these celebrated games of *Greece*, will meet with much pleasure and instruction from the learned and ingenious Mr. *West's* dissertation prefixed to his translation of an author, to whom he alone,

Let him, to this, with easy pains be brought,
 And seem to labour, when he labours not.
 Thus, form'd to speed, he challenges the wind,
 And leaves the *Scythian* arrow far behind :
 He scours along the field, with loosen'd reins,
 And treads so light he scarcely prints the plains :
 Like *Boreas* in his race, when rushing forth,*
 He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north :
 The waving harvest bends beneath his blast :
 The forest shakes, the groves their honours cast ;
 He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
 Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.
 Thus o'er th' *Elean* plains thy well-breath'd horse †
 Impels the flying car, and wins the course ;
 Or, bred to *Belgian* waggons, leads the way,
 Untir'd at night, and chearful all the day.

When once he's broken, feed him full and high ;
 Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply.
 Before his training, keep him poor and low ;
 For his stout stomach with his food will grow :
 The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
 Impatient to the lash, and restive to the rein.

Wouldst thou their courage and their strength improve,

Too soon they must not feel the stings of love.
 Whether the bull or courser be thy care,
 Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
 The youthful bull must wander in the wood ;
 Behind the mountain or beyond the flood :
 Or, in the stall at home his fodder find ;
 Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
 With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast ;
 He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest ;
 Forsakes his food, and pining for the lass,
 Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing
 grafs.

The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
 The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes. ‡

A beau-

NOTES.

of all the moderns, has done justice, in a spirited and elegant translation of his odes.

‡ The description of the bulls contending for the female is admirable ; particularly, that fine circumstance of the vanquish'd bull looking back on his old accustomed stall and pastures when he is forced to retreat. And still more so, the circumstance of his lying down, sullenly disconsolate, on the stones, feeding upon rushes and prickly leaves, and exercising his horns against the trunks of trees, to enable himself to contend again with his hated rival. All these beautiful strokes are concluded by the noble simile of a vast wave rolling towards a rocky shore.

A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred,
The stooping warriors aiming head to head,
Engage their clashing horns, with dreadful sound
The forest rattles and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and pushing, loudly roar;
Their dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in gore.
Nor when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release;
But feeding in his breast his ancient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driv'n from his native land to foreign grounds,
He with a gen'rous rage resents his wounds;
His ignominious flight the victors boast,
And more than both, the loves which unreveng'd he
lost,

Often he turns his eyes, and with a groan,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms once his own.
And therefore to repair his strength he tries;
Hard'ning his limbs with painful exercise,
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves, and on sharp herbs he feeds,
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet sore, he tries against a tree,
And meditates his absent enemy.
He snuffs the wind, his heels the sand excite,
But, when he stands collected in his might;
He roars, and promises a more successful fight.
Then, to redeem his honour at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.
Not with more madness, rolling from afar,
The spumy waves proclaim the wat'ry war;
And mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and insult the rocky shore.
They mate the middle region with their height,
And fall no less than with a mountain's weight:
The waters boil, and belching from below
Black sands as from a forceful engine throw.

Thus ev'ry creature, and of ev'ry kind,
The secret joys of sweet coition find;
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air or swim the sea,
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the same.

'Tis with this rage, the mother lion stung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardless of her young;

NOTES.

* The poet alludes to the celebrated story of *Hero* and *Leander*, perhaps the most entertaining of all the ancient love-tales; the *Musæus* who has written an elegant poem on this subject, was not the ancient *Musæus*; for several false conceits and thoughts, rather pretty than solid, and contrary to
No. 16.

Demanding rites of love, she sternly stalks,
And haunts her lover in his lonely walks.
'Tis then the shapeless bear his den forsakes;
In woods and fields a wild destruction makes.
Boars whet their tusks, to battle tigers move,
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.
Then woe to him that in the desert land
Of *Lybia* travels, o'er the burning sand.
The stallion snuffs the well-known scent afar;
And snorts and trembles for the distant mare:
Nor bits nor bridles can his rage restrain,
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain:
He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns
Unruly torrents and unforded streams.
The bristled boar, who feels the pleasing wound,
New grinds his arming tusks, and digs the ground.
The sleepy letcher shuts his little eyes;
About his churning chops the frothy bubbles rise:
He rubs his sides against a tree, prepares
And hardens both his shoulders for the wars.
What did the youth, when love's unerring dart*
Transfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart?
Alone, by night, his wat'ry way he took;
About him and above, the billows broke;
The sluices of the sky were open spread:
And rolling thunder rattled o'er his head.
The raging tempest call'd him back in vain,
And ev'ry boding omen of the main.
Nor could his kindred, nor the kindly force
Of weeping parents, change his fatal course.
No, not the dying maid who must deplore
His floating carcase on the *Sestian* shore.

I pass the wars that sported linxes make
With their fierce rivals, for the female's sake:
The howling wolves, the mastiffs amorous rage:
When ev'n the fearful stag dares for his hind engage.
But far above the rest, the furious mare,
Barr'd from the male, is frantic with despair,
For when her pouting vent declares her pain,
She tears the harness, and she rends the rein;
For this, (when *Venus* gave them rage and pow'r)
Their masters mangled members they devour,
Of love defrauded in their longing hour.
For love they force thro' thickets of the wood,
They climb the steepy hills, and stem the flood.

When

NOTES.

the simplicity of the older *Grecian* writers, evidently betray the later age of the piece. It is observable *Virgil* hints, that the whole species would encounter the same dangers as *Leander* did for the sake of love.

When at the spring's approach their marrow burns,
 (For with the spring their genial warmth returns)
 The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair,
 And with wide nostrils snuff the western air:
 When (wond'rous to relate) the parent wind,
 Without the stallion, propagates the kind.
 Then fir'd with am'rous rage, they take their flight
 Thro' plains, and mount the hills unequal height;
 Nor to the north, nor to the rising sun,
 Nor southward to the rainy regions run,
 But boring to the west, and hov'ring there,
 With gaping mouths, they draw prolific air:
 With which impregnate, from their groins they shed
 A slimy juice, by false conception bred.
 The shepherd knows it well, and calls by name
 Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame. *
 This, ga her'd in the planetary hour,
 With noxious weeds, and spell'd with words of
 power,
 Dire stepdames in the magic bowl infuse,
 And mix, for deadly draughts, the pois'nous juice.
 But time is lost, which never will renew,
 While we too far the pleasing path pursue;
 Surveying nature with too nice a view. }
 Let this suffice for herds: our following care
 Shall woolly flocks and shaggy goats declare:
 Nor can I doubt what toil I must bestow,
 To raise my subject from a ground so low;
 And the mean matter which my theme affords,
 T' embellish with magnificence of words.
 But the commanding muse my chariot guides;
 Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides:
 And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take,
 But first the way to new discoveries make.
 Now sacred *Pales*, in a lofty strain †
 I sing the rural honours of thy reign.
 First with assiduous care, from winter keep,
 Well fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep;
 Then spread with straw the bedding of thy fold,
 With fern beneath, to fend the bitter cold.
 That free from gouts thou may'st preserve thy care,
 And clear from scabs, produc'd by freezing air.

NOTES.

* The hippomanes signifies two things. 1. A certain liquor that flows from a mare ready to take horse. 2. An excrescence of flesh which the new foaled colts have upon their foreheads. It is black, round, and of the bigness of a dried fig. It is pretended that these two hippomanes have a peculiar virtue in philtres, and other such compositions designed for fascinations. And that the last is of such a nature, that a mare has no sooner dropped her colt, but she eats this piece of flesh, without

Next let thy goats officiously be nurs'd,
 And led to living streams to quench their thirst:
 Feed 'em with winter browse, and for their lare
 A cote that opens to the south prepare;
 Where basking in the sun-shine they may lie,
 And the short remnants of his heat enjoy.
 This during winter's drisly reign be done;
 Till the new ram receives th' exalted sun;
 For hairy goats of equal profit are
 With woolly sheep, and ask an equal share.
 'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with *Tyrian*
 juice,
 Is dearly sold; but not for needful use;
 For the falacious goat increases more;
 And twice as largely yields her milky store.
 The still distended udders never fail,
 But when they seem exhausted, swell the pail.
 Mean time the pastor shears their hoary beards;
 And eases of their hair, the loaden herds.
 Their camelots, warm in tents, the soldier hold;
 And shield the shiv'ring mariner from cold. ‡
 On shrubs they browse, and on the bleaky top
 Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop;
 Attended with their bleating kids they come
 At night unask'd, and mindful of their home;
 And scarce their swelling bags the threshold over- }
 come.
 So much the more thy diligence bestow
 In depth of winter, to defend the snow;
 By how much less the tender helpless kind,
 For their own ills, can fit provision find.
 Then minister the browse with bounteous hand,
 And open let thy stacks all winter stand.
 But when the western winds with vital power
 Call forth the tender grass and budding flower;
 Then at the last, produce in open air
 Both flocks, and send 'em to their summer fare.
 Before the sun, while *Hesperus* appears,
 First let 'em sip from herbs the pearly tears
 Of morning dews; and after break their fast §
 On green-sward ground; (a cool and grateful
 taste:)

But

NOTES.

which she would not suckle it.

† The third is the most epic of all the *Georgics*; and the introduction to it, as well as several passages in it, particularly this, shew that *Virgil* regarded it as such himself.

‡ *Varro*, speaking of the usefulness of goats, says, they are shorn for the use of sailors and war.

§ The freshness of the morning is painted in the liveliest colours.

But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
And the sun's sultry heat their thirst renews;
When creaking grasshoppers on shrubs complain,*
Then lead 'em to their wat'ring troughs again.
In summer's heat, some bending valley find,
Clos'd from the sun, but open to the wind;
Or seek some ancient oak, whose arms extend †
In ample breadth, thy cattle to defend: ‡
Or solitary grove, or gloomy shade,
To shield 'em with it's venerable shade.
Once more to wat'ring lead, and feed again
When the low sun is sinking to the main.
When rising *Cynthia* sheds her silver dews;
And the cool evening-breeze the meads renews:
When linnets fill the woods with tuneful sound,
And hollow shores the *Halcyon's* voice rebound.

Why should my Muse enlarge on *Libyan* swains,
Their scatter'd cottages and ample plains?
Where oft the flocks without a leader stray,
Or thro' continu'd deserts take their way, }
And, feeding, add the length of night to day. §
Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
Nor folds, nor hospitable harbour know;
Such an extent of plains, so vast a space
Of wilds unknown, and of untasted grafs

NOTES.

* Several of the modern *Italian* poets mention the singing of the cicada, as very loud and troublesome in the great heats of summer.

† How beautifully has the poet enlivened these dry precepts concerning the time of watering cattle by this description of a little landscape! of a vast old oak standing in a valley, or an ilex or ever-green oak, spreading a thick and solemn shade! The description of the cool of the evening is delightful.

‡ We have not a full idea of this image, from our not knowing of how deep a green the ilex is, and what a vast shade it casts in *Italy*, where there are great numbers of this tree.

§ This digression to the shepherds of *Africa* cannot be sufficiently praised—one sees them

Pasturing on from verdant stage to stage.

THOMSON, *Cant. of Ind.*

The vastness of those plains are represented by the very flow of this line,

—itque pecus longa in deserta sine ullis

Hospitiis—tantum campi jacet.

|| The *Roman* soldiers were wont to carry, in their campaigns, not only their swords, helmets and shields, but likewise provisions for a fortnight, and stakes and utensils.

¶ The contrast is very strong between the scenes of *Africa* and *Scythia*, and has a fine effect. This

Allures their eyes: the shepherd last appears,
And with him all his patrimony bears:
His house and household Gods! his trade of war,
His bow and quiver, and his trusty cur.
Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of *Rome* ||
Their long laborious marches overcome;
Cheerly their tedious travels undergo,
And pitch their sudden camp before the foe.

Not so the *Scythian* shepherd tends his fold; ¶
Nor he who bears in *Thrace* the bitter cold;
Nor he who treads the bleak *Mæstian* strand,
Or where proud *Ister* rolls his yellow sand.
Early they stall their flocks and herds; for there
No grafs the fields, no leaves the forest wear.
The frozen earth lies buried there, below
A hilly heap, seven cubits deep in snow;
And all the west allies of stormy *Boreas* blow. }

The sun from far peeps with a sickly face,
Too weak the clouds, and mighty fogs to chase;
When up the skies he shoots his rosy head, **
Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed,
Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd,
And studded wheels are on it's back sustain'd.
An hostry now for waggons, which before
Tall ships of burden on it's bosom bore.

The

NOTES.

variety, this magic art of conveying the reader from one climate to another, constitutes one of the greatest beauties of poetry. *M. de Maupertuis*, who, with some other academicians, was sent by the king of *France*, in 1736, to measure a degree of the meridian, under the arctic circle, says, that brandy was the only liquor, which could be kept sufficiently fluid for them to drink: *Pendant un froid si grand, que la langue et les lèvres se gelaient sur le champ, contre le taffé, &c.* And a little afterwards he tells us, that the spirits of wine froze in their thermometers.

** This winter-piece has ever been admired as one of the capital paintings of *Virgil*. Mr. *Thomson* has given us a noble imitation of it, in his view of winter within the polar circle; and has added some striking circumstances, which modern travellers have observed. We cannot forbear transcribing his conclusion, where he describes winter personally. The image is very sublime.

“ Here winter holds his unrejoicing court,
“ And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
“ Of driving tempest is for ever heard;
“ Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath,
“ Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
“ Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
“ With which he now oppresses half the globe.”

The brazen cauldrons with the frost are flaw'd;
 The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd;
 With axes first they cleave the wine, and thence
 By weight the solid portions they dispense.
 From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
 Long icicles depend, and cracking sounds are heard.
 Mean time perpetual fleet and driving snow
 Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below.
 The starving cattle perish in their stalls,
 Huge oxen stand inclos'd in wintry walls
 Of snow congeal'd; whole herds are bury'd there
 Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.
 The dextrous huntsman wounds not these afar,
 With shafts or darts, or makes a distant war
 With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight;
 But close engages in unequal fight.
 And while they strive in vain to make their way
 Thro' hills of snow, and pitifully bray,
 Assaults with dint of sword, or pointed spears;
 And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden
 bears.

The men to subterranean caves retire,
 Secure from cold, and croud the chearful fire;
 With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,
 Nor tempt th' inclemency of heav'n abroad.
 Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
 They pass, to drive the tedious hours away.
 And their cold stomachs with crown'd goblets
 chear,

Of windy cyder, and of barmy beer.
 Such are the cold *Riphean* race; and such
 The savage *Scythian*, and unwarlike *Dutch*:
 Where skins of beasts the rude barbarians wear,
 The spoils of foxes and the furry bear.

Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go
 Where burlies are, where burs and thistles grow;
 Nor in too rank a pasture let 'em feed;
 Then of the purest white select thy breed:
 Ev'n tho' a snowy ram thou shalt behold,
 Prefer him not in haste for husband to thy fold.
 But search his mouth, and if a swarthy tongue*
 Is underneath his humid palate hung,

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* If the tongue of the ram be black or speckled, (says *Varro*) the lambs will be of the same colour. See *Aristotle* of animals, to the same purpose.

† The poet says but little concerning the care and breeding of dogs, or of hunting. Mr. *Somerville*, in his poem intitled the *Chace*, one of the best productions of this age, has in some measure supplied the defect.

‡ Dr. *Martyn* thinks the serpents here described to be those which *Pliny* calls *beas*. This author

Reject him, lest he darken all the flock,
 And substitute another from thy stock.
 'Twas thus with fleeces milky white (if we
 May trust report) *Pan* God of *Arcady*
 Did bribe thee *Cynthia*; nor didst thou disdain,
 When call'd in woody shades, to cure a lover's
 pain.

If milk be thy design; with plenteous hand
 Bring clover-grass, and from the marshy land
 Salt herbage for the fodd'ring rack provide,
 To fill their bags, and swell the milky tide:
 These raise their thirst, and to the taste restore
 The flavour of the salt, on which they fed before.

Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain,
 With gags and muzzles their soft mouths restrain.
 Their morning milk the peasants press at night,
 Their evening meal before the rising light
 To market bear, or sparingly they steep
 With seas'ning salt, and stor'd, for winter keep.

Nor last, forget thy faithful dogs, but feed †
 With fatt'ning whey the mastiffs gen'rous breed;
 And *Spartan* race, who, for the folds relief,
 Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief:
 Repulse the prouling wolf, and hold at bay
 The mountain robbers, rushing to the prey.
 With cries of hounds thou may'st pursue the fear
 Of flying hares, and chace the fallow deer;
 Rouze from their desert dens the bristled rage
 Of boars, and beamy stags in toils engage.

With smoke of burning cedar scent thy walls,
 And fume with stinking galbanum thy stalls;
 With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place
 To drive the viper's brood, and all the venom'd
 race.

For often under stalls unmov'd they lie, ‡
 Obscure in shades and shunning heav'n's broad eye.
 And snakes, familiar, to the hearth succeed,
 Disclose their eggs, and near the chimney breed.
 Whether to roofy houses they repair,
 Or sun themselves abroad in open air,
 In all abodes of pestilential kind,
 To sheep and oxen, and the painful hind.

Take,

NOTES.

affirms they grow to a prodigious bigness, and that a child was found in the belly of one of them in the reign of *Claudius*: that they feed on cows milk, whence they have their name. The line a little below

Cape saxa manû, cape robora pastor,
 is exactly expressive of hurry and eagerness: there are no particles in it: so in the fourth *Æneid*,
Ferte citi flammæ, date tela, impellite flammæ.

Take, shepherd, take a plant of stubborn oak,
And labour him with many a sturdy stroke;
Or with hard stones, demolish from a-far
His haughty crest, the seat of all the war,
Invade his hissing throat and winding spires,
Till stretch'd in length th' unfolded foe retires.
He drags his tail, and for his head provides;
And in some secret cranny slowly glides;
But leaves expos'd to blows his back and batter'd
sides.

In fair *Calabria's* woods a snake is bred,*
With curling crest, and with advancing head;
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track;
His belly spotted; burnish'd is his back;
While springs are broken, while the southern air
And dropping heav'n's the moisten'd earth repair,
He lives on standing lakes, and trembling bogs;
He fills his maw with fish, or with loquacious
frogs.

But when, in muddy pools, the water sinks,
And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks;
He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground:
And hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide destruction threatens.
Oh let not sleep my closing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the secret shade;
When he, renew'd in all the speckled pride
Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside,
And in his summer liv'ry rolls along:
Erect, and brandishing his forked tongue,†
Leaving his nest, and his imperfect young;
And thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poison for the following year.

The causes and the signs shall next be told
Of ev'ry sickness that infects the fold.
A scabby tetter on their pelts will flick,‡
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the
quick;
Or searching frosts have eaten thro' the skin,
Or burning ificles are lodg'd within;

NOTES.

* The poet here speaks of another serpent called *cherfydrus*, from it's living both in water, and on earth.

† *Micare* in it's true and natural signification relates to any quick motion. So *Virgil*, *micat auribus*; and *Cicero*, *digitis micare*; of that old game so common in *Italy* of darting out their fingers, and guessing at the number of those darted out each time, so often mentioned by others of the *Roman* writers.

‡ *Columella* remarks, that a sheep, as soon as it is
No. 17.

Or when the fleece is shorn, if sweat remains
Unwash'd, and fokes into their empty veins:
When their defenceless limbs the brambles tear;
Short of their wool, and naked from the sheer.

Good shepherds after sheering drench their
sheep,
And their flocks father (forc'd from high to leap)
Sinks down the stream, and plunges in the
deep.

They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil,
Or from the founts where living sulphurs boil,
They mix a medicine to foment their limbs,
With scum that on the molten silver swims.
Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to these,
Besides the waxen labour of the bees;
And hellebore, and squills deep-rooted in the
seas.

Receipts abound, but searching all thy store,
The best is still at hand, to lance the sore,
And cut the head, for till the core be found,
The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground;
While making fruitless moan, the shepherd
stands,
And when the lancing knife requires his hands,
Vain help, with idle pray'rs, from heav'n de-
mands.

Deep in their bones when fevers fix their seat,
And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat;
The ready cure to cool the raging pain,
Is underneath the foot to breath a vein.
This remedy the *Scythian* shepherds found;
Th' inhabitants of *Thracia's* hilly ground,
The *Gelms* use it, when for drink and food §
They mix their curdled milk with horses blood.

But when thou seest a single sheep remain
In shades aloof, or couch'd upon the plain;
Or listlessly to crop the tender grass,
Or late to lag behind with truant pace,
Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head,
Ere in the faultless flock the dire contagion spread.

On

NOTES.

sheared, should be anointed with a mixture of the juice of lupines, the lees of old wine, and the dregs of oil, in equal quantities; and be washed four days afterwards in the sea, or in rain water salted; and quotes the authority of *Celsus*, who affirms that a sheep treated after this manner, will be free from the scab a whole year, and that the wool will be the softer, and the longer for it.

§ Several northern nations at this time drink mare's milk mixed with blood. *Pliny* says, they mixed millet with it.

On winter seas we fewer storms behold,
Than foul diseases that infect the fold:
Nor do those ills on single bodies prey,
But oft'ner bring the nation to decay;
And sweep the present flock and future hope
away.

A dire example of this truth appears; *
When, after such a length of rolling years,
We see the naked *Alps*, and thin remains
Of scatter'd cotts, and yet unpeopled plains;
Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the shepherd's
happy reigns.

Here from the vicious air, and sickly skies,
A plague did on the dumb creation rise; †
During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
Tame cattle and the beasts of nature flew.
Pois'ning the standing lakes, and pools impure;
Nor was the foodful grafs in fields secure.
Strange death! For when the thirsty fire had drunk
Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were shrunk;
When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, even
then

A wat'rish humour swell'd and ooz'd again;
Converting into bane the kindly juice,
Ordain'd by nature for a better use.
The victim ox, that was for altars press'd,
Trim'd with white ribbons, and with garlands
dress'd,
Sunk of himself, without the Gods command;
Preventing the slow sacrificer's hand;
Or, by the holy butcher, if he fell,
Th' inspected entrails could no fates foretel:
Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames arise;
But clouds of smould'ring smoke forbade the sacri-
fice.

Scarcely the knife was redden'd with his gore,
Or the black poison stain'd the sandy floor.

NOTES.

* The sense is, if any one knows what sort of places these were, when they were full of cattle, he may now see them empty, though it is a long time since the pestilence.

† We now enter upon the celebrated description of the plague. *Virgil* puts forth all his strength to endeavour to excel *Lucretius's* sixth book on the plague at *Athens*. Many hints in this description are borrowed from *Thucydides* his famous account of the plague at *Athens*.

‡ The poet nobly acquits himself on a subject, so exceeding difficult to be described.

§ How exquisitely beautiful is the pause in this verse at the word *gemitus*! *it tristis arator*, by the

The thriven calves in meads their food forsake,
And render their sweet souls before the plenteous
rack.

The fawning dog runs mad, the weasling swine
With coughs is choak'd, and labours from the
chine:

The victor horse, forgetful of his food, †
The palm renounces and abhors the flood:
He paws the ground, and on his hanging ears
A doubtful sweat in clammy drops appears;
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
Such are the symptoms of the young disease;
But in time's process when his pains increase,
He rolls his mournful eyes, he deeply groans
With patient sobbing and with manly means.
He heaves for breath, which from his lungs sup-
ply'd,

And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring side.
To his rough palate, his dry tongue succeeds,
And roapy gore he from his nostrils bleeds.
A drench of wine has with success been us'd,
And thro' a horn the gen'rous juice infus'd;
Which timely taken op'd his closing jaws;
But, if too late, the patient's death did cause.
For the too vig'rous dose too fiercely wrought,
And added fury to the strength it brought.
Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
In his own flesh, and feeds approaching death.
Ye Gods, to better fate good men dispose,
And turn that impious error on our foes!

The steer, who to the yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of tillage, and the crooked plow)
Falls down and dies, and dying spews a flood §
Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who, cursing providence, repines,
His mournful fellow from the team disjoins:

With

NOTES.

very melancholy flow of the words places the action of the ploughman full in our sight: the next line proceeds as slow as possible, consisting of all spondees,

Mærentem abjungens fraterna morte juvencum.

The circumstance of the brother heifer grieving is most tenderly imagined. *Non umbræ altorum nemorum* is an imitation of *Lucretius*, where the dam is lamenting her calf that was sacrificed.

*Nec teneræ salices, atque herbæ rore vigentes,
Fluminaque ulla queunt summis labentia ripis
Oblètare animum, subitamque avertere curam.*

L. 2.

It was upon reading these exquisite lines, that *Scal-*

With many a groan forsakes his fruitless care,
And in th' unfinish'd furrow leaves the share.
The pining steer no shades of lofty woods,
Nor flow'ry meads can ease; nor chrystal floods
Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decrease;
His eyes are settled in a stupid peace.
His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown,
And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deserving toil
To turn the glebe or smooth the rugged soil?
And yet he never supp'd in solemn state,
Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate;
Nor day to night luxuriously did join,
Nor surfeited on rich *Campanian* wine.
Simple his bev'rage, homely was his food;
The wholesome herbage and the running flood;
No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright,
His pains by day secur'd his rest by night.

'Twas then that buffaloes, ill pair'd, were seen
To draw the car of *Jove's* imperial queen,
For want of oxen; and the lab'ring swain
Scratch'd with a rake a furrow for his grain;
And cover'd with his hand the shallow seed again.
He yokes himself, and up the hilly height,
With his own shoulders draws the waggon's weight.
The nightly wolf, that round the inclosure
prowl'd*

To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold;
Tam'd with a sharper pain, the fearful doe
And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go;
And round the dwellings roam, of man, their fier-
cer foe.

The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcasses are driv'n aground; †
And mighty *Phoca*, never seen before
In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.

NOTES.

ger declared, he had rather have been the author of them, than to have been the first favourite of *Cræsus* or *Cyrus*.

* Observe these circumstances of the wolves prowling no more, because *acris illum cura demat*, and the deer wandering near the dwellings of men.

† *Virgil*, it is observed, expressly contradicts *Aristotle*, who asserts, that pestilential diseases never affect fishes.

‡ We know not a stronger image in any poet whatever, than this of the serpents dying with their scales erect and stiffened. The poet brings into his subject the inhabitants of every element, making as it were all nature affected with this dreadful plague.

§ *Chiron* and *Meleampus* are mentioned in the original, but the poet does not mean that the plague

The viper dead within her hole is found;
Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed, †
With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed.
To birds their native heav'ns contagious prove,
From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above.

Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain,
Or trust to physic; physic is their bane.
The learned leaches in despair depart,
And shake their heads, desponding of their art. §

Tisiphone, let loose from under ground, ||
Majestically pale, now treads the round;
Before her drives diseases and affright,
And ev'ry moment rises to the sight,
Aspiring to the skies, incroaching on the light.

The rivers and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings and with dying bleats resound.
At length she strikes an universal blow,
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horses, fall; and, heap'd on high,
The differing species in confusion lie.
Till warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,
To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground.
For, useless to the currier were their hides;
Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean tides
Be freed from filth; nor could *Vulcanian* flame
The stench abolish, or the savour tame.
Nor safely could they shear their fleecy store;
(Made drunk with pois'nous juice and stiff with gore)
Or touch the web; but if the vest they wear,
Red blisters rising on their paps appear,
And flaming carbuncles, and noisome sweat,
And clammy dews that loathsome lice beget:
Till the slow creeping evil eats his way,
Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life
his prey.

NOTES.

happened in their days, but that the very best physicians acknowledged their skill useless in this case. Particulars are named for generals. *Lucretius* speaks personally of the art of physic, which has a fine effect,

—— *Mussabat tacito Medicina timore.*

|| The figure of *Tisiphone* driving before her a train of diseases and fear, is nobly conceived. It puts one in mind of that exalted image in *Habakuk*, where the prophet speaking of *Jehovah* in his wrath, says, "Before him went the pestilence." The circumstance of the fury *Tisiphone's* growing every day larger and larger, is truly admirable, as it so justly alludes to the daily increase of the pestilence. This is the beauty of an allegory, to have it supported by truth.

The

The FOURTH BOOK of the GEORGICS.

A R G U M E N T.

Virgil has taken care to raise the subject of the Georgic: in the first he has only dead matter on which to work. In the second he just steps on the world of life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third he advances to animals. And in the last singles out the bee, which may be reckoned the most sagacious of them, for his subject.

In this Georgic he shews us what station is most proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey; how to call them home when they swarm; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different kind; and, after an excursion, relates their prudent and politic administration of affairs, and the several diseases that often rage in their hives, with the proper symptoms and remedies of each disease. In the last place, he lays down a method of repairing their kind, supposing their whole breed lost, and gives at large the history of it's invention.

THE gifts of heav'n my foll'wing song pursues,
Aerial honey, and ambrosial dews. *
Mæcenas, read this other part, that sings
Embattled squadrons and advent'rous kings;
A mighty pomp, tho' made of little things.
Their arms, their arts, their manners, I disclose,
And how they war, and whence the people rose:
Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,
If heav'n assist, and Phæbus hear my call.

First, for thy bees a quiet station find,
And lodge them under covert of the wind:
For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their ev'ning hive.

Far from the cows and goats insulting crew,
That trample down the flow'rs and brush the
dew;

The painted lizard and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away. †
The titmouse and the pecker's hungry brood,
And Progne, with her bosom stain'd in blood:

These rob the trading citizens, and bear
The trembling captives thro' the liquid air,
And for their callow young a cruel feast prepare.
But near a living stream their mansion place,
Edg'd round with moss and tufts of matted grass;

And

N O T E S.

* The poet calls honey ærial and heavenly, according to the opinion of the old philosophers, who believed that it was derived from the dew of heaven. This heavenly dew they thought was received by the flowers, and thence gathered by the bees. Every reader of taste perceives how Virgil exalts and dignifies these wonderful insects, by ascribing to them through this whole book, the manners, passions, and actions of men. We have before said, that the characteristic of this book is elegance, and of the former,

N O T E S.

sublimity. Virgil has borrowed most of his observations upon bees from Varro, and Aristotle's treatise of animals. Modern philosophy has cleared up many mistakes which these ancients fell into, with regard to bees and other animals.

† *Apiaster*, or *Bee-eater*, is shaped like a king-fisher. It is about the size of a black-bird. *Progne* the daughter of *Pandion* was turned into a swallow, which has the feathers of it's breast stained with red.

And plant (the winds impetuous rage to stop)
 Wild olive-trees, or palms, before the busy shop. *
 That when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
 Calls out the vent'rous colony to swarm,
 When first their way thro' yielding air they wing,
 New to the pleasures of their native spring;
 The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
 For the raw soldiers from the scalding heat;
 And neighb'ring trees, with friendly shade invite
 The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.
 Then o'er the running stream, or standing lake,
 A passage for thy weary people make,
 With olier floats the standing water strow: †
 Of massy stones make bridges, if it flow:
 That basking in the sun thy bees may lie,
 And resting there, their flaggy pinions dry:
 When late returning home, the laden host
 By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coast.
 Wild thyme and sav'ry set around their cell; ‡
 Sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the smell;
 Sets rows of rosemary with flow'ring stem,
 And let thy purple v'lets drink the stream.

Whether thou build the palace of thy bees
 With twisted osiers, or with barks of trees;
 Make but a narrow mouth: for as the cold
 Congeals into a lump the liquid gold;
 So 'tis again dissolv'd by summer's heat,
 And the sweet labours both extremes defeat.
 And therefore, not in vain, th' industrious kind
 With dawby-wax and flow'rs the chink have
 lin'd,

And with their stores of gather'd glue contrive,
 To stop the vents and crannies of their hive.
 Not bird-lime, or *Idean* pitch, produce
 A more tenacious mass of clammy juice.

NOTES.

* Dr. Martyn observes, that the palm-tree is of several sorts; but believes the species cultivated in Italy (and consequently that meant in this place) to be the date-tree.

† Varro would have this to be a small stream near the apiary not above two or three fingers deep, with several shells or small stones standing a little above the surface of the water, that the bees may drink.

‡ The thymbra of the ancients is generally thought to be some species of satureia, or savoury. Serpyllum is wild thyme. Cassia is not rosemary, as some have supposed.

§ This must sound very odd to modern readers. The Romans were wont to burn crabs to ashes, and used them as a remedy for scalds and burns.

|| The poet proceeds to speak of the swarming of bees, and points out the method of making them settle.

No. 17.

Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
 In chambers of their own, beneath the ground;
 Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
 And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.

But plaister thou the chinky hives with clay,
 And leafy branches o'er their lodging lay;
 Nor place them where too deep a water flows,
 Or where the yew, their pois'nous neighbour
 grows;

Nor roast red crabs t' offend the niceness of their
 nose. §

Nor near the steaming stench of muddy ground:
 Nor hollow rocks that render back the sound,
 And doubled images of vice rebound.

For what remains, when golden suns appear, ||
 And under earth have driv'n the winter year:
 The winged nation wanders thro' the skies,
 And o'er the plains and shady forest flies:
 Then stooping on the meads and leafy bow'rs,
 They skim the floods, and sip the purple flow'rs.
 Exalted hence, and drunk with secret joy,
 Their young succession all their cares employ:
 They breed, they brood, instruct, and educate,
 And make provision for the future state:
 They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
 And labour honey to sustain their lives.
 But when thou seest a swarming cloud arise,
 That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the skies;
 The motions of their hasty flight attend,
 And know to floods, or woods, their airy march they
 bend.

Then melfoil beat, and honey-suckles pound,
 With these alluring favours strew the ground, ¶
 And mix with tinkling brass the cymbal's droning
 sound. **

Straight

NOTES.

¶ The first plant seems to be a contraction of *melissophillon*; and the description of it agrees very well with the *melissa* or *baum*, a common herb in the English gardens. *Cerinthe* (which signifies a honey-comb) is the *cerinthe flavo flore asperior*, or yellow flowered honey-wort. The stalks are about the thickness of one's finger, round, smooth, whitish, and divided into several branches. The leaves embrace the stalks and branches with their bases, and diminish gradually to a point. They are of a bluish colour marked with white spots, set on both sides with prickles, and nearly indented.

** This custom is still used. Aristotle mentions it likewise, and questions whether they hear or not, and whether it be delight or fear that causes the bees to be quieted with such noises.

4 B

Straight to their ancient cells, recall'd from air,
 The reconcil'd deserters will repair.
 But if intestine broils alarm the hive,
 (For two pretenders oft for empire strive)
 The vulgar in divided factions jar,
 And murmur'ing sounds proclaim the civil war.
 Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with disdain,
 Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls contain,
 With shouts, the coward's courage they excite,
 And martial clangors call 'em out to fight : *
 With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
 That imitates the trumpet's angry sounds :
 Then to their common standard they repair ;
 The nimble horsemen scour the fields of air.
 In form of battle drawn, they issue forth,
 And ev'ry knight is proud to prove his worth.
 Press'd for their country's honour, and their king's,
 On their sharp beaks they whet their pointed
 flings :
 And exercise their arms, and tremble with their
 wings.
 Full in the midst the haughty monarchs ride,
 The trusty guards come up, and close the side ;
 With shouts the daring foe to battle is defy'd.
 Thus in the season of unclouded spring,
 To war they follow their undaunted king ;
 Croud thro' their gates, and in the fields of light,
 The shocking squadrons meet in mortal fight ;
 Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,
 And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers bite the ground.
 Hard hailstones lie not thicker on the plain ;
 Nor shaken oaks such show'rs of acorns rain.
 With gorgeous wings, the marks of sov'reign sway,
 The two contending princes make their way ;
 Intrepid thro' the midst of danger go ;
 Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
 With mighty souls in narrow bodies prest,
 They challenge, and encounter breast to breast ;
 So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
 And obstinately bent to win or die ;
 That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
 Till one prevails, (for one can only reign.)
 Yet all those dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
 A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay,
 And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
 When both the chiefs are fund'ed from the fight,
 Then to the lawful king restore his right.

NOTES.

* This battle is described with as much spirit and strength, and the fury of the combatants is painted in terms as bold and majestic, as if it were an engagement between the greatest heroes. One cannot but observe how *Virgil* exalts his bees by giving them all the warlike apparatus of a *Roman* army.

And let the wasteful prodigal be slain,
 That he who best deserves, alone may reign.
 With ease distinguish'd in the regal race ;
 One monarch wears an honest open face :
 Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
 His royal body shines with specks of gold,
 And ruddy scales ; for empire he design'd,
 Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
 That other looks like nature in disgrace,
 Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face ;
 And like their grisly prince appears his gloomy
 race :
 Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train
 That long have travell'd thro' a desert plain,
 And spit from their dry chaps the gather'd dust
 again. †
 The better brood, unlike the bastard crew,
 Are mark'd with royal streaks of shining hue ;
 Glitt'ring and ardent ; tho' in body less ;
 From these at pointed seasons hope to press
 Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
 Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use :
 T' allay the strength and hardness of the wine,
 And with old *Bacchus*, new metheglin join.
 But when the swarms are eager of their play,
 And loath their empty hives, and idly stray,
 Restrain the wanton fugitives, and take
 A timely care to bring the truants back.
 The task is easy, but to clip the wings
 Of their high-flying arbitrary kings :
 At their command the people swarm away ;
 Confine the tyrant, and the slaves will stay.
 Sweet gardens, full of saffron flow'rs, invite
 The wand'ring gluttons, and retard their flight.
 Besides the God obscene, who frights away,
 With his lath sword, the thieves and birds of
 prey.
 With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
 For slips of pines, may search the mountain trees ;
 And with wild thyme and sav'ry, plant the plain,
 Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain ;
 And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
 And with refreshing waters drench the ground.
 Now, did I not so near my labours end,
 Strike fail, and hast'ning to the harbour tend,
 My song to flow'ry gardens might extend. ‡
 To

NOTES.

† It is observable that this is the only low, or droll image, that *Virgil* hath admitted into the *Georgics* ; so careful was he of keeping up a dignity and majesty throughout his poem.

‡ These exquisite lines make us wish the poet had enlarged upon the subject of gardening. We have no poem on it but an insipid one of *F. Rapin* written.

To teach the vegetable arts, to sing
 The *Pæstus* roses, and their double spring.*
 How succ'ry drinks the running streams, and how
 Green beds of parsley near the river grow;
 How cucumbers along the surface creep,
 With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep.
 The late *narcissus*, and the winding trail
 Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.
 For where with stately tow'rs *Tarentum* stands,†
 And deep *Galefus* fokes the yellow sands,
 I chanc'd an old *Corycian* swain to know,
 Lord of few acres, and those barren too;
 Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow:
 Yet lab'ring well his little spot of ground,
 Some scatt'ring pot-herbs here and there he found:
 Which cultivated with his daily care,
 And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
 Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,‡
 With wholesome poppy-flow'rs to mend his homely
 board:

For late returning home he supp'd at ease,
 And wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less;
 The little of his own, because his own did
 please.

To quit his care, he gather'd first of all
 In spring the roses, apples in the fall:
 And when cold winter split the rocks in twain,
 And ice the running rivers did restrain;
 He strip'd the bears-foot of it's leafy growth,
 And, calling western winds, accus'd the spring of
 sloth;

NOTES.

written in pure *Latin* indeed, but with no poetical spirit, and indeed we think not comparable to an old fragment of *Columella* on this subject. Considering the many great improvements made in this science, perhaps the garden is the properest and most fruitful subject for a didactic poem of any whatsoever. Especially as this art hath been lately so much improved by men of taste and judgment.

* We learn from *Servius*, that *Pæstrum* is a town in *Calabria*, where the roses blow twice a year.

† Who that reads this, says *Dr. Trapp*, despises not the wealth, and pities not the persons of all the great ones upon earth!

‡ The original is, *albaque circum lilia*. Though the white lily be the most common species of that flower among us, yet it was the most celebrated, and best known among the ancients. Thus *Virgil* does not produce the epithet *alba* in this place, without reason. In other passages our poet has taken care

He therefore first among the swains was found,
 To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
 And squeeze the combs with golden liquor
 crown'd.

His limes were first in flow'rs; his lofty pines§
 With friendly shade, secur'd his tender vines.
 For ev'ry bloom his trees in spring afford,
 An autumn apple was by tale restor'd.
 He knew to rank his elms in even rows,
 For fruit the grafted pear-tree to dispose;
 And tame to plumbs, the fountains of the flocks.
 With spreading planes he made a cool retreat,||
 To shade good fellows from the summer's heat.
 But straiten'd in my space, I must forsake
 This task, for others afterwards to take.¶

Describe we next the nature of the bees,
 Bestow'd by *Jove* for secret services:**
 When by the tinkling found of timbrels led,
 The king of heav'n in *Cretan* caves they fed.
 Of all the race of animals, alone
 The bees have common cities of their own,
 And common fons, beneath one law they live,
 And with one common stock their traffic drive.
 Each has a certain home; a sev'ral stall,
 All is the state's, the state provides for all.
 Mindful of common cold, they share the pain:
 And hoard, for winter's use, the summer's
 gain.

Some o'er the public magazines preside,
 And some are sent new forage to provide:

These

NOTES.

to insist on the whiteness of the lily; as in *Æn.* lib. 12.

— *Mixta rubent ubi lilia multa*

Alba rosa. —

And *Æn.* 6.

— *Candida circum*

Lilia fundantur. —

§ *Columella* observes that limes are hurtful to bees, but mentions the pine as agreeable to them.

|| This relates to the *Corycians* having the art of removing even large trees.

¶ *Columella* has endeavoured to supply what *Virgil* has here omitted concerning gardens, in a poem on that subject, which gives us room to wish *Virgil* had wrote on this subject.

** The poet here insinuates, that *Jupiter* gave the bees a degree of reason, as a reward for their feeding him, when an infant, with honey, while he was concealed in a cave from his father *Saturn*.

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 Sweet honey some condense, some purge the grout,
 The rest, in cells apart, the liquid nectar shut.
 All, with united force, combine to drive
 The lazy drones from the laborious hive.
 With envy stung, they view each other's deeds,
 With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
 As when the *Cyclops*, at th' Almighty nod,
 New thunder hasten for their angry God: *
 Subdu'd in fire the stubborn metal lies,
 One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies;
 And draws, and blows reciprocating air,
 Others to quench the hissing mass prepare:
 With lifted arms they order ev'ry blow, }
 And chime their sounding hammers in a row: }
 With labour'd anvils *Ætna* groans below.
 Strongly they strike, huge flakes of flames expire,
 With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the
 fire.

If little things with great we may compare,
 Such are the bees, and such their busy care:
 Studious of honey, each in his degree,
 The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee:
 That in the field; this in affairs of state,
 Employ'd at home, abides within the gate:
 To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
 To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall:

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* Mr. Pope makes the following observation on this passage. The use of the grand style on little subjects, is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanics: I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative style without being ridiculous, but things natural can. Metaphors raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the *Georgics*; but throw the former into ridicule, as in the *Lutrin*. I think this may be very well accounted for; laughter implies censure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of censure; therefore these may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in morality. The bees in *Virgil*, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous, by having their action represented on a level with creatures so superior as men; since it would

But late at night, with weary pinions come
 The lab'ring youth, and heavy laden home.
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 He spoils the saffron flowers, he sips the blues
 Of vi'lets, wilding blooms, and willow dew.
 Their toil is common, common is their sleep,
 They shake their wings when morn begins to peep:
 Rush thro' the city gates without delay,
 Nor ends their work but with declining day:
 Then having spent the last remains of light,
 They give their bodies due repose at night:
 When hollow murmurs of their ev'ning bells
 Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll 'em to their
 cells.

When once in beds their weary limbs they sleep,
 No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep,
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 But what's more strange, their modest appetites,
 Averse from *Venus*, fly the nuptial rites:
 No lust enervates their heroic mind,
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 But in their mouths reside their genial pow'rs,
 They gather children from the leaves and flow'rs. †

Thus

NOTES.

imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

† The modern philosophers are much better acquainted with the nature of insects, than were *Aristotle* or *Theophrastus*, from whom *Virgil* borrowed largely in his account of bees. They assert, that no animal (nay no plant) is produced without a concurrence of the two sexes, and that consequently equivocal generation is an idle and most groundless opinion. With regard to the generation of bees, we shall present the reader with a large but entertaining extract from a *French* author lately published. The matter of the treatise is taken from the works of the learned Mr. *Maraldi*, and Mr. *de Reaumer*, and is flung into a very sprightly dialogue. It begins with a general view of the hive. The glass hive represents a city of sixteen or eighteen thousand inhabitants. This city is a monarchy, consisting of a queen, of grandees, soldiers, artisans, porters, houses, streets, gates, magazines, and a most
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Thus make they kings to fill the regal seat,
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strict civil policy. The queen dwells in a palace in the inner part of the city; some of the cells (which run perpendicular from the top of the hive) are larger than the rest, and belong to those, who, after the queen, hold the first rank in the commonwealth; the others are inhabited by the common people. The cells are all public buildings, which belong to the society in common; for among this people there is no *meum* nor *tuum*. Some cells are close magazines for a store of honey; others for the daily nourishment of the labouring bees; others are destined to receive eggs, and to lodge the worm from which the young bee springs. In the hive there is usually but one queen, six or eight hundred, or even a thousand males called drones, and from fifteen to sixteen thousand or upwards, of bees without sex, who carry on the whole policy and manufacture of the hive. The mother-bee, or the queen-mother, is the soul of the community, and but for her, every thing would languish; when she is secreted from the hive, the other bees lose all care of posterity, and make neither honey nor wax, so that the city soon becomes desolate and empty.—The rest of the bees pay her the most dutiful respect, and follow her wherever she goes, or is carried from home. Her subjects perform their several functions without any instructions, and without giving her the least trouble. Her only business is to people the hive; and this she fulfils so perfectly, as well to deserve the most honourable of all political titles, that of *Parent of her country*. To merit the love of her subjects, it is necessary she should produce from ten to twelve thousand children in the space of seven weeks, and one year with another, from thirty to forty thousand. She is easily distinguished from the other bees, by the form of her body, which is longer and slenderer. Her wings are shorter, in proportion to her length: in the other bees, they cover the whole body; in her, they terminate about half way, at the third ring of her trunk. She has, like the rest, a sting and bladder of poison; but is with much more difficulty provoked to use them; though when she does, the wound is larger and much more painful. The drones, or the thousand husbands of this single queen, are found in the hive only from the beginning of *May* to the end of *July*. Their number increases every day during that space of time, and is

No. 17.

Such rage of honey in their bosom beats,
And such a zeal they have for flow'ry sweets.
Thus thro' the race of life they quickly run,
Which in the space of sev'n short years is done;

Th'

NOTES.

greatest when the queen is breeding; in a few days after which period they die a violent death. Their way of living is very different from the rest: for excepting the single moment when they pay their duty to the queen, they are quite idle, and enjoy a most luxurious fare; being fed only with the finest honey, whereas the common bees live in a great measure upon wax. These go out early in the morning, and do not return till they are loaded with honey and wax, for the good of the society. The drones, on the contrary, do not go abroad till about eleven o'clock to take the air, and return punctually before six at night. They have no stings, nor those long elastic teeth with which the other bees work up the honey; nor those kind of hollows, which serve them for baskets to bring it home to the hive. The other bees, or the manufacturers (as we may call them) have an infinite number of strange particularities about them, of which we can only impart a few to the reader. Their head seems triangular, and the point of the triangle is formed by the meeting of two long elastic teeth, which are concave on the inside. In the second and third pair of their legs, is a part called the brush, of a square figure, with its outward surface polished and sleek, and its inward hairy, like a common brush. With these two instruments they prepare their wax and honey. The materials of their wax lie in the form of dust, upon the *amina* of flowers. When the bee would gather this dust, she enters into the flower, and takes it up by means of her brush, to which it easily adheres. She comes out all covered with it, sometimes yellow, sometimes red, or according to the native colour of the dust. If this dust be inclosed in the *capsula* of a flower, she pierces the *capsula* with her long moveable teeth, and then she gathers it. When it is quite loaded with dust, she rubs herself to collect it, and rolls it up in a little mass. Sometimes she performs this part of her business by the way; sometimes she stays till she comes to the hive. As soon as it is formed into a ball about the size of a grain of pepper, she lodges it in her basket, and returns home with a joy proportionable to the quantity she brings. The honey of the bees is found in the same place with the wax. It is lodged in little reservoirs, placed at the bottom of the flower.

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4 C

Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,
The fortune of the family remains :
And grandsires grandsons the long list contains.

Besides, not *Ægypt*, *India*, *Media* more
With servile awe their idol king adore :
While he survives, in concord and content
The commons live, by no divisions rent,
But the great monarch's death dissolves the go-
vernment.

All goes to ruin, they themselves contrive
To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.
The king presides, his subjects toil surveys,
The servile rout their careful *Cæsar* praise :
Him they extol, they worship him alone.
They crowd his levees, and support his throne :
They raise him on their shoulders with a shout,
And when their sov'reign's quarrel calls 'em out,
His foes to mortal combat they defy,
And think it honour at his feet to die.

Induc'd by such examples, some have taught
That bees have portions of ethærial thought :
Endu'd with particles of heav'nly fires,
For God the whole created mass inspires :
Thro' heav'n, and earth, and ocean's depth he
throws

His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beasts, and
fowls

With breath are quicken'd, and attract their souls.
Hence take the forms his prescience did ordain,
And into him at length resolve again.
No room is left for death, they mount the sky,
And to their own congenial planets fly.

Now when thou hast decreed to seize their
stores,

And by prerogative to break their doors :
With sprinkled water first the city choke,
And then pursue the citizens with smoke.
Two honey harvests fall in ev'ry year,
First, when the pleasing *Pleiades* appear,*
And springing upwards spurn the briny seas,
Again, when their affrighted quire surveys

The wat'ry Scorpion mend his pace behind,
With a black train of storms, and winter wind,
They plunge into the deep, and safe protection
find.

Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, assault th' aggressor's face :
And thro' the purple veins a passage find,
There fix their stings, and leave their souls be-
hind.†

But if a pinching winter thou foresee,‡
And would'st preserve thy famish'd family ;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate,
And break the waxen walls to save the state.
For lurking lizards often lodge, by stealth,
Within the suburbs, and purloin their wealth.
And lizards shunning light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the seat.
Or lazy drones, without their share of pain,
In winter-quarters free, devour the gain :
Or wasps infest the camp with loud alarms,
And mix in battle with unequal arms :
Or secret moths are there in silence fed,
Or spiders in the vault their snary webs have
spread.

The more oppress'd by foes, or famine pin'd,
The more increase thy care to save the sinking
kind,

With greens and flow'rs recruit their empty hives,
And seek fresh forage to sustain their lives.

But since they share with man one common
fate,

In health and sickness, and in turns of state ;
Observe the symptoms when they fall away,
And languish with insensible decay.
They change their hue, with haggard eyes they
stare,

Lean are their looks, and shagged is their hair :
And crowds of dead, that never must return
To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are borne,
Their friends attend the hearse, the next relations
mourn.

The

NOTES.

* *Virgil*, in speaking of the rising of the *Pleiades*, speaks of them in the singular number, and that personally.

*Taygete simul os terris ostendit honestum
Pleias*—

It is probable, that on the ancient globes this was a distinct constellation from *Taurus*, and represented by one of the sisters only, that named by *Virgil*. *Aratus* and *Eracliothes* both speak of it as distinct

NOTES.

from *Taurus* ; and the latter calls it *Pleias*, and not *Pleiades*.

† It is said to be a vulgar error, that bees lose their lives with their stings.

‡ He now proceeds regularly to tell us, how to manage those hives in which the honey is left for supporting the bees through the winter, and likewise enumerates the particular vermin, and plagues, that infest them.

The sick, for air before the portal gasp,
 Their feeble legs within each other clasp,
 Or idle in their empty hives remain,
 Benumb'd with cold, and listless of their gain.
 Soft whispers then, and broken sounds are heard,
 As when the woods by gentle winds are stirr'd.
 Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides,
 Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
 This when thou feest, *Galbanean* odours use,
 And honey in the sickly hive infuse.
 Thro' reeden pipes convey the golden flood,
 T' invite the people to their wonted food,
 Mix it with thicken'd juice of sodden wines,
 And raisins from the grapes of *Pfythian* vines :
 To these add pounded galls, and roses dry,
 And with *Cecropian* thyme, strong-scented centaury.

A flow'r there is that grows in meadow ground,
Amellus call'd, and easy to be found :
 For from one root the rising stem bestows
 A wood of leaves, and vi'let-purple boughs.
 The flow'r itself is glorious to behold,
 And shines on altars like refulgent gold :

NOTES.

* The poet having already spoken of the ways of driving noxious animals from the bees, and of the method of curing their diseases; now proceeds to describe the manner after which the total loss of of them may be repaired; which, he tells us, was practised by the *Egyptians*.

† The commentators are prodigiously divided about the meaning of these four verses. Dr. Martyn takes *Virgil* to mean only a description of the *Delta* or lower *Egypt*. *Canopus* is the west angle of that triangular region; *Pelusium* is the east angle, being nearest to *Persia*, and the south angle is the point where the *Nile* is divided to form the *Delta*. Δ. The circumstance,

Circum pictis vehitur sua rura phaselis,
 is a very agreeable picture of that country, which, during the inundation of the *Nile*, resembles a vast level lake.

‡ The *Nile* is the greatest wonder of *Egypt*. As it seldom rains there, this river, which waters the whole country by it's regular inundations, supplies that defect, by bringing, as a yearly tribute, the rains of other countries; which made a poet say ingeniously, the *Egyptian* pastures, how great soever the drought may be, never implore *Jupiter* for rain. To multiply so beneficent a river, *Egypt* was cut into numberless canals, of a length and breadth proportioned to the different situation and wants of the lands. The *Nile* brought fertility every where with it's salutary streams; united cities one with another,

Sharp to the taste, by shepherds near the stream
 Of *Mella* found, and thence they gave the name.
 Boil this restoring root in gen'rous wine,
 And set beside the door the sickly flock to dine.
 But if the lab'ring kind be wholly lost, *
 And not to be retriev'd with care or cost;
 'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
 Th' *Arcadian* master did of old impart :
 And how he stock'd his empty hives again,
 Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen slain.
 An ancient legend I prepare to sing,
 And upward follow fame's immortal spring.

For where with sev'n-fold horns mysterious
Nile, †

Surrounds the skirts of *Egypt*'s fruitful isle,
 And where in pomp the sun-burnt people ride,
 On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
 Which pouring down from *Ethiopian* lands,
 Makes green the soil with slime, and black prolific
 sands; ‡

That length of region, and large tract of ground,
 In this one art a sure relief have found.

First,

NOTES.

and the *Mediterranean* with the *Red Sea*; maintained trade at home and abroad, and fortified the kingdom against the enemy; so that it was at once the nourisher and protector of *Egypt*. The fields were delivered up to it; but the cities that were raised with immense labour, and stood like islands in the midst of the waters, look down with joy on the plains which were overflowed, and at the same time enriched by the *Nile*. This is a general idea of the nature and effects of this river, so famous among the ancients. There cannot be a finer sight than it affords at two seasons of the year. For if a man ascends some mountain, or one of the largest pyramids of *Grand Cairo*, in the months of *July* and *August*, he beholds a vast sea, in which numberless towns and villages appear, with several causeys leading from place to place, the whole interspersed with groves and fruit trees, whose tops are only visible, all which forms a delightful prospect. This view is bounded by mountains and woods, which terminate, at the utmost distance the eye can discover, the most beautiful horizon that can be imagined. On the contrary, in winter, that is to say, in the months of *January* and *February*, the whole country is like one continued scene of beautiful meadows, whose verdure enamelled with flowers charms the eye. The spectator beholds, on every side, flocks and herds dispersed over all the plains, with infinite numbers of husbandmen and gardeners. The air is then perfumed by the great quantity of blossoms.

First, in a place, by nature close, they build
 A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
 In this, four windows are contriv'd, that strike,
 To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique.
 A steer of two years old they take, whose head
 Now first with burnith'd horns begins to spread:
 They stop his nostrils, while he strives in vain
 To breathe free air, and struggles with his pain.
 Knock'd down, he dies: his bowels bruis'd within,
 Betray no wound on his unbroken skin.
 Extended thus, in his obscene abode
 They leave the beast, but first sweet flow'rs are
 strow'd

Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
 And pleasing cassia just renew'd in prime.
 This must be done, ere spring makes equal day,
 When western winds on curling waters play: *
 Ere painted meads produce their flow'ry crops,
 Or swallows twitter on the chimney tops.
 The tainted blood in this close prison pent,
 Begins to boil, and thro' the bones ferment. †
 Then, wond'rous to behold, new creatures rise,
 A moving mass at first, and short of thighs;
 Till shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
 The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings:
 And more and more affecting air, they try
 Their tender pinions, and begin to fly.
 At length, like summer storms from spreading
 clouds,

That burst at once, and pour impetuous floods;
 Or flights of arrows from the *Parthian* bows,
 When from afar they gaul embattled foes;
 With such a tempest thro' the skies they steer,
 And such a form the winged squadrons bear.

What God, O Muse! this useful science taught?
 Or by what man's experience was it brought?

Sad *Aristæus* from fair *Tempe* fled,
 His bees with famine, or diseases, dead;
 On *Peneus*' banks he stood, and near his holy
 head.

NOTES.

blossoms on the orange, lemon, and other trees;
 and is so pure, that a wholsomer and more agreeable
 is not found in the world: so that nature, being
 then dead, as it were, in all other climates, seems
 to be alive only for so delightful an abode.

* This little description of the spring diversifies
 the subject, and enlivens the dryness of the preced-
 ing paragraph.

† Nothing can be expressed in a livelier manner,
 than this generation of the bees. Such lines as
 these on a low and indeed a gross subject, shew
Virgil's prodigious command of language; the two

And while his falling tears the stream supply'd,
 Thus mourning, to his mother Goddess cry'd.
 Mother *Cyrene*, mother, whose abode
 Is in the depth of this immortal flood:
 What boots it, that from *Phæbus*' loins I spring,
 The third by him and thee, from heav'n's high
 king?

O! where is all thy boasted pity gone,
 And promise of the skies to thy deluded son?
 Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create?
 Odious to Gods, and born to bitter fate.

Whom, scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful
 plough,

The needful aids of human life allow:
 So wretched is thy son, so hard a mother thou.
 Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy scorn,
 Root up my trees, with blites destroy my corn;
 My vineyards ruin, and my sheepfolds burn.
 Let loose thy rage, let all thy spite be shewn,
 Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of thy
 son.

But from her mossy bow'r below the ground,
 His careful mother heard the plaintive sound,
 Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters round.
 One common work they ply'd; their distaffs full
 With carded locks of blue *Milesian* wool.
Spio with *Dryms* brown, and *Xanthe* fair, †
 And sweet *Phyllodoce* with long dishevel'd hair:
Cydippe with *Licorias*, one a maid,
 And one that once had call'd *Lucina's* aid,
Clio and *Beroe*, from one father both,
 Both girt with gold, and clad in party-colour'd
 cloth.

Opis the meek, and *Deiopeia* proud,
Nisæa lofty with *Ligæa* loud;
Thalia joyous, *Ephyre* the sad,
 And *Arethusa* once *Diana's* maid,
 But now, her quiver left, to love betray'd.
 To these, *Clymene* the sweet theft declares
 Of *Mars*, and *Vulcan's* unavailing cares: §

And

NOTES.

similes at the end, add an ornament and an elegance
 likewise to the passage. It must be observed, that
 insects cannot be generated by putrefaction; carca-
 ses are only a proper nidus and receptacle for their
 young: and therefore, the female parent chuses
 there to lay her eggs, that the warmth of the fer-
 menting juices may help to hatch them.

‡ There are eighteen nymphs mentioned by *Vir-
 gil* in this account of *Cyrene's* grotto; including *Cly-
 mene* and *Cyrene* herself.

§ Some of the graver critics make an observation,
 which the ladies must needs think unjust and sati-
 rical.

And all the rapes of Gods; and ev'ry love,
From ancient *Chaos* down to youthful *Jove*.

Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel.
A mournful sound again the mother hears,
Again the mournful sound invades the sisters' ears:
Starting at once from their green seats, they rise,
Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes,
But *Arcthusa* leaping from her bed,
First lifts above the waves her beauteous head,
And, crying from afar, thus to *Cyrene* said.
O sister! not with causeless fear possést,
No stranger voice disturbs thy tender breast.
'Tis *Aristæus*, 'tis thy darling son,
Who to his careless mother makes his moan.
Near his paternal stream he sadly stands,
With down-cast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands:
Upbraiding heav'n from whence his lineage came,
And cruel calls the Gods, and cruel thee, by name.

Cyrene, mov'd with love, and seiz'd with fear,
Cries out, conduct my son, conduct him here:

NOTES.

rical. When *Dido* gives a feast to *Aeneas*, her physician *Iopas* entertains the company, which was chiefly composed of men and strangers, with a song on a philosophical subject. But, say they, where *Virgil* introduces a nymph singing to her mistress *Cyrene*, and to her fellow virgins, she describes to them the loves of *Mars* and *Venus*: the *dulcia furta* were the subject that sweetened their labours at the loom. The poet hints at the topics which employ the conversation of the ladies when they are alone by themselves. The commentators, who make such unfair reflections, must doubtless be a set of ill-bred, abusive fellows, that know very little of the world, and less of the ladies.

* The descent of *Aristæus* into the earth, is founded on an ancient superstition of the *Egyptians*. *Servius* tells us, that on certain days sacred to the *Nile*, boys born of holy parents, were delivered to the nymphs by the priests; who, when they were grown up, and returned back, reported, that there were groves under the earth, and an immense water containing all things, and from whence every thing is procreated.

† This is one of the most sublime passages in *Virgil*. Nothing can strike the imagination more strongly, than to conceive a person entering the bowels of the earth, and at once hearing and seeing the most celebrated rivers in the world bursting forth from their several sources. The rough and more amazing scenes of rocks, caves, and altars which

No. 17.

'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from Gods,
To view the secrets of our deep abodes.
At once she wav'd her hand on either side,
At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.*
Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand,
And leave a space betwixt, of empty sand.
Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
Which to his mother's wat'ry palace leads.
With wond'ring eyes he views the secret store
Of lakes, that pent in hollow caverns roar.
He hears the crackling sound of coral woods,
And sees the secret source of subterranean floods.
And where, distinguish'd in their sev'ral cells,
The fount of *Phasis*, and of *Lycus* dwells;
Where swift *Enipeus* in his bed appears, †
And *Tiber* his majestic forehead rears.
Whence *Anio* flows, and *Hypanis*, profound,
Breaks thro' th' opposing rocks with raging sound.
Where *Po* first issues from his dark abodes, ‡
And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods.

Two

NOTES.

Aristæus passes through, are at last finely softened by the kind reception he meets with from his mother, and the beautiful appearance of the nymphs spinning and singing the loves of the Gods. *Fractatorius* has a descent into the earth in search of metals, where, no doubt, he had *Virgil* in his eye; and in which he has been followed by Dr. *Garth*.

‡ This passage cannot be better explained than by quoting the following words from Mr. *Spence* in his *Polymetis*: "But there is another thing in it, with which I am not yet satisfied; and that is, *Virgil's* calling the *Po* here, the most violent of all rivers. I know one of the most celebrated and most ingenious writers of our age has endeavoured to soften this, by understanding it only of the rivers in *Italy*. But, (not to inquire at all whether the *Po* be really the most violent of all the rivers in *Italy*) how can *Virgil* be understood of the rivers of one country only, where he is expressly speaking of all the rivers of the world? and of one common point, from whence all their sources were anciently supposed to be derived?—I am not quite clear as to that expression, replied *Polymetis*: but to answer you as far as I can, I must give you the opinion of a man whom you both know; and whose name I need not mention to you, when I have told you it is the person who understands *Virgil* in a more masterly manner, than perhaps any one in this age. It is his opinion (with all the modesty, with which he generally offers his opinions) that the difficulty you mention may

4 D

possibly

Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
And his grim face a bull's resemblance bears.
With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.

Now to the court arriv'd, th' admiring son
Beholds the vaulted roofs of *Pory* stone,
Now to his mother Goddess tells his grief,
Which she with pity hears, and promises relief.
Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
With water drawn from their perpetual spring,
From earthly dregs his body purify,
And rub his temples, with fine towels dry:
Then load the tables with a lib'ral feast,
And honour with full bowls their friendly guest.
The sacred altars are involv'd in smoke,
And the bright quire their kindred Gods invoke.
Two bowls the mother fills with *Lydian* wine,
Then thus, let these be pour'd with rites di-

dine,
To the great author of our wat'ry line.
To father *Ocean*, this; and this, she said,
Be to the nymphs his sacred filters paid,
Who rule the wat'ry plains, and hold the wood-

land shade.
She sprinkled thrice with wine the vestal fire,
Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aspire.
Rais'd with so blest an omen, she begun,
With words like these to cheer her drooping son.
In the *Carpathian* bottom makes abode
The shepherd of the seas, a prophet and a God;
High o'er the main in wat'ry pomp he rides,
His azure earr and finny couriers guides:
Proteus his name; to his *Pallenian* port,*
I see from far the weary God resort.
Him, not alone, we river Gods adore,
But aged *Nereus* hearkens to his lore.
With sure foresight, and with unerring doom,
He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
This *Neptune* gave him, when he gave to keep
His scaly flocks, that graze the wat'ry deep.

NOTES.

possibly be got over, by the expression joined with it; *per pinguia culta*. The most violent rivers in the world are such as run, or fall, through a chain of mountains; and (not to speak of any of the *Apennine* rivers, or rather torrents, in *Italy* itself) the *Isar* which we cross so often in the two or three last days journey before we enter *Italy*, is (in all that part of it's course) much more violent and more disturbed than the *Po*: but the *Po*, you know, very soon after it's source, flows on through the vale of *Piedmont*, and afterwards traverses all the rich vale

Implore his aid, for *Proteus* only knows
The secret cause, and cure of all their woes.
But first the wily wizard must be caught,
For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for nought;
Nor is with pray'rs, or bribes, or flatt'ry bought.
Surprize him first, and with hard fetters bind,
Then all his frauds will vanish into wind.
I will myself conduct thee on thy way,
When next the southing sun inflames the day:
When the dry herbage thirsts for dews in vain,
And sheep in shades avoid the parching plain.
Then will I lead thee to his secret seat,
When weary with his toil, and scorch'd with heat,
The wayward fire frequents his cool retreat.
His eyes with heavy slumber overcast,
With force invade his limbs, and bind him fast:
Thus surely bound, yet be not overbold,
The slipp'ry God will try to loose his hold:
And various forms assume, to cheat thy sight;
And with vain images of beasts affright.
With foamy tusks will seem a bristly boar,
Or imitate the lion's angry roar;
Break out in crackling flames to shun thy snares,
Or hiss a dragon, or a tiger stares:
Or with a wile, thy caution to betray,
In fleeting streams attempt to slide away.
But thou, the more he varies forms, beware
To strain his fetters with a stricter care:
Till tiring all his arts, he turns again
To his true shape, in which he first was seen.

This said, with nectar she her son anoints,
Infusing vigour thro' his mortal joints:
Down from his head the liquid odours ran,
He breath'd of heav'n, and look'd above a man.
Within a mountain's hollow womb, there lies
A large recess, conceal'd from human eyes;
Where heaps of billows, driv'n by wind and tide,
In form of war, their wat'ry ranks divide,
And there, like centries set without the mouth
abide;

A station

NOTES.

of *Lombardy*. These are the *pinguia culta*, which *Virgil* speaks of: almost the whole course of the *Po* is through such rich low ground: and perhaps there may not be any river in the world, which has almost all it's course through so fat and rich a soil, which is so violent as the *Po* is.

Polymetis, *Dial.* 14, p. 232.

* This fable of *Proteus* is imitated by *Virgil*, from the fourth book of the *Odyssey*; where *Menelaus* is sent to consult the same deity, by the advice and assistance of his own daughter *Eidothea*.

A station safe for ships when tempests roar,
 A silent harbour, and a cover'd shore.
 Secure within resides the various God,
 And draws a rock upon his dark abode.
 Hither with silent steps, secure from sight,
 The Goddess guides her son, and turns him from
 the light:
 Herself involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.
 'Twas noon; the sultry dog-star from the sky
 Scorch'd *Inian* swains, the rivell'd grass was dry;
 The sun with flaming arrows pierc'd the flood,
 And darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud:
 When weary *Proteus*, from the briny waves,
 Retir'd for shelter to his wonted caves:
 His finny flocks about their shepherd play,
 And rolling round him, spirt the bitter sea.*
 Unwieldily they wallow first in ooze,
 Then in the shady covert seek repose.
 Himself their herdsman, on the middle mount,
 Takes of his muster'd flocks a just account.
 So, seated on a rock, a shepherd's groom †
 Surveys his ev'ning flocks returning home:
 When lowing calves and bleating lambs, from
 far,
 Provoke the prouling wolf to nightly war.
 Th' occasion offers, and the youth complies,
 For scarce the weary God had clos'd his eyes;
 When rushing on, with shouts, he binds in chains
 The drowsy prophet, and his limbs constrains.
 He not unmindful of his usual art,
 First in dissembled fire attempts to part:
 Then roaring beasts and running streams he
 tries,
 And wearies all his miracles of lies:
 But having shifted ev'ry form to 'scape,
 Convinc'd of conquest, he resum'd his shape;

NOTES.

* The circumstance of these monsters scattering the spray of the sea about them, greatly enlivens this beautiful sea-piece.

† *Virgil* has imitated *Homer*, so nicely in his adventure with *Proteus*, that he has not forgot this simile of the shepherd, in his copy. *Lupos acunt* is wonderfully expressive, and short.

‡ *Virgil* does not at length describe the serpents stinging and killing *Eurydice*. This from the pen of a lesser genius, would have taken up twenty lines. He contents himself with saying—*alta non vidit herba*; and adds immediately,

At quorū æqualis Dryadum.

§ There are few things in the ancient poetry more moving than the story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*.

And thus, at length, in human accent spoke:
 Audacious youth, what madness could provoke
 A mortal man t'invade a sleeping God?
 What bus'ness brought thee to my dark abode?
 To this, th' audacious youth, Thou know'st full
 well

My name and bus'ness, God, nor need I tell:
 No man can *Proteus* cheat; but, *Proteus*, leave
 Thy fraudulent arts, and do not thou deceive.
 Following the Gods command, I come t'implore
 Thy help, my perish'd people to restore.
 The seer, who could not yet his wrath assuage,
 Roll'd his green eyes, that sparkled with his rage;
 And gnash'd his teeth, and cry'd, No vulgar God
 Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.
 Thy great misdeeds have met a due reward,
 And *Orpheus'* dying pray'rs at length are heard.
 For crimes not his, the lover lost his life,
 And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife;
 Nor (if the fates assist not) canst thou 'scape
 The just revenge of that intended rape.
 To shun thy lawless lust, the dying bride,
 Unwary, took along the river's side;
 Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake,
 That keeps the bank, in covert of the brake.
 But all her fellow nymphs the mountains tear
 With loud laments, and break the yielding air: ‡
 The realms of *Mars* remurmur'd all around,
 And echoes to th' *Athenian* shores rebound.
 Th' unhappy husband, husband now no more,
 Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore,
 And sought, his mournful mind with music to
 restore.

On thee, dear wife, in desarts all alone, §
 He call'd, sigh'd, sung, his griefs with day begun,
 Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun.

Ev'n

NOTES.

It hath acquired new beauties by falling into the hands of the tender and passionate *Virgil*; and is told by him in so melting a strain, that some of the touches he hath given it can hardly be read without tears. When we are wrought up to such a temper, it naturally leads us to compassionate the hard fate of the unhappy lovers; and we begin to feel some indignation at the captious condition, upon which he was to possess his beauty, or lose her for ever: not to look at his loved *Eurydice*. Arbitrary and capricious! unbecoming the just brother of *Jove*, and unlike the bounties of a divine, unevils nature: unless indeed there be something else understood than appears: some truth in life or morals that lies latent under this circumstance of the tale.—The
 great

Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night
 He took his way thro' forests void of light:
 And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
 And stood before th' inexorable king.
 Th' infernal troops like passing shadows glide,
 And, list'ning, crowd the sweet musician's side.
 Nor flocks of birds, when driv'n by storms or night,
 Stretch to the forest with so thick a flight:
 Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarried maid,
 The mighty heroes more majestic shade,
 And youths on fun'ral piles before their parents
 laid.

All these *Cocytus* bounds with squalid reeds,
 With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds;
 And baleful *Styx* encompassed around,
 With nine slow circling streams th' unhappy
 ground.

Ev'n from the depths of hell the damn'd advance,
 Th' infernal mansions nodding seem to dance:
 The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl.
 The furies hearken, and their snakes uncurl:
Ixion seems no more his pain to feel,
 But leans attentive on his standing wheel.

All dangers past, at length the lovely bride
 In safety goes, with her melodious guide;
 Longing the common light again to share,
 And draw the vital breath of upper air:
 He first, and close behind him follow'd she,
 For such was *Proserpine's* severe decree.
 When strong desires th' impatient youth invade,
 By little caution and much love betray'd:

NOTES.

great and unhappy Lord *Verulam*, who was sensible of the incongruity, has given an explication of the fable; but seems not to have hit upon the real meaning. What he says is entertaining and beautiful: for he was a spirit of that high order that go ingeniously wrong, and who cannot err without instruction. But we incline to think that the moral of the fiction is rather to be learnt at an ordinary music-meeting, or an unmeaning opera, than, where his lordship directs us, in the recesses of an abstruse philosophy. *Orpheus's* mistress was music. The powers of it are enchanting. It lulls the reason, and raises the fancy in so agreeable a manner, that we forget ourselves while it lasts. The mind turns dissolute and gay, and hugs itself in all the deluding prospects and fond wishes of a golden dream. Whilst every accent is warbled over by a charming voice, a silly song appears sound morality, and the very words of the opera pass for sense, in presence of their accompaniment. But no sooner does the rattle cease, than the charm is undone, and the fancies disappear. The first sober look we take off

A fault which easy pardon might receive,
 Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive.
 For near the confines of ethereal light,
 And longing for the glimm'ring of a sight,
 Th' unwary lover cast his eyes behind,*
 Forgetful of the law, no matter of his mind.
 Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke,
 And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
 Three flashes of blue light'ning gave the sign
 Of cov'nants broke, three peals of thunder join.†
 Then thus the bride, What fury seiz'd on thee,
 Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me?
 Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
 And iron slumber shut my swimming eyes.
 And now farewell, involv'd in shades of night,
 For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.
 In vain I reach my feeble hands, to join
 In sweet embraces; ah! no longer thine!
 She said, and from his eyes the fleeting fair
 Retir'd like subtle smoke dissolv'd in air;
 And left her hopeless lover in despair.
 In vain, with folding arms, the youth assay'd
 To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade:
 He prays, he raves, all means in vain he tries,
 With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise;
 But she return'd no more to bless his longing
 eyes.

Nor would th' infernal ferry-man once more
 Be brib'd to wait him to the farther shore.
 What should he do, who twice had lost his love?
 What notes invent, what new petitions move?

Her

NOTES.

it breaks the spell; and we are hurried back with some regret to the common dull road of life, when the florid illusion is vanished.

* The philosophic Goddess of *Boethius* having related the story of *Orpheus*, who when he had recovered his wife from the dominions of death, lost her again by looking back upon her in the confines of light, concludes with a very elegant and forcible application; whoever you are that endeavour to elevate your mind to the illuminations of heaven, consider yourselves as represented in this fable; for he that is once so far overcome, as to turn back his eye towards the infernal caverns, loses, at the first sight, all that influence that attracted him on high.

† — *Terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernis*, says the original very finely. A certain dismal and hollow sound was heard through the vaults of hell. Some imagine, but we think groundlessly, that it was the shout of ghosts rejoicing for *Eurydice's* return. Surely the other sense is far the more poetical and more strongly imagined.

Her soul already was consign'd to fate,
And shiv'ring in the leaky sculler fat.
For sev'n continu'd months, if fame say true,
The wretched swain his sorrows did renew;
By *Strymon's* freezing streams he sat alone,
The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his
wrongs,

Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawn-
ing tongues.

So close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone;*
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and
thence,

By stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.

Sad *Orpheus* thus his tedious hours employs,
Averse from *Venus* and from nuptial joys.
Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
Th' unhappy climes, where spring was never
known;

He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd,
And *Pluto's* unavailing boon deplor'd.

The *Thracian* matrons, who the youth accus'd
Of love disdain'd, and marriage rites refus'd,
With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
At length, against his sacred life conspir'd.
Whom ev'n the savage beasts had spar'd, they
kill'd,

And strew'd his mangled limbs about the field;
Then, when his head, from his fair shoulders
torn,

Wash'd by the waters, was on *Hebrus* born;
Ev'n then his trembling tongue invok'd his
bride;

With his last voice, *Eurydice*, he cry'd,
Eurydice, the rocks and river-banks reply'd.

This answer *Proteus* gave, nor more he said,
But in the billows plung'd his hoary head;
And where he leap'd, the waves in circles widely
spread.†

The nymph return'd, her drooping son to cheer,
And bade him banish his superfluous fear;
For now, said she, the cause is known from
whence

Thy woe succeeded, and for what offence;
The nymphs, companions of th' unhappy maid,
This punishment upon thy crimes have laid;
And sent a plague among thy thriving bees,
With vows and suppliant pray'rs their pow'rs ap-
pease;

The soft *Napæan* race will soon repent
Their anger, and remit the punishment:
The secret in an easy method lies;
Select four brawny bulls for sacrifice,
Which on *Lycaus* graze, without a guide,
And four fair heifers yet in yoke untry'd;
For these, four altars in their temple rear,
And then adore the woodland pow'rs with pray'r.
From the slain victims, pour the streaming blood,
And leave their bodies in the shady wood:
Nine mornings thence, *Lethæan* poppy bring,
T' appease the manes of the poet's king:
And to propitiate his offended pride,
A fatted calf, and a black ewe provide:
This finish'd, to the former woods repair,
His mother's precepts he performs with care,
The temple visits, and adores with pray'r.
Four altars raises, from his herd he culls,
For slaughter, four the fairest of his bulls;
Four heifers from his female flore he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.
Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and pray'rs,
The pow'rs aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy! for from within
The broken bowels and the bloated skin,‡

A buz-

NOTES.

* Is not *Proteus* too great a poet in this simile?

† Perhaps it may be said by some critics, that though the episode of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* be so admirable in itself, that we thank the poet for having introduced it at any rate; yet, after all is it not stitched in a little inartificially? Is it to be conceived that *Proteus*, who, being made a prisoner, and speaking by constraint, is in no very good humour, should tell this long story (which is not very material to the point neither) to entertain *Aristæus*, who has offered that violence to him? Was it not enough to inform him, that his misfortune was occasioned by *Eurydice's* death, with-

No. 18.

NOTES.

out telling all these circumstances consequent to it? To this it may be replied, that it is more material to the point than is commonly imagined. These consequences greatly aggravate the guilt of *Aristæus*; and so it was proper enough, if not absolutely necessary, to recite them. Dr. Trapp says, he would not lose this episode, to be the author of all the best criticisms that ever were, or shall be, written upon the classics.

‡ Observe how the poet has varied his expressions on a subject so difficult to be ornamentally expressed as this birth of the bees, for,

4 E

— liquefacta

A buzzing noise of bees his ears alarms,
 Straight issue thro' the sides assembling swarms,
 Dark as a cloud they make a wheeling flight,
 Then on a neighb'ring tree descending light;
 Like a large cluster of black grapes they show,
 And make a large dependance from the bough.
 Thus have I sung of fields, and flocks, and
 trees,
 And of the waxen work of lab'ring bees;
 While mighty *Cæsar*, thund'ring from afar,
 Seeks on *Euphrates'* banks the spoils of war:

NOTES.

—— *liquefacta boum per viscera toto* ——

—— *et ruptis effervere costis* —— &c.

is quite newly expressed from what it was before in the passage above;

Interea teneris tepesfactus in ossibus humor.

* There may be a propriety in this that is not generally remarked. *Naples* was a town of indolence and pleasure, and was therefore, as some suppose, said to have been founded by *Parthenope*, one of the *Sirens*, who were Goddesses of indolence and pleasure.

Improba siren

Desidia —— ——

Otiosa Neapolis.

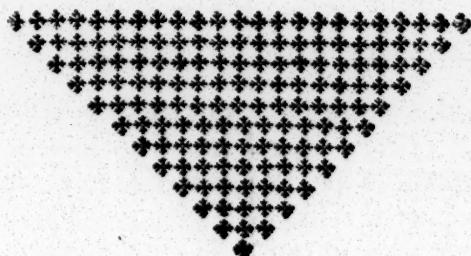
With conqu'ring arts asserts his country's cause,
 With arts of peace the willing people draws:
 On the glad earth the golden age renews,
 And his great father's path to heav'n pursues.
 While I at *Naples* pass my peaceful days,*
 Affecting studies of less noisy praise; †
 And bold, thro' youth, beneath the beechen shade,
 The lays of shepherds and their loves have play'd. ‡

NOTES.

This idea too makes the contrast between *Augustus* and *Virgil* much the stronger.

† Some critics are of opinion that the four concluding lines of the *Georgics*, *illo Virgilium*, &c. &c. are of the same stamp and character with the four justly exploded ones, which are prefixed to the *Æneid*. *Audaxque juvenia* is, they think, an expression entirely unworthy of *Virgil*, and a mere botch. Certainly nothing can be a more complete and sublime conclusion than that compliment to *Augustus*—*Viamque affectat Olympo*.

‡ Each book of *Virgil's Georgics* is in a different stile (or has a different colouring) from all the rest. That of the first is plain; of the second, various; of the third, grand; and of the fourth, pleasing.



THE GENUINE
WORKS OF VIRGIL,
The Famous ROMAN POET.

The FIRST PASTORAL;*
OR
TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

ARGUMENT.

The occasion of the first Pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua: turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recovered his estate by Mæcenas's intercession, and as an instance of his gratitude, composed the following Pastoral; where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS.

BENEATH the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tityrus, entertain your silvan muse:

Round

NOTES.

* What Virgil here introduces himself under, the person of Tityrus; and that he wrote this Pastoral upon the recovery of his lands near Mantua, granted back to him by
Othavius

Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
 Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home:
 While flretch'd at ease you sing your happy loves;
 And *Amarillis* fills the shady groves.*

TITYRUS.

N O T E S.

Octavius Caesar, after they had been taken from him, in consequence of the battle at *Philippi*, is pretty well agreed on all hands; and we need not enlarge upon it. The great question is, whether those fictitious names, *Amaryllis*, and *Galatea*, are to be taken literally, for two successive mistresses of *Tityrus*; or allegorically, the one for the city of *Rome*, the other for that of *Mantua*? We agree with *Ruæus* in the former opinion: the allegory is indefensible for several reasons by him alledged. Those urged for it are trifling, and merely conjectural at best: but those against it are unanswerable. The poet twice in this eclogue calls *Rome* by it's own name; and though he does not directly name *Mantua*; yet he twice refers to it, and calls it a city. But now to confound the allegory with the literal sense, is incongruous and ridiculous; and contrary to the practice of all judicious writers. Those who contend for the allegory are so hard pressed by these inconsistencies; that in this verse some of them are forced to change *Amarillis* into *Galatea*, contrary to the faith of all copies: which is a licence not to be endured. But it is very good, and excellent sense, the other way: as it will appear to any one, who attentively considers the coherence of the whole dialogue. Those names therefore are to be taken literally, as beautifully specifying the circumstance of time; and adding a poetical grace to the narration, by the intermixture of love affairs with it. We are much deceived, if that (though something) be the only, or even the chief thing intended. We apprehend him to insinuate, that his old mistress *Galatea* was of *Brutus's* party; and his new one *Amarillis* of *Octavius's*. So that by changing mistresses he hints at his changing parties; and, in consequence of it, leaving *Mantua*, and going to *Rome*. Let the reader consider the following verses, in which he gives the reason of that conduct. Ver. 32, &c.

Namque (fatebor enim) dum me Galatea tenebat;

Nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura peculi, &c.

To—————ere redibat.

And afterwards; ver. 41. &c. *Quid facerem?* &c.---to *submitte tauros*. Nor does this reflect upon his honour: for what had a private person to do in that case, but submit to the conqueror? Especially since it was plain that the commonwealth was destroyed, and the liberty of *Rome* lost; and the only question was, which tyrant was most tolerable? One of his mistresses therefore would have had him continue his attachment to *Brutus's* party, though he himself was dead; the other persuaded him to do as he did. This, we think, will clear the whole matter; though no commentator takes notice of it.

* The musical instruments used by shepherds were at first made of oat and wheat straw; then of reeds and hollow pipes of box; afterwards of leg bones of cranes, horns of animals, metals, &c.

TITYRUS.

These blessings, friend, a Deity bestow'd: *
 For never can I deem him less than God.
 The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
 Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
 He gave my kine to graze the flow'ry plain;
 And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not your fortune, but admire,
 That while the raging sword and wasteful fire
 Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
 No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
 Far diff'rent is my fate: my feeble goats
 With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes:
 And this you see I scarcely drag along,
 Who yeanning on the rocks has left her young;
 (The hope and promise of my failing fold.)
 My loss by dire portents the Gods foretold:
 For had I not been blind, I might have seen
 Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,
 And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough,
 By croaking from the left presag'd the coming blow.
 But tell me, *Tityrus*, what heav'nly power
 Preserv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour!

TITYRUS.

Fool that I was, I thought imperial *Rome* †
 Like *Mantua*, where on market-days we come,
 And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
 So kids and whelps their fires and dams express:
 And so the great I measur'd by the less.

But

NOTES.

* This is pretty high flattery. *Octavius* had not yet received divine honours, which were afterwards bestowed on him: but *Virgil* speaks as if he were already deified. This was the language of the courtiers of that time.

† This manner of speaking of *Rome*, has the true pastoral simplicity in it.

But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like shrubs, when lofty cypresses are near. *

MELIBŒUS.

What great occasion call'd you hence to *Rome*?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at length, tho' slow to come:
Nor did my search of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin.
Nor *Amarillis* would vouchsafe a look, †
Till *Galatea's* meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
I sought not freedom, nor aspir'd to gain:
Tho' many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheese to country markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
And still return'd as empty as I went.

MELIBŒUS.

We stood amaz'd to see your mistress mourn;
Unknowing that she pin'd for your return:
We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long,
For whom so late th' ungather'd apples hung;
But now the wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them only, *Tityrus*, for thee.

For

NOTES.

* Not only different in magnitude, but in kind, say the commentators.

† Some fanciful critics imagine that the poet meant *Rome* by *Amarillis*, and *Mantua* by *Galatea*. But *Rueus* justly looks on these allegorical interpretations as trifles, and rejects them for the following reasons. 1. As the poet has twice mentioned *Rome* expressly, and by its proper name, in this eclogue, what could induce him to call it sometimes *Rome*, and sometimes *Amarillis*? 2. He distinguishes *Galatea* from *Mantua* also; when he says, that whilst he was a slave to *Galatea*, he had no profit from the cheeses which he made, from that unhappy city. 3. If we admit the allegory, that verse *Mirabar quid moesta deos*, is inextricable. 4. *Servius* has laid it down as a rule, that we are not to understand any thing in the *Bucolics* figuratively, that is, allegorically.

For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
And whisp'ring pines made vows, for thy return.*

TITIRUS.

What should I do! while here I was chain'd,
No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope in any place but there,
To find a God so present to my pray'r.
There first the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to feed. †

MELIBŒUS.

O fortunate old man! whose farm remains
For you sufficient, and requites your pains:
Tho' rushes overspread the neighb'ring plains.
Tho' here the marshy grounds approach your fields,
And there the soil a stony harvest yields. ‡
Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows try,
Nor fear a rott from tainted company.
Behold yon bord'ring fence of fallow trees
Is fraught with flow'rs, the flow'rs are fraught with bees:
The busy bees with a soft murmur'ing strain
Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain.
While from the neighb'ring rock, with rural songs
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs;
Stock-doves and turtles tell their am'rous pain,
And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TITIRUS.

NOTES.

* The *arbuta* were large pieces of ground planted with elms or other trees, at the distance commonly of forty feet, to leave room for corn to grow between them. These trees were pruned in such a manner, as to serve for stages to the vines, which were planted near them. The vines fastened after this manner, were called *arbuta vitis*. See the 12th chapter of *Columella de arboribus*.

† The word *submittite* in the original may mean of the breeding the cattle, as well as of yoking oxen.

‡ The reader of taste cannot but be pleased with this little landscape, especially as some critics think *Virgil* is here describing his own estate. It is a mistake to imagine the spot of ground was barren, for we find it contained a vineyard and apiary, and good pasture land; and the shepherd says he supplied *Mantua* with victims and cheeses.

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T I T Y R U S.

Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
 And fish on shore, and fags in air shall range,
 The banish'd *Parthian* dwell on *Arar's* brink,
 And the blue *German* shall the *Tigris* drink,
 Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
 Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

M E L I B Œ U S.

But we must beg our bread in climes unknown,
 Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone.
 And some to fair *Oaxis* shall be sold;
 Or try the *Lybian* heat, or *Scythian* cold.
 The rest among the *Britons* be confin'd;
 A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
 O must the wretched exiles ever mourn,*
 Nor after length of rolling years return;†
 Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree,
 No more our houses and our homes to see?‡
 Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
 And rule the country kingdoms, once our own?

Did

N O T E S.

* By *en*, in the original, say the commentators, is meant *unquamne*, *aliquandone*, or *an unquam*. *Rueus* observes that these expressions are in general only a bare and cold interrogation: but surely in this passage the poet means an interrogation joined with an eager desire; a sort of languishing in *Melibæus* after the farms and fields he was obliged to leave. We find the same expression in the same sense in the eighth *Eclogue*.

————— *En erit unquam*

Ille dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta!

† By *post aliquot aristas*, in the original, is meant after some years. It is natural for shepherds to measure the years by the harvests. *Arista* is the beard of the wheat; the *Roman* husbandmen sowed only the bearded wheat.

‡ These short and abrupt exclamations are very natural, and have quite a dramatic air. The image of his little farm and cottage being plundered, breaks in upon the shepherd, and quite disorders his mind. The irony in the following lines,

Infere nunc, Melibœi, pyros, &c.

strongly expresses both grief and indignation.

Did we for these barbarians plant and sow,
 On these, on these, our happy fields bestow?
 Good heav'n, what dire effects from civil discord flow!
 Now let me graff my pears, and prune the vine;
 The fruit is their's, the labour only mine.
 Farewel my pastures, my paternal flock;
 My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful stock.
 No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
 The steepy cliffs, or crop the flow'ry thyme!
 No more extended in the grot below,*
 Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow.
 The prickly shrubs; and after on the bare,
 Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in air.
 No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew;
 No more my song shall please the rural crew:
 Adieu, my tuneful pipe! and all the world adieu!

T I T Y R U S .

This night, at least, with me forget your care;
 Chesnuts and curds and cream shall be your fare: †
 The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'erspread;
 And boughs shall weave a cov'ring for your head.
 For see, yon sunny hill the shade extends;
 And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

N O T E S .

* There is to be seen in *Italy* (and on the *Vatican* hill near *Rome*, in particular) a little arched cave made by the shepherds of ever-greens, not high enough to stand in; there they lie at their ease to observe their flocks browsing. Is it not such a sort of cave which is meant here? *Viridē* is not a proper epithet for the inside of a natural cave, especially for such rocky ones as one finds in *Italy*.

† The *Roman* peasants used to carry the curd as soon as it was pressed into the towns, or else salt it for cheese against the winter.



The SECOND PASTORAL;

O R,

A L E X I S.*

A R G U M E N T.

The commentators can by no means agree on the person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love, in Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of courtship is wholly pastoral: he complains of the boy's coyness; recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of the place, with a suitable present of nuts and apples: but when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome amour, and betake himself again to his former business.

YOUNG Corydon, th' unhappy shepherd swain,
The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain:

And

N O T E S.

* It is plain *Virgil* was thoroughly sensible of the mighty power, and vast extent, of that tyrannical passion, love; since, besides the whole fourth book of his *Æneid*, and part

And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
 Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.
 Is this, unkind *Alexis*, my reward,
 And must I die unpitied and unheard?
 Now the green lizard in the grove is laid,
 The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade;
 And *Thestylis* wild thyme and garlic beats *
 For harvest hinds, o'erspread with toil and heats :
 While in the scorching sun I trace in vain
 Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain,
 The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,†
 They fry'd with heat, and I with fierce desire.

How

N O T E S.

part of the first, as also a noble digression in his third *Georgic*, he has given us three of his ten *Eclogues* upon the same subject; the eighth, the tenth, and this second, which includes the various turns and traverses of this passion in the compass of a few lines, expressed with wonderful force and elegance. To produce the several instances, would be to transcribe the whole *Pastoral*. As for the poet's being thus enamoured with one of his own sex, we have no reason to accuse him, upon this account, of that detestable and unnatural vice, which cannot be named or thought of without horror. It is true, some of the heathen, who were given up to vile affections, were guilty of that abomination; and perhaps it was not even so scandalous and infamous among them, as it ought to have been. But it is not to be conceived, that so grave, chaste, and religious a writer, as *Virgil*, should be tainted with it; or, if he were, that so wise and prudent a man should publicly have owned it. Most certainly therefore he neither meant so himself, nor was so understood of others. There is no hint of that horrid appetite, nor one immodest expression in the whole poem: which means no more than either the platonic love of the beauties both of body and mind, or excess of friendship, or rather both. Experience gives us many instances of persons of the same sex, especially in childhood and youth, one of whom is loved by the other, or both by each other, to an extremity of fondness, and almost dotage; without having the least suspicion of what is here objected. That the same was charged upon the excellent, and almost divine *Socrates*, because he delighted to converse with beautiful young men; and what he answered to it, is well known. We dare say, no person, unless monstrously debauched before-hand, and so being a tempter to himself, (which he may be in reading not only innocent, but sacred things) had ever an ill thought suggested to him, by the reading of this *Eclogue*.

* We are told by *Pliny* that garlic was very much used in the country as an excellent medicine; *Allium ad multa, ruris præcipuè, medicamenta prodesse creditur*. It must in *Italy* be a very nutritious food for husbandmen.

† Every body almost in *England* imagines, that the *Cicada* in the *Roman* writers was the

How much more easy was it to sustain
 Proud *Amarillis* and her haughty reign,*
 The scorns of young *Menalcas*, once my care,
 Tho' he was black, and thou art heav'nly fair.
 Trust not too much to that enchanting face;
 Beauty's a charm, but soon the charm will pass:
 White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
 While dusky hyacinths for use remain.
 My passion is thy scorn: nor wilt thou know
 What wealth I have, what gifts I can bestow:
 What stores my dairies and my folds contain;
 A thousand lambs that wander on the plain:
 New milk that all the winter never fails,
 And all the summer overflows the pails:
Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,†
 When summon'd flocks the *Theban* turrets rear'd.
 Nor am I so deform'd; for late I stood
 Upon the margin of the briny flood:‡
 The winds were still, and if the glass be true,
 With *Daphnis* I may vie, tho' judg'd by you.
 O leave the noisy town, O come and see
 Our country cots, and live content with me!

To

N O T E S.

the same with our grasshopper. But the *Cicada* is what the *Italians* now call *Cicala*, and the *French* *Cigale*. They make one constant uniform noise all day long in summer-time, which is extremely disagreeable and tiresome, particularly in the great heats. Their note is sharp and shrill in the beginning of the summer, but hoarse and harsh towards the latter part of it. They are supposed to feed on the morning dew, and then fix on some sunny branch of a tree, and sing all day long. It is hence that this insect is opposed to the ant in the old *Æsopian* fables, which is as industrious and inoffensive as the other is idle and troublesome. *Virgil* calls the *Cicada querulæ* and *raucæ*; *Martial*, *argutæ* and *inhumanæ*. Their note is the more troublesome, because in the great heats they sing alone. Any one who has passed a summer in *Italy*, or in the south of *France*, will not think the epithet *inhumanæ* too severe for them.

* *Servius* informs us, that the true name of *Amarillis* was *Leria*, a beautiful girl whom *Mecenas* gave to *Virgil*, as he also did *Cebes*, whom the poet mentions under the person of *Menalcas*. *Catrou* thinks this story of *Servius* is a fiction: but adds another fiction of his own, that *Rome* is meant by *Amarillis*.

† The ancient shepherds walked before, and called their sheep after them.

‡ *La Cerda* has very fully vindicated *Virgil*, against those who deny the possibility of an image being reflected by the sea. When it is perfectly calm, it is quite a mirror.

To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
 With me to drive a-field the browsing goats;
 To pipe and sing, and in our country strain
 To copy, or perhaps contend with *Pan*.
Pan taught to join with wax, unequal reeds,
Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds.
 Nor scorn the pipe; *Amyntas*, to be taught,*
 With all his kisses would my skill have bought.
 Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,†
 Which with his dying breath *Damætus* gave:
 And said, This, *Corydon*, I leave to thee;
 For only thou deserv'st it after me.
 His eyes *Amyntas* durst not upward lift,
 For much he grudg'd the praise, but more the gift.
 Besides two kids that in the valley stray'd‡
 I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd;
 They drain two bagging udders every day;
 And these shall be companions of thy play.
 Both fleck'd with white, the true *Arcadian* strain,
 Which *Thestylis* had often begg'd in vain:
 And she shall have them, if again she sue,
 Since you the giver and the gift refuse.
 Come to my longing arms, my lovely care,
 And take the presents, which the nymphs prepare.§

White

NOTES.

* There is a fondness in mentioning this circumstance of his wearing his lip.

† *Servius* tells us that *Cicuta* means the space between the two joints of a reed.

‡ These were undoubtedly wild kids, taken from their proper dam, and not kids which *Corydon* had lost, and now recovered again. *Servius* says, kids at first have white spots, which alter and lose their beauty afterwards.

§ These lines are of an exquisite beauty, and contain the sweetest garland that ever was offered by a lover. He concludes this description of his presents by saying, that, alas! *Alexis* would not regard any of his gifts, as he was only a poor rustic, and that his rival *Iolas* was able to make far richer presents. At the mention of his rival's name he stops short, and cries, Fool that I am, to put *Alexis* in mind of him,---who will certainly prefer him to me! This seems to be the true meaning of *quid volui misero mihi?* though several commentators give a different interpretation. The agitation and doubts of a lover's mind are finely painted in this passage and the succeeding lines. At last the shepherd seems to come to himself a little, and reflects on the bad condition of his

White lilies in full canisters they bring,
 With all the glories of the purple spring.
 The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead
 For violets pale, and crop'd the poppy's head;
 The short narcissus and fair daffodil,
 Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to smell;
 And set soft hyacinths with iron-blue,
 To shade marsh marigold of shining hue.*
 Some bound in order, others loosely strow'd,
 To dress thy bow'r and trim thy new abode.
 Myself will search our planted grounds at home,
 For downy peaches and the glossy plumb:
 And thrash the chesnuts in the neighb'ring grove,†
 Such as my *Amarillis* us'd to love.
 The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree;
 And both in nosegays shal be bound for thee.
 Ah, *Corydon*, ah poor unhappy swain,
Alexis will thy homely gifts disdain:
 Nor shouldst thou offer all thy little store,
 Will rich *Iolas* yield, but offer more.
 What have I done, to name that wealthy swain,‡
 So powerful are his presents, mine so mean!
 The boar amidst my chrystal streams I bring;
 And southern winds to blast my flow'ry spring.
 Ah cruel creature, whom dost thou despise?
 The Gods to live in woods have left the skies.
 And godlike *Paris* in th' *Idean* grove,
 To *Priam's* wealth preferr'd *Oenone's* love.

In

N O T E S.

affairs, which his passion has occasioned, *semiputata tibi*, &c.——and finally resolves to leave the obdurate *Alexis*, and go in search of another object.

* Dr. *Martyn* has taken great pains to explain the true names of the flowers here mentioned by *Virgil*, and from his skill in botany one may imagine he has justly ascertained them.

† There are still in *Italy*, garlands intermixt with fruits as well as flowers, like that described by *Virgil* in his *Eclogues*. We have seen some of these carried about the streets of *Florence*, the Sunday before *Christmas-day*: they were built up in a pyramid of ever-greens, chiefly of bays, and faced with apples, grapes, and other fruits.

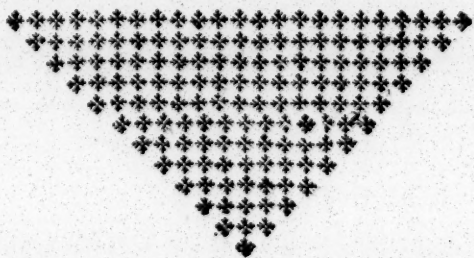
‡ This reading is after the *Vatican* manuscript.

In cities which she built, let *Pallas* reign ;*
 Tow'rs are for Gods, but forests for the swain.
 The greedy lions the wolf pursues,
 The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse :
Alexis, thou art chac'd by *Corydon* ;
 All follow sev'ral games, and each his own.
 See from afar the fields no longer smoke,
 The sweating steers unharness'd from the yoke,
 Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough ;
 The shadows lengthen as the sun goes low.
 Cool breezes now the raging heats remove ;
 Ah, cruel heav'n ! that made no cure for love !
 I wish for balmy sleep, but wish in vain :
 Love has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain.
 What frenzy, shepherd, has thy soul possess'd,
 Thy vineyard lies half prun'd, and half undress'd.†
 Quench, *Corydon*, thy long unanswer'd fire :
 Mind what the common wants of life require :
 On willow twigs employ thy weaving care ;
 And find an easier love, tho' not so fair.

NOTES.

* *Pallas* is said to be the inventor of architecture.

† The epithet *frondosa* has great propriety : for here is a double instance of neglect ; the vines are half pruned, and the elms are suffered to make long shoots.



The THIRD PASTORAL;*

OR,

PALÆMON.

ARGUMENT.

Damætas and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of country raillery, resolve to try who has the most skill at a song ; and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances : who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself unfit for the decision of so weighty a controversy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS, DAMÆTAS, PALÆMON.

MENALCAS.

HO, fwains, what shepherd owns those ragged sheep?

DAMÆTAS.

Ægon's they are, he gave them me to keep.

MENALCAS.

NOTES.

* This *Pastoral* (and the seventh is of the same kind) contains an elegant trial of skill in music and poetry, between two shepherds. It is in imitation of the fifth and eighth

M E N A L C A S.

Unhappy sheep of an unhappy fwain!
 While he *Næra* courts, but courts in vain,
 And fears that I the damsel shall obtain,
 Thou, varlet, dost thy master's gains devour :
 Thou milk'st his ewes, and often twice an hour ;
 Of grafs and fodder thou defraud'st the dams ;
 And of their mother's dugs, the starving lambs.

}

D A M Æ T A S.

Good words, young *Catamite*, at least to men :
 We know who did your business, how, and when.*
 And in what chapel too you plaid your prize ;
 And what the goats observ'd with leering eyes :
 The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd, and there your safety lies.

}

M E N A L C A S.

Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the *Leis* ;
 Cut *Micon's* tender vines, and stole the stays.

D A M Æ T A S.

Or rather, when beneath yon ancient oak,
 The bow of *Daphnis*, and the shafts you broke :
 When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right ;
 And, but for mischief, you had dy'd for spite.

M E N A L C A S.

What nonsense would the fool thy master prate,
 When thou, his knave, canst talk at such a rate :
 Did I not see you, rascal, did I not ?
 When you lay snug to snap young *Damon's* goat ?

His

N O T E S.

eighth *Idylliums* of *Theocritus*. How ingenious and entertaining it is, no reader of a true taste wants to be informed. We shall, however, touch upon some of the most remarkable particulars as we go along.

* *Virgil* here imitates *Theocritus*, (*Novimus*, &c.) but is not so gross and indelicate as the Greek poet.

His mongrel bark'd, I ran to his relief,
And cry'd, There, there he goes; stop, stop the thief!
Discover'd and defeated of your prey,
You skulk'd behind the fence, and sneak'd away.

D A M Æ T A S.

An honest man may freely take his own;
The goat was mine, by singing fairly won.
A solemn match was made; he lost the prize.
Ask *Damon*, ask if he the debt denies;
I think he dares not; if he does he lyes.

M E N A L C A S.

Thou sing with him, thou booby! never pipe
Was so prophan'd to touch that blubber'd lip:
Dunce at the best; in streets but scarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd.*

D A M Æ T A S.

To bring it to the trial will you dare
Our pipes, our skill, our voices to compare?
My brinded heifer to the stake I lay;
Two thriving calves she suckles twice a day:
And twice besides her beeftings never fail
To store the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your singing with an equal stake.

M E N A L C A S.

That should be seen, if I had one to make.
You know too well I feed my father's flock:
What can I wager from the common flock?
A stepdame too I have, a curfed she,
Who rules my hen-peck'd fire, and orders me.

Both

N O T E S.

* Nothing can be so fatirical as this line. All the *R's* (with a repetition of *st* in *stridenti* & *stipula*) could not concur without some design. *Milton* imitates this passage in his beautiful poem entitled *Lycidas*.

Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.

Both number twice a-day the milky dams;
 At once she takes the tale of all the lambs.
 But since you will be mad, and since you may
 Suspect my courage, if I should not lay;
 The pawn I proffer shall be full as good:
 Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen wood;
 Both by divine *Alcimedon* were made;*
 To neither of them yet the lip is laid;
 The lids are ivy, grapes in clusters lurk
 Beneath the carving of the curious work.
 Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear;
Conon, and what's his name who made the sphere,
 And shew'd the seasons of the sliding year,
 Instructed in his trade the lab'ring swain,
 And when to reap, and when to sow the grain?

D A M Æ T A S.

And I have two, to match your pair, at home;
 The wood the same, from the same hand they come:
 The kimbo handles seem with bears-foot carv'd;
 And never yet to table have been serv'd:
 Where *Orpheus* on his lyre laments his love,
 With beasts encompass'd, and a dancing grove:
 But these, not all the proffers you can make,
 Are worth the heifer which I set to stake.

M E N A L C A S.

N O T E S.

* As there is no account left us of any famous artist called *Alcimedon*; Dr. Martyn imagines that he was a friend of our poet, who was therefore willing to transmit his name to posterity. By his name, he appears to have been a *Greek*. How highly the arts of painting and carving were esteemed in *Greece*, appears from this very remarkable passage in *Pliny*; speaking of *Eupompus*, he says, "It was enjoined by his authority, first in *Sicyon*, and next throughout all *Greece*, that none but ingenious youths should learn the art of carving, that is, of making designs in box; and that this art should be ranked among the first of the liberal ones. He thought the laws of honour were violated, if any but gentlemen, or at least those that were reputably born, practised this art; and made a perpetual prohibition that slaves never should be admitted to learn it. Hence it is that we see no celebrated pieces of carving, neither of engraving, or relieve, (*Toreutice*) done by any person in the degree of a slave."

M E N A L C A S.

No more delays, vain boaster, but begin,
 I prophesy before-hand I shall win.
Palemon shall be judge how ill you rhyme :
 I'll teach you how to brag another time.

D A M Æ T A S.

Rhymer come on, and do the worst you can ;
 I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
 With silence, neighbour, and attention wait :
 For 'tis a bus'ness of a high debate.

P A L E M O N.

Sing then ; the shade affords a proper place ;
 The trees are cloath'd with leaves, the fields with grafs ;
 The blossoms blow ; the birds on bushes sing ;
 And nature has accomplish'd all the spring.
 The challenge to *Damætas* shall belong,
Menalcas shall sustain his under-song :
 Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring ;
 By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

D A M Æ T A S.

From the great Father of the Gods above*
 My Muse begins ; for all is full of *Jove* ;
 To *Jove* the care of heav'n and earth belongs ;
 My flocks he blesses, and he loves my songs.

M E N A L C A S.

Me *Phæbus* loves ; for he my Muse inspires ;
 And in her songs, the warmth he gave, requires.

For

N O T E S.

* *Virgil*, in the original, seems to have laid it down as an indispensable rule to himself, in these *Amæbean* verses, to make the respondent shepherd answer his opponent, in exactly the same number of lines.

For him the God of shepherds and their sheep,
My blushing hyacinths, and my bays I keep.*

D A M Æ T A S.

My *Phyllis*, me with pelted apples plies,
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies;
And wishes to be seen, before she flies.

M E N A L C A S.

But fair *Amintas* comes unask'd to me,
And offers love; and sits upon my knee:
Not *Delia* to my dogs is known so well as he.

D A M Æ T A S.

To the dear mistress of my love-sick mind,
Her swain a pretty present has design'd:
I saw two stock-doves billing, and ere long
Will take the nest, and her's shall be the young.

M E N A L C A S.

Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And stood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground;
I sent *Amintas* all my present store;
And will, to-morrow, send as many more.

D A M Æ T A S.

The lovely maid lay panting in my arms;
And all she said and did was full of charms.
Winds, on your wings to heav'n her accents bear!†
Such words as heav'n alone is fit to hear.

M E N A L C A S.

N O T E S.

* The ancient poets seem to use *laurus* indifferently for laurels, or bays: strictly speaking, *lauro*, or *lauro regio*, signifies the former in *Italian*, and *alloro* the latter; but their best poets use *lauro* indifferently for both.

† The sentiment of *Damætas* is beautiful and poetical to the last degree.

M E N A L C A S.

Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight,
To call you mine, when absent from my fight!
I hold the nets, while you pursue the prey;*
And must not share the dangers of the day.

D A M Æ T A S.

I keep my birth day: send my *Phillis* home;
At sheering-time, *Iolas*, you may come.

M E N A L C A S.

With *Phillis* I am more in grace than you:†
Her sorrow did my parting steps pursue:
Adieu, my dear, she said, a long adieu!

D A M Æ T A S.

The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold;
But from my frowning fair, more ills I find
Than from the wolves, and storms, and winter-wind.

M E N A L C A S.

The kids with pleasure browse the bushy plain,
The show'rs are grateful to the swelling grain:‡

To

N O T E S.

* In the original, *Si, dum tu sceleris apros, ego retia servo?* "What signifies your love to me, if you will not let me shew mine to you by sharing your dangers?" For all the danger was in hunting the wild beasts; none in watching the nets.

† The original is, *et longum formose, vale—Iola!* The vocative case *Iola* does not agree with *formose*, but is to be construed at the beginning of this couplet; "O *Iolas*, I love *Phillis* above other women, for she wept when I parted from her, and cried, O fair shepherd (*Menalcas*) farewell," &c.

‡ *La Cerda* thinks the shepherds are equal in these couplets: but *Catrou*, according to custom, affirms that *Menalcas* has the advantage. "The images, says he, which *Menalcas* here presents to the mind, are more agreeable than those of his adversary. A wolf, unseasonable rains, and tempestuous winds, are the ornament of *Dametas's* discourse.

To teeming ewes the fallow's tender tree;
But more than all the world my love to me.

D A M Æ T A S.

Pollio my rural verse vouchsafes to read:
A heifer, Muses, for your patron breed.

M E N A L C A S.

My *Pollio* writes himself, a bull be bred
With spurning heels, and with a butting head,
Who *Pollio* loves, and who his Muse admires.

D A M Æ T A S.

Let *Pollio*'s fortune crown his full desires.
Let myrrh instead of thorn his fences fill;
And show'rs of honey from his oaks distil.

M E N A L C A S.

Who hates not living *Bavius*, let him be
(Dead *Mævius*) damn'd to love thy works and thee:
The same ill taste of sense would serve to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke, and sheer the swine.

D A M Æ T A S.

Ye boys who pluck the flow'rs, and spoil the spring,
Beware the secret snake that shoots a sting.

M E N A L C A S.

Graze not too near the banks, my jolly sheep,*
The ground is false, the running streams are deep:

See,

N O T E S.

course. In that of *Menalcas*, we have favourable rains, and an agreeable nourishment to the flocks."

* *Catrou* understands these lines as an allegory, implying a caution to avoid being surprized by dangerous inclinations.

See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neigh'ring rock.

D A M Æ T A S.

From rivers drive the kids, and fling your hook ;
Anon I'll wash 'em in the shallow brook.

M E N A L C A S.

To fold my flock ; when milk is dry'd with heat,
In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat.

D A M Æ T A S.

How lank my bulls from plenteous pasture come !
But love that drains the herd, destroys the groom.

M E N A L C A S.

My flocks are free from love ; yet look so thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their skin.
What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams,
And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs ? *

D A M Æ T A S.

Say, where the round of heav'n which all contains,
To three short ells on earth our fight restrains ;
Tell that, and rise a *Phæbus* for thy pains.†

MENALCAS.

N O T E S.

* The notion of an evil eye still prevails among the ignorant vulgar. Lord *Bacon* speaks of the power of the glances of an envious eye.

† *Catrou* and Dr. *Trapp* are for the well and the oven, as the most simple and suitable to a shepherd's understanding. But Dr. *Martyn* proposes a new interpretation, and thinks the shepherd may mean a celestial globe or sphere.

MENALCAS.

Nay, tell me first, in what new region springs
 A flow'r that bears inscrib'd the names of kings : *
 And thou shalt gain a present as divine
 As *Phæbus*' self; for *Phyllis* shall be thine.

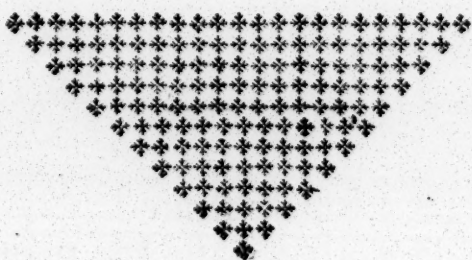
PALEMON.

So nice a difference in your singing lies,
 That both have won, or both deserv'd the prize.
 Rest equal happy both; and all who prove
 The bitter sweets, and pleasing pains of love.
 Now dam the ditches, and the floods restrain: †
 Their moisture has already drench'd the plain.

NOTES.

* The flower here meant is the hyacinth, which, as it is said to spring from the blood of *Ajax*, was marked *AI*.

† *Claudite jam rivos*, is an allegorical expression, taken from a river's refreshing the meadows, and applied to music and poetry delighting the ears, the fancy, and the judgment.



The F O U R T H P A S T O R A L ;

O R,

P O L L I O.*

A R G U M E N T.

The poet celebrates the birth-day of Solonius, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of his father, after the taking of Solonæ, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verses are translated from one of the Sybils, who prophesied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier strain !
Tho' lowly shrubs and trees that shade the plain,

Delight

N O T E S.

* This *Eclogue* is one of the most remarkable pieces of heathen antiquity ; inasmuch as it contains a manifest and illustrious prophecy of our blessed Saviour, uttered in ignorance,

Delight not all; *Sicilian* Muse, prepare
 To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
 The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
 Renews it's finish'd course; *Saturnian* times
 Roll round again, and mighty years begun
 From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
 The base degenerate iron offspring ends;
 A golden progeny from heav'n descends:
 O chaste *Lucina*, speed the mother's pains;
 And haste the glorious birth; thy own *Apollo* reigns!
 The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
 Shall *Pollio's* consulship and triumph grace;
 Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race.
 The father banish'd virtue shall restore,
 And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
 The son shall lead the life of Gods, and be
 By Gods and heroes seen, and Gods and heroes see.

The

N O T E S.

rance, by a *Pagan* writer; and that too in the reign of the same emperor, in which our *Saviour* was born. We say in the reign of the same emperor: for a learned author, (as we find him quoted by the excellent Bishop *Bull*, who himself seems to be in the same mistake) carries it too far, when he asserts that *Virgil* wrote this at *Rome*, at the same time that our *Saviour* was born in *Judea*. It was forty years before. See the learned Dr. *Prideaux's* *Connexion*, &c. part 2, book 7.—In the year of *Rome* 714, says he, when *Asinius Pollio* and *Domitius Calvinus* were consuls, the people of *Rome* compelled the triumvirs *Octavian* and *Anthony* to make a durable peace between them. It was hoped, that thereby an end would be put to the war with *Sextus Pompey*, who had made himself master of *Sicily*, and by the interruption of commerce, had caused a famine in *Rome*. To make this peace the more firm, they would have *Anthony*, whose wife *Fulvia* was then dead, to marry *Octavian Caesar's* sister *Octavia*, who had lately lost her husband *Marcellus*, and was then big with child, of which she was delivered, after her marriage with *Anthony*. This child retained the name of his own father *Marcellus*, and as long as he lived, was the delight of his uncle *Octavian*, and the hope of the *Roman* people. It is he that is the subject of this *Eclogue*. *Virgil* addresses it to *Pollio*, who was at that time consul, and thereby makes a compliment to *Cæsar*, *Anthony*, *Octavia*, and *Pollio*, all at once. The *Marcellus*, whose birth is here celebrated, is the same whose death is lamented by *Virgil* in the sixth *Æneid*. The poet borrows what was predicted by the *Camæan Sybil* concerning *Jesus Christ*, and applies it to this child.

The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
 And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
 Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
 And fragrant herbs, (the promises of spring)
 As her first off'rings to her infant king.*
 The goats, with strutting drugs, shall homeward speed,
 And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
 His cradle shall with rising flow'rs be crown'd;
 The serpent's brood shall die: the sacred ground
 Shall weeds and pois'nous plants refuse to bear,
 Each common bush shall *Syrian* roses wear.
 But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
 And form it to hereditary praise;
 Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,†
 And cluster'd grapes shall blush on ev'ry thorn.

The

NOTES.

* It is impossible to forbear observing the great similitude of this passage, and that famous one of *Isaiab*: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them: and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose," chap. 35. ver. 1. "The glory of *Lebanon* shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together," chap. 11. ver. 13. "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid: and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like an ox. And the sucking child shall play upon the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the adder's den," chap. 11, ver. 6, 7, 8. How much inferior is *Virgil's* poetry to *Isaiab's*. The former has nothing comparable to these beautiful strokes; "that a little child shall lead the lion;—that the very trees of the forest shall come to pay adoration."—*Virgil* says only *occidet et serpens*; *Isaiab* adds a circumstance imitatively picturesque, that the sucking child shall play upon the hole of the asp; and that the weaned child, a little older and beginning to make use of it's hands, shall put his fingers on the adder's den. There are certain critics who would never cease to admire these circumstances and strokes of nature, if they had not the ill fortune to be placed in the bible.

† The ancients used to sow bearded or prickly wheat, which deterred the birds from picking the ears. The epithet *molli* may therefore imply, that the corn shall no longer stand in need of this fortification, this pallisade, this *vallum aristarum* as *Cicero* calls it, to defend it from injuries, but shall spring up spontaneously, and grow ripe with soft and tender beards.

The knotted oaks shall show'rs of honey weep,
 And thro' the matted grafs the liquid gold shall creep.
 Yet, of old fraud some footsteps shall remain,
 The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain :
 Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round ;
 And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground ;
 Another *Typhis* shall new seas explore,
 Another *Argos* land the chiefs upon th' *Iberean* shore.*
 Another *Helen* other wars create,†
 And great *Achilles* urge the *Trojan* fate.
 But when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow,
 The greedy failor shall the seas forego ;
 No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware ;
 For ev'ry foil shall ev'ry product bear.
 The lab'ring hind his oxen shall disjoin,
 No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine,
 Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine. }
 But the luxurious father of the fold,
 With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,‡
 Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat ;
 And under *Tyrian* robes the lamb shall bleat. §
 The *Fates*, when they this happy web have spun,
 Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run.

Mature

N O T E S .

* By navigation and commerce, *Virgil* means that avarice, and by wars, that ambition shall still subsist.

† A bloody war at last reduced *Sextus Pompey* to quit *Sicily*, and meet his death in *Asia* by *Anthony*. The conjuncture of affairs, the preparations made by *Octavian*, and above all, the dispositions of men's minds, gave room for the prediction of the poet.

‡ *Murex* was a shell fish set about with spikes, from whence the *Tyrian* colour was obtained. *Lutum* is that herb, which our *English* writers of botany describe under the name of *Luteola*, wild wood, and dyer's weed. It is used in dying yellow both wool and silk.

§ *Servius* and *La Cerda* affirm the sandyx to be an herb, which is a great mistake.
 No. 19. 4 M Sandyx

Mature in years, to ready honours move,
 O of celestial feed! O foster son of *Jove*! *
 See, lab'ring nature calls thee to sustain †
 The nodding frame of heav'n, and earth, and main;
 See, to their base rellor'd, earth, seas, and air,
 And joyful ages from behind, in crowding ranks appear.
 To sing thy praise, would heav'n my breath prolong,
 Infusing spirits worthy such a song;
 Not *Thracian Orpheus* should transcend my lays,
 Nor *Linus*, crown'd with never-fading bays;
 Though each his heav'nly parent should inspire;
 The Muse instruct the voice, and *Phæbus* tune the lyre.
 Should *Pan* contend in verse, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges should their God condemn.

Begin,

N O T E S.

Sandyx is spoken of by *Pliny*, as a cheap material for painting. The true sandaracha, which seems to be our native red arsenic, was said to come from an island in the *Red-sea*.

* Would it have been proper to bestow these illustrious appellations on a son of *Pollio*? Surely *Virgil* does not here pour them forth without reason. But what young prince could at that time deserve to be called the child of the Gods, and the illustrious offspring of *Jupiter*? Without doubt it must have been one of the family of the *Cæsars*! And did there at that time come into the world any child of the family of the *Cæsars*, except young *Marcellus*? *Tiberius* was not yet entered into the house of *Octavian* by his mother, and *Drusus* was not yet born.

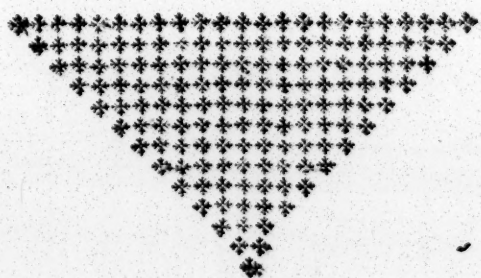
† What is the meaning of *nutantem*? says the learned *Dr. Trapp*. With, or under what does it nod or stagger? With it's guilt and misery, say some, and so wants to be succoured by this new-born hero. But that to others seems not to agree with the happiness which is ascribed even to the first division, and to the beginning of this happy age. And therefore they say, it either nods, i. e. moves and shakes itself with joy and exultation; which is pretty harsh to our apprehension; or, which is not much better, inclines and tends to another, i. e. a yet more happy state; *vergentem*, say they, *nutantemque in meliorem statum*. Perhaps the first interpretation is best.—It was good sense to say, the world at present labours with it's guilt and misery; but yet rejoices at the very near prospect of the happy change, which is in a manner begun already.

Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about
 Thy infant eyes, and, with a smile, thy mother single out; *
 Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
 The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travel to requite.
 Then smile; the frowning infant's doom is read,
 No God shall crown the board, nor Goddess bless the bed. †

NOTES.

* The commentators are divided in opinion, whether he means the smile of the child, or that of the mother.

† The life of the Gods or apotheosis (here promised by the poet) consisted of two particulars; the sitting at the table of *Jupiter*, and the marriage of some Goddess; therefore the threats of *Virgil* amount to this.—You shall not enjoy the life of the Gods, because neither *Jupiter* will admit you to his table, nor any Goddess to her bed.



The FIFTH PASTORAL;*

OR,

DAPHNIS.

A R G U M E N T.

Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert shepherds at a song, begin one by consent to the memory of Daphnis; who is supposed, by the best critics, to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopsus laments his death, Menalcas proclaims his divinity: the whole Eclogue consisting of an elegy and an apotheosis.

M E N A L C A S.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
And since my voice can match your tuneful reed,

Why

N O T E S.

* The subject of the following *Eclogue* is great, and the poet laboured his composition accordingly; it is no less than the death of *Julius Cæsar*, and his deification.



Salmius the infant Son of Pollio, being brought before his Mother, smiles & singles her out from others.



Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade,
Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?

M O P S U S.

Whether you please that sylvan scene to take,
Where whistling winds uncertain shadows make:
Or will you to the cooler cave succeed,
Whose mouth the curling vines have overspread?

M E N A L C A S.

Your merit and your years command the choice:
Amyntas only rivals you in voice.

M O P S U S.

What will not that presuming shepherd dare,
Who thinks his voice with *Phæbus* may compare?

M E N A L C A S.

Begin you first; if either *Alcon's* praise,
Or dying *Phyllis* have inspir'd your lays:
If her you mourn, or *Codrus* you commend,
Begin, and *Tityrus* your flock shall tend.

M O P S U S.

Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
Which on the beeches' bark I lately writ;*

I writ,

N O T E S.

Many reasons may be given, why by *Daphnis* is not meant *Saloninus*, the pretended son of *Pollio*, nor *Flaccus*, *Virgil's* brother. This *Eclogue* must have greatly recommended our author to the favour of *Augustus*. *Ræus* thinks it was written when some plays or sacrifices were celebrated in honour of *Julius Cæsar*. The scene of it is not only beautiful in itself, but adapted to the solemnity of the subject; the shepherds sit and sing in the awful gloom of a grotto, which is overhung by wild vines.

* It was the ancient custom of *Italy* to write on the barks of trees, as it was in *Egypt* to write on the *papyrus*, a sort of rush, from which the word paper is derived.

I writ, and sung betwixt; now bring the swain
Whose voice you boast, and let him try the strain.

M E N A L C A S.

Such as the shrub to the tall olive shows,
Or the pale fallow to the blushing rose;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in height.

M O P S U S.

No more, but sit and hear the promis'd lay,
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.
The nymphs about the breathless body wait
Of *Daphnis*, and lament his cruel fate.
The trees and floods were witness to their tears:
At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears.
The wretched parent, with a pious haste,
Came running, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd.*
She sigh'd, she sob'd, and furious with despair,
She rent her garments, and she tore her hair:
Accusing all the Gods, and every star.
The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the brink †
Of running waters brought their herds to drink.
The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd.

}

The

N O T E S.

* Most probably by the mother is meant *Venus*, and this is confirmed by an almost parallel passage in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, book 15. *Ovid* there represents *Venus* to be terrified at the approach of *Cæsar's* death, she discovers all the fears and tenderness of a mother, and considers the injury as offered to herself.

† This circumstance is remarkable, and may allude to a real fact that happened, according to *Suetonius's* account, at *Julius Cæsar's* death: he tells us, that the horses which this emperor consecrated when he passed the *Rubicon*, and had been turned wild ever since, were observed to abstain from their food, *pertinacissimè pabulo abstinere uter-
tinue flere.*

The death of *Daphnis* woods and hills deplore,
 They cast the sound to *Lybia's* desert shore;
 The *Lybian* lions hear, and hearing roar.
 Fierce tigers *Daphnis* taught the yoke to bear;
 And first with curling ivy dress'd the spear:
Daphnis did rites to *Bacchus* first ordain;
 And holy revels for his reeling train.*
 As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
 As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn;
 So bright a splendor, so divine a grace,
 The glorious *Daphnis* cast on his illustrious race.
 When envious fate the godlike *Daphnis* took,
 Our guardian Gods the fields and plains forlook:
Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
 Nor *Phæbus* fed his oxen on the plain;
 No fruitful crop the sickly fields return;
 But oats and lolium choak the rising corn.†
 And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
 Now knotty burrs and thorns disgrace the ground.
 Come shepherds, come, and strow with leaves the plain;
 Such fun'ral rites your *Daphnis* did ordain.
 With cypress boughs the crystal fountains hide,
 And softly let the running waters glide;
 A lasting monument to *Daphnis* raise,
 With this inscription to record his praise:
Daphnis, the field's delight, the shepherd's love,
 Renown'd on earth, and deify'd above;

Whose

NOTES.

* The solemnities of *Bacchus* were in a manner restored and celebrated by *Cæsar* with greater magnificence than they had ever been before.

† *Virgil* here gives *lolium* the epithet of *infelix*. It is of a malignant nature, and is so much the more dangerous from it's not being easily to be distinguished from the corn among which it usually springs up. The ancients thought it bad for the eyes. And the modern *Italians* have yet a worse notion of it: for they look upon it as the cause of the melancholy kind of madness; and it is common with them to say of any such person, *A ma giato pane con loglio*, "he has eat bread with lolium in it."

Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,
But less than he himself surpass'd the swains.

M E N A L C A S.

O heav'nly poet! such thy verse appears,*
So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears,
As to the weary swain, with cares oppress'd,
Beneath the sylvan shade, refreshing rest:
As to the feverish traveller, when first
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.
In singing, as in piping, you excel;
And scarce your master could perform so well.
O fortunate young man, at least your lays
Are next to his, and claim the second praise.
Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
To raise our *Daphnis* to the pow'rs divine;
For *Daphnis* was so good, to love whate'er was mine.

M O P S U S.

How is my soul with such a promise rais'd!
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd.
And *Stimichon* has often made me long
To hear like him, so soft, so sweet a song.

M E N A L C A S.

Daphnis, the guest of heav'n, with wond'ring eyes,
Views in the milky way the starry skies.
And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.

For

N O T E S.

* The elegance and sweetness of these lines are not to be equalled by any thing, but the answer *Mopsus* makes to them afterwards in line eighty-two of the original.

Nam neque me tantum, &c.

For this, with chearful cries the woods resound;
 The purple spring arrays the various ground;
 The nymphs and shepherds dance; and *Pan* himself is crown'd.
 The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
 Nor birds the sprindges fear, nor stags the toils:
 For *Daphnis* reigns above; and deals from thence
 His mother's milder beams, and peaceful influence.*
 The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice;
 The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.
 Assenting nature, with a gracious nod,
 Proclaims him, and salutes the new admitted God.†
 Be still propitious, ever good to thine;
 Behold four hallow'd altars we design;
 And two to thee, and two to *Phæbus* rise;
 On both are offer'd annual sacrifice.
 The holy priests, at each returning year,
 Two bowls of milk, and two of oil shall bear;
 And I myself the guests with friendly bowls will cheer.
 Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,
 The gen'rous vintage of the *Chian* vine;‡
 These will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine.
 In winter shall the genial feast be made
 Before the fire; by summer in the shade.
Dametas shall perform the rites divine;
 And *Liétian Ægon* in the song shall join.
Alphesibeus, tripping, shall advance;
 And mimic satyrs in his antic dance.

When

N O T E S.

* This expression of *otia* seems more particularly to allude to the mercy and clemency of *Cæsar*: virtues for which he was so much celebrated by *Tully* and other writers.

† This passage is very sublime, and bears a great resemblance to that of *Isaiab*, (which probably *Virgil* might have read) "Break forth into singing ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein." And this lofty language must confirm the opinion that *Julius Cæsar* is meant by *Daphnis*.

‡ *Arvisium* was a promontory of the island *Cbios*, now *Scios*, from whence the finest of the *Greek* wines came.

When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
 And when our fields with victims we survey : *
 While savage boars delight in shady woods,
 And finny fish inhabit in the floods ;
 While bees on thyme, and locusts feed on dew,
 Thy grateful swains these honours shall renew. †
 Such honours as we pay to pow'rs divine,
 To *Bacchus* and to *Ceres*, shall be thine.
 Such annual honours shall be giv'n, and thou
 Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy suppliants to their vow. ‡

M O P S U S.

What present worth thy verse can *Mopsus* find !
 Not the soft whispers of a southern wind,
 That play through trembling trees, delight me more ;
 Nor murm'ring billows on the sounding shore ;
 Nor winding streams that through the valley glide ;
 And the scarce-cover'd pebbles gently chide.

M E N A L C A S.

Receive you first this tuneful pipe; the same
 That play'd my *Corydon's* unhappy flame.
 The same that sung *Neæra's* conqu'ring eyes;
 And, had the judge been just, had won the prize. §

M O P S U S.

N O T E S.

* This ceremony was called *Ambarvalia*. The sacred dances mentioned in the lines immediately preceding, were used by the ancients, both *Jews* and heathens, in religious ceremonies.

† *Aeneas* advises *Dido* in almost the same words : but observe that all the shepherd's ideas are taken from rural objects, whereas those of *Aeneas* are taken from philosophy. Such propriety doth *Virgil* ever observe in his sentiments.

‡ He who makes a vow desires something from God, and promises something to him at the same time. If God grants his request, then he, who makes the vow, is in a manner judged, and obliged to perform his promise. Thus God is said *damnare votis* or *voti*, when he grants the request, and so obliges the person to perform what he had promised.

§ It is inferred from this passage, that *Virgil* certainly means himself under the name of

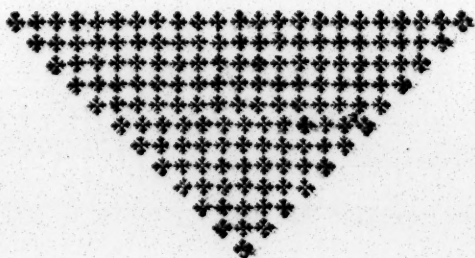
M O P S U S.

Accept from me this sheephook, in exchange,
 The handle brass; the knobs in equal range,
Antigenes, with kisses, often try'd
 To beg this present, in his beauty's pride;
 When youth and love are hard to be deny'd.
 But what I could refuse to his request,
 Is your's unask'd, for you deserve it best.

}

N O T E S.

of *Menalcas*; and likewise, that by his mentioning only the subjects of the *Palæmon* and the *Alexis*, and not a syllable of the *Tityrus*, that all these three *Eclogues* were written before the *Tityrus*; notwithstanding that *Eclogue*, usually but erroneously, is placed first in all editions. It is not improbable, that the *Alexis* was published before the death of *Julius Cæsar*, who might read and admire it.



The SIXTH PASTORAL; *

OR,

S I L E N U S.

A R G U M E N T.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this Pastoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in nature since her birth. This Pastoral was designed as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two pupils.

I First transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains:
Nor blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell on Mantuan plains.

But

N O T E S.

* This piece is perhaps one of the most beautiful of all the ten *Eclogues*. Virgil addresses it to *Varus* his friend and fellow student, under the celebrated *Syro* an Epicurean philosopher.

But when I try'd her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings, and bloody battles sung ; *
Apollo check'd my pride, and bade me feed
My fat'ning flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
Admonish'd thus, while ev'ry pen prepares,
To write thy praises, *Varus*, and thy wars,
My past'ral Muse her humble tribute brings ; †
And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings.
For all who read, and reading not disdain
These rural poems, and their lowly strain,
The name of *Varus*, oft inscrib'd shall see,
In ev'ry grove, and ev'ry vocal tree ;
And all the sylvan reign shall sing of thee :
Thy name, to *Phœbus* and the Muses known,
Shall in the front of ev'ry page be shown ;
For he who sings thy praise, secures his own.

Proceed,

N O T E S.

philosopher. Two shepherds are introduced, who seize *Silenus* sleeping in a grotto, and compel him, with the assistance of a water nymph, to entertain them with a song he had often promised them. The God immediately begins to give them an account of the formation of things, and lays before them the system of *Epicurus's* philosophy both natural and moral. After *Silenus* has told them how the world was made according to the doctrine of *Epicurus*, his adjunct *Hylam*; that is, say the critics, he recounted the most famous ancient fables, and some surprizing transformations that had happened in the world. How absurd and unlike the regularity and exactness of *Virgil*! The meaning seems to be,—that after *Silenus* had done with the natural, he entered upon the moral philosophy of *Epicurus*: which consisted in teaching men to avoid all immoderate passions and violent perturbations of mind. This was the reason that he sung to them the unnatural passion of *Hercules* for the boy *Hylas*, the brutal lust of *Pasiphaë*, the vanity of the *Præitides*, the avarice of *Atalanta*, and the immoderate grief of the sisters of *Phaëton*. All which the *Epicureans* condemned as enemies to that quiet and soft repose which they esteemed the perfection of virtue and happiness.

* This alludes to *Virgil's* attempt to write an historical poem on the actions of the *Alban* kings.

† The word *deductum* is a metaphor taken from wool, which by spinning is made smaller and smaller.

Proceed, my Muse: two satyrs, on the ground,
 Stretch'd at his ease, their fire *Silenus* found.
 Dost with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
 They found him snoring in his dark abode;
 And seiz'd with youthful arms the drunken God.
 His rosy wreath was dropt not long before,
 Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
 His empty can, with ears half worn away,*
 Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the day.†
 Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
 His garland they unstring, and bind his hands:
 For by the fraudulent God deluded long,
 They now resolve to have their promis'd song.
Ægle came in, to make their party good;
 The fairest *Nais* of the neighbouring flood,
 And, while he stares around with stupid eyes,‡
 His brows with berries, and his temples dyes.
 He finds the fraud, and, with a smile, demands
 On what design the boy had bound his hands.§
 Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas impudence to find
 A sleeping God, 'tis sacrilege to bind.
 To you the promis'd poem I will pay;
 The nymph shall be rewarded in her way.
 He rais'd his voice; and soon a num'rous throng
 Of tripping satyrs crowded to the song;
 And sylvan fauns, and savage beasts advanc'd,
 And nodding forests to the numbers danc'd.
 Not by *Hæmonian* hills the *Thracian* bard,
 Nor awful *Phæbus* was on *Pindus* heard,
 With deeper silence or with more regard.

}

} He

 N O T E S.

* *Cantharus* was a cup sacred to the use of *Bacchus*, and not used by mortals.

† The commentators are equally divided about the true meaning of *procul tantum*, which undoubtedly signifies near or just by; *tantum procul*, is barely at a distance.

‡ That is, just as *Silenus* began to open his eyes.

§ *Servius* tells us the demi-gods were visible only when they thought proper.

He sung the secret seeds of nature's frame;
 How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
 Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
 Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.*
 The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees,†
 Shut from the bounded earth, the bounding seas.
 Then earth and ocean various forms disclose;
 And a new sun to the new world arose. ‡
 And mists condens'd to clouds obscure the sky;
 And clouds dissolv'd, the thirsty ground supply.
 The rising trees the lofty mountains grace:
 The lofty mountains feed the savage race,
 Yet few, and strangers in th' unpeopled place.
 From thence the birth of man the song pursu'd,
 And how the world was lost, and how renew'd.
 The reign of *Saturn*, and the golden age;
Prometheus' theft, and *Jove's* avenging rage. §
 The cries of *Argonauts* for *Hylas* drown'd; ||
 With whose repeated name the shores resound.

}

Then

NOTES.

* This is the system of the atomical philosophers; though it is certain *Epicurus* was not the inventor of this doctrine, but received it from *Democritus*. These philosophers held, that there were two principles of all things, body and void; or as the moderns speak, matter and space; and that by a fortuitous concourse of these atoms, or particles of matter, the universe was formed without the assistance of a directing mind.

† The earth by growing compact and solid, forced the waters to retire from it, and to form the seas. Thus the sea was separated or distinguished, which is the proper meaning of *discludere*.

‡ The circumstance of the earth's being amazed at the first appearance of the sun, is strongly imagined in the original.

§ This tale has been prettily allegorized. It is an ingenious but cruel story which the poets have contrived, to express the train of cares brought into life by *Prometheus*, or foresight: the chains which fasten him to the rock, and the insatiable vulture that rends his vitals every morning.

|| *Hylas* the favourite of *Hercules* falling into a well, was said to be snatched away by the nymphs. *Pasiphae* the wife of *Minos*, king of *Crete*, was said to have had an unnatural

Then mourns the madness of the *Cretan* queen : *
 Happy for her if herds had never been.
 What fury, wretched woman, seiz'd thy breast?
 The maids of *Argos* (tho' with rage possess'd,†
 Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
 Yet shun'd the guilt of thy prepoſit'rous love.
 Nor fought the youthful husband of the herd,
 Tho' lab'ring yokes on their own necks they fear'd;
 And felt for budding horns on their smooth foreheads rear'd.
 Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathless wood;
 While on a flow'ry bank he chews the cud:‡
 Or sleeps in shades, or thro' the forest roves;
 And roars with anguish for his absent loves.
 Ye nymphs, with toils his forest-walk surround; §
 And trace his wand'ring footsteps on the ground.
 But, ah! perhaps my passion he disdains;
 And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
 We search th' ungrateful fugitive abroad;
 While they at home sustain his happy load.
 He sang the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
 With golden fruit, like all the sex, betray'd: ||

The

NOTES.

natural passion for a bull. The daughters of *Prætes*, king of the *Argives*, being struck with madness by *Juno*, imagined themselves to be cows.

* The medals of the people of this town are marked with a cow or bull. Lord *Pembroke's* medals, 2, 34, 8. *Quære*, whether they had any sacred cattle of that kind kept there? or, whether the woman riding on it be not *Pasiphae*? *Gortyna* was a city of *Crete*.

† At this verse, *Prætides implerunt*, &c. begins the famous manuscript of *Virgil* in the *Lorenzo* library; authorized by one of the consuls, and dated by him in the 5th. century.

‡ In the original *fultus hyacintho*. Among the ancients every one was said to be *fultus* by whatsoever he rested upon. Thus we read *Pulvino fultus in Lucilius*. The *rumen* or *paunch* is the first of the four stomachs of those animals which are said to ruminate or chew the cud.

§ In the original *claudite nymphæ*.—Here *Pasiphae* is introduced speaking to the nymphs.

|| *Hippomanes* being engaged in a race with *Atalanta*, in order to obtain her in marriage,

The sister's mourning for the brother's loss;
 Their bodies hid in barks, and fur'd with moss.
 How each a rising alder now appears :
 And o'er the *Po* distils her gummy tears.
 Then sung, how *Gallus* by a Muse's hand
 Was led and welcom'd to the sacred strand.
 The senate rising to salute their guest ; *
 And *Linus* thus their gratitude express'd, †
 Receive this present by the Muses made ;
 The pipe on which th' *Ascræan* pastor play'd ; ‡
 With which of old he charm'd the savage train,
 And call'd the mountain ashes to the plain.
 Sing thou on this, thy *Phæbus*; and the wood
 Where once his fane of *Parian* marble stood.
 On this his ancient oracles rehearse:
 And with new numbers grace the God of verse.

Why

N O T E S.

marriage, threw down a golden apple whenever she gained ground upon him; which she stooping to gather up, *Hippomanes* had an opportunity of getting before her, and of consequence of obtaining the lovely prize. The sisters of *Phaeton* consumed themselves with weeping for his death, and were transformed into trees. *Phaeton* rashly attempting to drive the chariot of the sun, would have set fire to the earth, if *Jupiter* had not struck him down with a thunderbolt.

* When *Virgil* himself once entered the theatre, all the spectators rose up to honour his entrance.

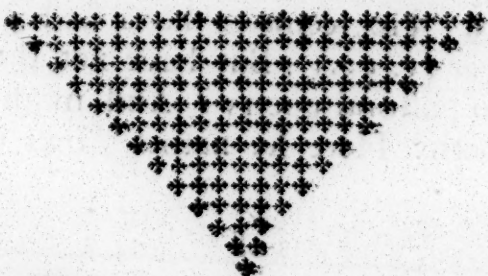
† *Virgil* has been blamed very ridiculously for not saying any thing of *Homer* in his sixth *Æneid* (637, 677.) where if he had said any thing of him, he must have put him in *Elysium* before he was born. It seems more just to complain that he has not mentioned him in all his works. He seems to have had a fair opportunity here, and another in the fourth *Eclogue* (v. 55.) But have not the poets he mentions in both these places some relation to pastoral poetry? And might not the mentioning of an epic poet be improper in both? Here he names *Linus* only; and before, the same *Linus*, *Orpheus*, and *Pan*.

‡ The *senex Ascræus*, is *Hesiod*, who was of *Ascra*, a city in *Beotia*. According to some he was coæval with *Homer*. He writes with great simplicity, though in his description of the battle between the giants and the Gods, he rises to the true sublime.

Why should I sing the double *Scylla's* fate,
 The first by love transform'd, the last by hate.
 A beauteous maid above, but magic arts
 With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts:
 What vengeance on the passing fleet she pour'd,
 The master frighted, and the mates devour'd.
 Then ravish'd *Philomel* the song exprest;
 The crime reveal'd; the sisters cruel feast:
 And how in fields the lapwing *Tereus* reigns,
 The warbling nightingale in woods complains.
 While *Progne* makes on chimney-tops her moan;
 And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
 Whatever songs besides, the *Delphian* God
 Had taught the laurels, and the *Spartan* flood,
Silenus sung: the vales his voice rebound,
 And carry to the skies the sacred sound.
 And now the setting sun had warn'd the swain
 To call his counted cattle from the plain:
 Yet still th' unweary'd fire pursues the tuneful strain.
 Till unperceiv'd the heav'n's with stars were hung:
 And sudden night surpriz'd the yet unfinish'd song.*

 N O T E S.

* There is a peculiar beauty in that epithet *invito Olympo*. The sky was so delighted with the song of *Silenus*, that it was sorry and uneasy to see the evening approach.



The

The SEVENTH PASTORAL;*

O R,

M E L I B Œ U S.

A R G U M E N T.

Melibœus here gives us the relation of a sharp poetical contest between Thyrsis and Corydon; at which he himself and Daphnis were present; who both declared for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm repair'd two jolly swains;
 Their sheep and goats together graz'd the plains;
 Both young *Arcadians*, both alike inspir'd
 To sing, and answer as the song requir'd.

Daphnis

N O T E S.

* This seventh *Eclogue*, as the third before, seems to be an imitation of a custom among the shepherds of old, of vying together in extempore verse. At least it is very like

Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat;
 And fortune thither led my weary feet.
 For while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
 The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
 Of *Daphnis* I inquir'd; he, smiling, said,
 Dismiss your fear, and pointed where he fed.
 And, if no greater cares disturb your mind,
 Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.
 Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
 At wat'ring time will seek the neighb'ring ford.
 Here wanton *Mincius* winds along the meads,
 And shades his happy banks with bending reeds:
 And see from yon old oak, that mates the skies,
 How black the clouds of swarming bees arise.
 What should I do! nor was *Alcippe* nigh,
 Nor absent *Phyllis* could my care supply,
 To house and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
 And drain the strutting udders of their dams?
 Great was the strife betwixt the singing swains:
 And I prefer'd my pleasure to my gains.*

Alternate

NOTES.

like the *Improvvisatori* at present in *Italy*; who flourish now perhaps more than any other poets among them, particularly in *Tuscany*. They are surprisingly ready in their answers, and go on *ottavo* for *ottavo*, or speech for speech alternately. In both these *Eclogues* the second speaker seems obliged to follow the turn of thought used by the first; as at present the second *Improvvisatore* is obliged to follow the rhyme of the first. At *Florence* we have heard of their having even *Improvviso* comedies. There were *Improvvisatori* of this kind of old; for before *Livius Andronicus* endeavoured to make any thing of a regular play, *compositum temerè ac rudem alternis jaciebant*, says *Livy*, 7, 2. U. C. 391. They were *Tuscans* too who brought this method to *Rome*.—The following poetical contest betwixt *Thyrsis* and *Corydon*, related by *Melibæus*, is an imitation of the fifth and eighth *Idylliums* of *Theocritus*. Some fanciful commentators imagine that under these shepherds are represented *Gallus* or *Pollio*, or *Cebes* and *Alexander*, and that *Melibæus* is *Virgil* himself. But there are not sufficient grounds for this conjecture. This *Pastoral* is introduced with a pretty rural adventure.

* It is difficult to make the pastoral simplicity, of this introduction to the contest, agreeable to modern readers. The images are all taken from plain unadorned nature,
 2 and

Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose:
These *Corydon* rehears'd, and *Thyrsis* those.

CORYDON.

Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,*
Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.
With all, my *Codrus*, O inspire my breast,†
For *Codrus*, after *Phæbus*, sings the best.
Or if my wishes have presum'd too high,
And stretch'd their bounds, beyond mortality,
The praise of artful numbers I resign:
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian swains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy wreaths, tho' surly *Codrus* frown.
Or if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays;‡
Lest his ill arts or his malicious tongue
Should poison, or bewitch my growing song.

CORYDON.

These branches of a flag, this tusky boar
(The first essay of arms untry'd before)

Young

NOTES.

and will not bear to be dressed up with florid epithets and pompous language, as is the custom of our pastoral writers in painting their scenes of action.

* The critics are greatly divided about the situation of *Libethrum* (*Nymphae Libethrides*); but the learned and accurate *Strabo*, whose testimony is worth that of a thousand commentators, tells us, that *Libethrum* is the name of a cave in or near mount *Helicon*, consecrated to the Muses by the *Thracians*.

† *Codrus*, says *Servius*, was a cotemporary poet with *Virgil*, and is mentioned in the elegies of *Valerius*.

‡ It was imagined by the ancients that the bacchar plant carried an amulet or charm against the fascination of what they called an evil tongue.

Young *Mycon* offers, *Delia*, to thy shrine;
 But speed his hunting with thy pow'r divine.
 Thy statue then of *Parian* stone shall stand;
 Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

THYRSIS.

This bowl of milk, these cakes, (our country fare,)
 For thee, *Priapus*, yearly we prepare,
 Because a little garden is thy care.
 But if the falling lambs increase my fold,
 Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold.

CORYDON.

Fair *Galatea* with thy silver feet,
 O, whiter than the swan, and more than *Hybla* sweet;
 Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
 Come charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul.
 Come when my lated sheep at night return;
 And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy morn.

THYRSIS.

May I become as abject in thy sight,
 As sea-weed on the shore, and black as night:
 Rough as a bur, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;*
 Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
 If one day's absence looks not like a year.
 Hence from the field for shame: the flock deserves
 No better feeding, while the shepherd starves.

CORYDON.

Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep,†
 Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy fountains keep,

Defend

NOTES.

* *Dioscorides* says expressly, that the poisonous herb of *Sardinia* is a species of *ranunculus* or crowfoot.

† This *Amæbean* is doubtless more beautiful than the succeeding, and contains more delightful images of nature.

Defend my flock ; the summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.

T H Y R S I S.

With heapy fires our chearful hearth is crown'd ;
And firs for torches in the woods abound :
We fear not more the winds and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.*

C O R Y D O N.

Our woods with juniper and chefnuts crown'd
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground ;
And lavish nature laughs, and flows her stores around.
But if *Alexis* from our mountains fly,
Ev'n running rivers leave their channels dry. †

T H Y R S I S.

Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field, ‡
Nor with'ring vines their juicy vintage yield.
But if returning *Phillis* blebs the plain,
The grass revives ; the woods are green again ;
And *Jove* descends in show'rs of kindly rain.

C O R Y D O N.

The poplar is by great *Alcides* worn ; §
The brows of *Phæbus* his own bays adorn ;

The

N O T E S.

* *Catrou* gives quite a new interpretation to the word *numcrum* : he says it means musical numbers.

† The end of this *Amæbean* appears to some critics to be flat—*videas et flumina sicca*. But we are of opinion the poet designed the line should be faint and languishing, as it were, more fully to express that mournful state of nature he is painting.

‡ A fine contrast is observable in these two *Amæbeans*. The flourishing scenes of nature are strongly set off by the fading and languishing prospect that succeeds.

§ When *Hercules* returned from hell, he was fabled to have crowned his head with a chaplet of poplar leaves.

The branching vine the jolly *Bacchus* loves;
 The *Cyprian* queen delights in myrtle groves.
 With hazle *Phyllis* crowns her flowing hair;
 And while she loves that common wreath to wear,
 Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle shall compare.

T H Y R S I S.

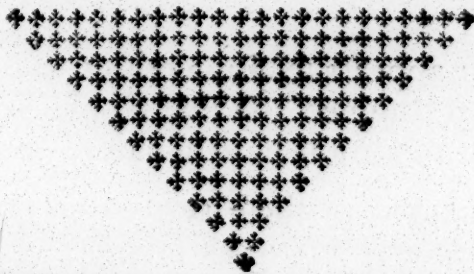
The tow'ring ash is fairest in the woods;
 In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods;
 But if my *Lycidas* will ease my pains,
 And often visit our forsaken plains,
 To him the tow'ring ash shall yield in woods;
 In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

M E L I B Œ U S.

These rhymes I did to memory commend,
 When vanquish'd *Thyrsis* did in vain contend; *
 Since when, 'tis *Corydon* among the swains,
 Young *Corydon* without a rival reigns.

N O T E S.

* The victory is adjudged to *Corydon*, because *Corydon* in the first *Amæbean* begins with piety to the Gods; *Thyrsis* with rage against his adversary: in the second, *Corydon* invokes *Diana*, a chaste Goddess; *Thyrsis*, an obscene deity, *Priapus*: in the third, *Corydon* addresses himself to *Galatea* with mildness; *Thyrsis* with dire imprecations: in the rest, *Corydon's* subjects are generally pleasing and delightful to the imagination; those of *Thyrsis* are directly contrary.



The

The EIGHTH PASTORAL;*

O R,

P H A R M A C E U T R I A.

A R G U M E N T.

This Pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alphesibæus. The first of them bewails the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of some enchantress, who endeavoured by her spells and magic to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful Muse of two despairing swains,
The love rejected, and the lover's pains,

To

N O T E S.

* Here we have a kind of twin-eclogue; two poems in one: though it hath its title only from the latter: which is taken from the second *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*, as the
No. 21. 4 S other

To which the savage lynxes list'ning stood,
 The rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running flood :
 The hungry herd their needful food refuse ;
 Of two despairing swains, I sing the mournful Muse.

Great *Pollio*, thou for whom thy *Rome* prepares
 The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,
 Whether *Timavus* or th' *Illyrian* coast,
 Whatever land or sea thy presence boast ;
 Is there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
 To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
 In numbers like to thine, could I rehearse
 Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse :
 The world another *Sophocles* in thee,
 Another *Homer* should behold in me :
 Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine,
 Thine was my earliest Muse ; my latest shall be thine.

Scarce from the world the shades of night withdrew ;
 Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning dew,

When

N O T E S.

other is in a great measure from the second, and partly from the first and third. It is one of the best, perhaps the very best, of all *Virgil's* Pastorals: (the fourth being always excepted, upon the account of it's divine subject, and the sublime manner of treating it.) Both parts of it turn upon the passion of love, and that too unsuccessful: the former breathing nothing but despair; the latter, magic and enchantment. The first gives us the sad pleasure of tragedy; the second, the romantic amusement of conjuring, and incantations: both, the delight arising from the most elegant poetry. In the introduction to it (as before in that to the sixth *Eclogue*, and in the fourth throughout) the poet gives us a specimen of his sublime.—He seems to have had an high idea of his composition by his introducing it in so lofty a strain, *quorum stupefactæ carmine lynces*. The critics have been very much divided whether it is inscribed to *Pollio* or *Augustus*. *Catrou* pleads very strongly for *Augustus*; but *Dr. Martyn* largely examines this plea, and confutes it solidly. There is doubtless a great stress to be laid on

Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.

For though *Augustus* began a tragedy on the death of *Ajax*, (after *Sophocles*) yet this piece was never published, as many fine ones of *Pollio* were, who is highly celebrated by *Horace* for his dramatic excellence. *Lib. 2. Od. 1. Motum ex Metello, &c.* The enchantments

When *Damon* stretch'd beneath an olive shade,*
 And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
 Against the conscious Gods, and curs'd the cruel maid:
 Star of the morning, why dost thou delay?

Come, *Lucifer*, drive on the lagging day;
 While I my *Nisa's* perjur'd faith deplore;
 Witnesses ye pow'rs, by whom she fallely swore!

The Gods, alas, are witnesses in vain;
 Yet shall my dying breath to heav'n complain.
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet *Mænalian* strain.

The pines of *Mænalus*, the vocal grove,
 Are ever full of verse, and full of love: †
 They hear the hinds, they hear their God complain;
 Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain.

Begin with me, my flute, the sweet *Mænalian* strain.

Mopsus triumphs; he weds the willing fair:
 When such is *Nisa's* choice, what lover can despair!

Now griffons join with mares, another age
 Shall see the hound and hind their thirst assuage

Promiscuous at the spring: prepare the lights, ‡
 O *Mopsus*! and perform the bridal rites.

Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys:
 Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.

For thee the sun declines, O happy swain!
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet *Mænalian* strain.

O, *Nisa*!

NOTES.

enchantments described in this *Eclogue*, are finely imitated in the *Arcadio del Sanazora*.

* Denoting the melancholy posture of the shepherd leaning against the tree, not *incumbens baculo ex oliva*.

† It is very poetical to personify the mountain *Mænalus*, and ascribe to it a voice and the power of hearing.

‡ The bride used to be led home by night with lighted torches before her. Their torches were pieces of pine or unctuous wood, which were cut to a point, that they might be the more easily inflamed. *Plutarch* says, there were five usually carried.

O, *Nisa*! justly to thy choice condemn'd!
 Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou condemn'd;
 For him, thou hast refus'd my browsing herd,
 Scorn'd my thick eye-brows, and my shaggy beard.*
 Unhappy *Damon* sighs, and sings in vain:
 While *Nisa* thinks no God regards a lover's pain.
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet *Mænalian* strain.
 I view'd thee first, how fatal was the view!
 And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew,
 High on the planted hedge, and wet with morning dew.
 Then scarce the bending branches I could win; †
 The callow down began to cloath my chin;
 I saw, I perish'd, yet indulg'd my pain:
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet *Mænalian* strain.
 I know thee, love, in deserts thou wert bred,
 And at the dugs of savage tigers fed:
 Alien of birth, usurper of the plains,
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet *Mænalian* strains.
 Relentless love the cruel mother led, ‡
 The blood of her unhappy babes to shed:
 Love lent the sword, the mother struck the blow,
 Inhuman she, but more inhuman thou:
 Alien of birth, usurper of the plains,
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet *Mænalian* strains.
 Old doting nature, change thy course anew,
 And let the trembling lamb the wolf pursue:

Let

N O T E S.

* *La Cerda* is of opinion, that the meaning is, my violent love has made me neglect my person.

† The circumstances of his officiousness of pointing out the fruit, and of his being but just able to reach the branches from the ground, are natural and poetical.

‡ After *Medea* had fled with *Jason*, one of the *Argonauts*, from her father and country, he basely forsook her and married another; this so highly enraged her, that she murdered before his face the children she had by him. The most pathetic tragedy of *Euripides* is on this fine subject: wherein the tenderness of the mother, and the fury of the forsaken mistress, produce noble struggles of passion.

Let oaks now glitter with *Hesperian* fruit,
 And purple daffodils from alder shoot.
 Fat amber let the tamarisk distil,
 And hooting owls contend with swans in skill.
 Hoarse *Tityrus* strive with *Orpheus* in the woods,
 And challenge fam'd *Arion* on the floods.
 Or, oh! let nature cease, and chaos reign,
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet *Mænalian* strain.

Let earth be sea, and let the whelming tide
 The lifeless limbs of luckless *Damon* hide:
 Farewel, ye secret woods, and shady groves,
 Haunts of my youth, and conscious of my loves!
 From yon high cliff I plunge into the main,
 Take the last present of thy dying swain,
 And cease, my silent flute, the sweet *Mænalian* strain.

Now take your turns, ye Muses, to rehearse*
 His friend's complaints, and mighty magic verse:
 Bring running water, bind those altars round †
 With fillets, and with vervain strow the ground:
 Make fat with frankincense the sacred fires, ‡
 To re-inflame my *Daphnis* with desires:
 'Tis done, we want but verse. Restore my charms,
 My ling'ring *Daphnis* to my longing arms.

Pale *Phæbe*, drawn by verse from heav'n descends,
 And *Circe* chang'd with charms *Ulysses'* friends.
 Verse breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake,
 And in the winding cavern splits the snake.
 Verse fires the frozen veins; restore, my charms,
 My ling'ring *Daphnis* to my longing arms.

Around

N O T E S.

* The poet hints that he is unable to proceed by his own strength, and begs therefore the assistance of the Muses.

† The water was heated in the house, and the forceress calls to her assistance *Amaryllis* to bring it out to her; so there is no need to read *affer*, as some have done.

‡ The ancients called the strongest sort of frankincense, *male*.

Around his waxen image first I wind
 Three woollen fillets, of three colours join'd:
 Thrice bind about his thrice-devoted head,
 Which round the sacred altar thrice is led: *
 Unequal numbers please the Gods: my charms,
 Restore my *Daphnis* to my longing arms.

Knit with three knots the fillets, knit 'em straight;
 Then say, these knots to love I consecrate.
 Haste, *Amaryllis*, haste, restore my charms,
 My lovely *Daphnis* to my longing arms.

As fire this figure hardens, made of clay; †
 And this of wax with fire consumes away;
 Such let the soul of cruel *Daphnis* be,
 Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.
 Crumble the sacred mole of salt and corn,
 Next in the fire the bays with brimstone burn.
 And while it crackles in the sulphur, say,
 This, I for *Daphnis* burn; thus *Daphnis* burn away. ‡

This

NOTES.

* The ancients had a prodigious veneration for the number three, and held many ridiculous superstitions in relation to it. This number was thought the most perfect of all numbers, having regard to the beginning, middle, and end.

† There were plainly two figures made, one of wax, and the other of clay, the former would naturally melt, and the other harden by the fire. The notion was, that as the image consumed, so did the person it represented. Dr. *Martyn* observes, that in the beginning of the last century, many persons were convicted of this and other such like practices, and were executed accordingly, as it was deemed to be attempting the lives of others. King *James* the First was a great believer of the power of magic, and wrote a book on the subject, entitled *Demonologie*. *Shakespeare* seems to have chosen the subject of his *Macbeth* to please the taste of that prince.—The bays were burnt also to consume the flesh of the person on whose account these magical rites were performed. The cake is crumbled upon the image of *Daphnis*, as upon the victim of this sacrifice.

‡ The *mola* was made of meal salted and kneaded, *molita*, whence it was called *mola*: and victims were said to be immolated, because the foreheads of the victims, and the hearths and the knives had this cake crumbled on them.

This laurel is his fate; restore, my charms,
My lovely *Daphnis* to my longing arms.

As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with desire, pursues her wand'ring love;
Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy pools
To quench her thirst, and on the rushes rolls:
Careless of night, unmindful to return,*

Such fruitless fires perfidious *Daphnis* burn.
While I so scorn his love, restore, my charms,
My ling'ring *Daphnis* to my longing arms.

These garments once were his, and left to me
The pledges of his promis'd loyalty;
Which underneath my threshold I bestow,
These pawns, O sacred earth! to me my *Daphnis* owe.
As these were his, so mine is he, my charms,
Restore their ling'ring lord to my deluded arms.

These pois'nous plants, for magic use design'd,
(The noblest and the best of all the baneful kind)
Old *Mæris* brought me from the *Pontic* strand,†
And cull'd the mischief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with these pow'rful juices, on the plain
He howls a wolf among the hungry train:
And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
With these, to call from tombs the stalking ghosts,
And from the roots to tear the standing corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant fields is borne.
Such is the strength of spells; restore, my charms,
My ling'ring *Daphnis* to my longing arms.

Bear

N O T E S.

* In the original, *Perdita, nec seræ meminit decedere nocti*; which sweet line, says *Macrobius*, is taken entirely from *Varius*.

† The description of the powerfulness of *Mæris's* magic is sublime. *Pontus* was the land of poisons; *Mitbridates*, who used to eat poison, reigned there; and *Medea* was born in *Chalcis*.

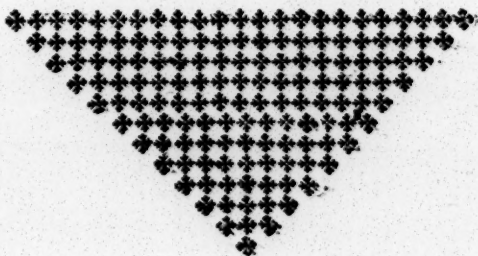
Bear out these ashes, cast them in the brook,*
 Cast backwards o'er your head, nor turn your look,
 Since neither Gods, nor godlike verse can move,
 Break out ye smother'd fires, and kindle smother'd love.
 Exert your utmost pow'r, my ling'ring charms,
 And force my *Daphnis* to my longing arms.

See, while my last endeavours I delay,
 The waking ashes rise, and round our altars play!†
 Run to the threshold, *Amaryllis*; hark,
 Our *Hylas* opens, and begins to bark.
 Good heav'n! may lovers what they wish believe,
 Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive!
 No more, my *Daphnis* comes; no more, my charms,
 He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my desiring arms.

N O T E S.

* The most powerful of all incantations was to throw the ashes of the sacrifice backward into the water.

† The ancients thought the sudden blazing of the fire a very happy omen. For *Plutarch* relates, that the vestal virgins congratulated *Cicero*, and begged him to proceed in his prosecution of *Catiline*, and assured him of great success, because the fire of their sacrifice lighted of it's own accord.



The NINTH PASTORAL;

O R,

LYCIDAS AND MÆRIS.

A R G U M E N T.

When Virgil, by the favour of Augustus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger of being slain by Arius the Centurian, to whom those lands were assigned by the emperor, in reward of his service against Brutus and Cassius. This Pastoral therefore is filled with complaints of his hard usage; and the persons introduced are the bailiff of Virgil Mæris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

HO! Mæris! whither on thy way so fast?
This leads to town.

MÆRIS.

O *Lycidas*, at last
The time is come I never thought to see,
(Strange revolutions for my farm and me)
No. 21. 4 U

When

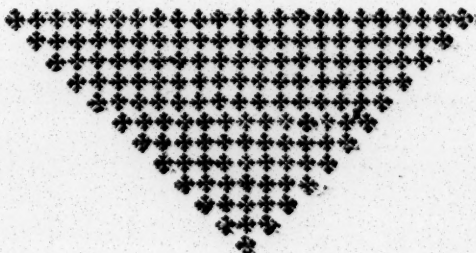
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No. 21. 4 U

When

When the grim captain in a furly tone
 Cries out, pack up, ye rascals! and be gone.
 Kick'd out, we set the best face on't we could,
 And these two kids t'appease his angry mood
 I bear, of which the *Furies* give him good.

LYCIDAS.

Your country friends were told another tale,
 That from the sloping mountain to the vale,
 And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his fortune with a song.

MÆRIS.

Such was the news, indeed; but songs and rhymes
 Prevail as much in these hard iron times,
 As would a plump of trembling fowl, that rise *
 Against an eagle fousing from the skies:
 And had not *Phæbus* warn'd me by the croak
 Of an old raven, from a hollow oak;
 To shun debate, *Menalcas* had been slain,
 And *Mæris* not surviv'd him, to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now heav'n defend! could barb'rous rage induce
 The brutal son of *Mars* t'insult the sacred Muse!
 Who then should sing the nymphs, or who rehearse †
 The waters gliding in a smoother verse!

Or

NOTES.

* Two doves were said to sit on the tops of the oracular oaks at *Dodona*, in *Epirus*; and *Epirus* was often called *Chaonia*.

† *Virgil* certainly alludes to his *Eclogue*, entitled *Daphnis*, composed on the death of *Julius Cæsar*.

Or *Amaryllis* praise, that heav'nly lay
 That shorten'd, as we went, our tedious way.
 O *Tityrus*, tend my herd, and see them fed,
 To morning pastures, evening waters led;
 And 'ware the *Lybian* ridgel's butting head.

M Æ R I S.

Or what unfinish'd he to *Varus* read;
 Thy name, O *Varus* (if the kinder pow'rs
 Preserve our plains, and shield the *Mantuan* tow'rs,
 Obnoxious by *Cremona*'s neighb'ring crime) *
 The wings of swans, and stronger pinion'd rhyme,
 Shall raile aloft, and soaring bear above
 Th' immortal gift of gratitude to *Jove*.

L Y C I D A S.

Sing on, sing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd,
 So may thy swarms the baleful eugh avoid: †
 So may thy cows their burden'd bags distend,
 And trees to goats their willing branches bend.
 Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
 Me free, a member of the tuneful trade:
 At least the shepherds seem to like my lays,
 But I discern their flattery from their praise:
 I nor to *Cinna*'s ears, nor *Varus* dare aspire, ‡
 But gabble like a goose, amidst the swan-like quire.

M Æ R I S.

N O T E S.

* *Augustus* divided the lands of *Cremona* amongst his soldiers, because they sided with *Antony*. But that country not affording sufficient quantities of land for all the soldiers, part of the territory of *Mantua* was added and given away in that manner.

† *Corfica* was called *Cyrnus* by the *Greeks*. The honey of this island was most remarkably bad.

‡ This undoubtedly was not *Helvius Cinna*, the poet who was murdered, by mistaking him

M Æ R I S.

'Tis what I have been conning in my mind,
 Nor are the verses of a vulgar kind.
 Come, *Galatca*, come, the seas forsake,*
 What pleasures can the tides with their hoarse murmurs make?
 See, on the shore inhabits purple spring,
 Where nightingales their love-sick ditty sing;
 See, meads with purling streams, with flow'rs the ground,
 The grottoes cool, with shady poplars crown'd,
 And creeping vines on arbours weav'd around,†
 Come then, and leave the waves' tumultuous roar,
 Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore.

L Y C I D A S.

Or that sweet song I heard with such delight,
 The same you sung alone one starry night;
 The tune I still retain, but not the words.

M Æ R I S.

Why, *Daphnis*, dost thou search in old records,
 To know the seasons when the stars arise?‡
 See *Cæsar's* lamp is lighted in the skies:

The

N O T E S.

him for *Cornelius Cinna*, and an enemy of *Julius Cæsar*, at that emperor's funeral. But it seems to have been *Lucius Cinna*, the grandson of *Pompey*, and a great favourite of *Augustus*. Others think the words relate to two writers.

* These verses, in the original, assemble together some of the loveliest objects of wild unadorned nature. They are a copy of a beautiful passage in *Theocritus*, but greatly excel the *Greek* poet's description.

† Observe how judiciously *Virgil* mentions only the shades of the vines; it being yet only spring, there could be no grapes.

‡ *Virgil*, says *Là Cerda*, seems to have contended with himself in this place for victory. He opposes these five verses to those which went before, *Huc ades o Galatca*, in which

The star, whose rays the blushing grapes adorn,
 And swell the kindly ripening ears of corn.*
 Under this influence, graft the tender shoot,
 Thy children's children shall enjoy the fruit.†
 The rest I have forgot, for cares and time
 Change all things, and untune my soul to rhyme:‡
 I could have once sung down a summer's fun,
 But now the chime of poetry is done.
 My voice grows hoarse, I feel the notes decay,
 As if the wolves had seen me first to-day.§
 But these and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

LYCIDAS.

N O T E S .

which having excelled *Theocritus*, he now endeavours to excel himself. In the former he aimed only at the sweetness of expression, as became one who addressed himself to *Cæsar*, who was then admitted among the Gods. There he describes the delights of the spring, flowers, rivers, shades, such objects as tend to pleasure; here, he produces the fruits of summer, corn, grapes, and pears, all which are useful to man. Who can say that *Virgil* speaks idly, or to no purpose? — The *Julian* star, according to Dr. *Halley*, was a comet; and the same that appeared (for the third time after) in 1680. He says, that the tail of that comet in it's nearest approach to the sun, was sixty degrees long. So that it must have made a very considerable figure in the heavens, as *Horace* says the *Julian* star did. After *Cæsar*'s death a comet happened to appear, which the superstitious vulgar thought was the soul of *Julius Cæsar* placed among the Gods. *Augustus*'s courtiers propagated this notion.

* *Segetes* generally signifies the fields in *Virgil*'s writings.

† *Poma* is used by the ancients for any esculent fruit.

‡ Here the shepherd breaks off abruptly, as if he had forgot the rest of the poem.

§ The ancients imagined, that if a wolf happened to look on any man first, the person was instantly deprived of his voice.

LYCIDAS.

Thy faint excuses but inflame me more,
 And now the waves roll silent to the shore.*
 Hush! winds the topmost branches scarcely bend,
 As if thy tuneful song they did attend:
 Already we have half our way o'ercome,
 Far off I can discern *Bianor's* tomb;†
 Here, where the labourer's hands have form'd a bow'r
 Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.‡
 Rest here thy weary limbs, thy kids lay down,
 We've day before us yet to reach the town:
 Or if ere night the gath'ring clouds we fear,
 A song will help the beating storm to bear:
 And that thou may'st not be too late abroad,
 Sing, I will ease thy shoulders of thy load.

MÆRIS.

Cease to request me, let us mind our way,
 Another song requires another day.
 When good *Menalcas* comes, if he rejoice,
 And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

NOTES.

* The original says, *stratum filet æquor*. By *æquor* cannot possibly be understood the sea, as some translators have imagined. *Catrou's* observation is very ingenious. Our shepherds were already arrived at the edge of the lake of *Mantua*, which is formed round the city by the *Mincio*. Is not a lake a sea in the eye of shepherds?

† *Bianor*, son of the river *Tiber*, by the daughter of *Tiresias*, named *Manto*, is fabled to have first of all fortified the city of *Mantua*, and to have given it the name of his mother. His tomb, as ancient ones usually were, was placed by the way side. Hence the expression, *abi viator, siste viator*—absurdly introduced into modern epitaphs, not placed in such situations.

‡ *La Cerda* says, they gathered the leaves to strew them on *Bianor's* tomb; but the epithet *denfas* seems to point to amputation, which they wanted by growing too thick.

The T E N T H P A S T O R A L ;

O R,

G A L L U S.

A R G U M E N T.

Gallus, a great patron of Virgil, and an excellent poet, was very deeply in love with one Citheris, whom he calls Lycoris, and who had forsaken him for the company of a soldier. The poet therefore supposes his friend Gallus retired in his height of melancholy into the solitudes of Arcadia, (the celebrated scene of pastorals) where he represents him in a very languishing condition, with all the rural Deities about him, pitying his hard usage, and condoling his misfortunes.

TH Y sacred succour, *Arethusa*, bring,
 To crown my labour : 'tis the last I sing.
 Which proud *Lycoris* may with pity view,
 The Muse is mournful, tho' the numbers few,
 Refuse me not a verse, to grief and *Gallus* due.

}
So

So may thy silver streams beneath the tide,
 Unmix'd with briny seas, securely glide.
 Sing then, my *Gallus*, and his hopeless vows;
 Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browse.*
 The vocal grove shall answer to the sound,
 And echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound.
 What lawns or woods withheld you from his aid,
 Ye nymphs, when *Gallus* was to love betray'd;
 To love, unpity'd by the cruel maid? †
 Nor sleepy *Pindus* could retard your course,
 Nor cleft *Parnassus*, nor th' *Aonian* source:
 Nothing that owns the Muses could suspend
 Your aid to *Gallus*, *Gallus* is their friend.
 For him the lofty laurel stands in tears,
 And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub appears.
Mænalian pines the godlike swain bemoan,
 When spread beneath a rock he sigh'd alone,
 And cold *Lycaeus* wept from ev'ry dropping stone.
 The sheep surround their shepherd as he lies,
 Blush not, sweet poet, nor the name despise;
 Along the streams his flock *Adonis* fed,
 And yet the queen of beauty blest his bed.
 The swains and tardy neat-herds came, and last
Menalcas, wet with beating winter mast.
 Wond'ring they ask'd from whence arose thy flame,
 Yet more amaz'd, thy own *Apollo* came.
 Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes;
 Is she thy care? is she thy care? he cries.
 Thy false *Lycoris* flies thy love and thee,
 And for thy rival tempts the raging sea,
 The form of horrid war, and heav'n's inclemency.

Sylvanus

NOTES.

* The original calls them *smæ capellæ*, snub-nosed goats, which will not bear to be rendered into *English*. This is one instance among a thousand that may be given, of the utter impossibility of giving any gracefulness to many images in the classics, which in a dead language do not appear gross or common.

† This is finely imitated in that excellent piece of *Milton*, intitled, *Lycidas*.

Sylvanus came; his brows a country crown
 Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, down.
 Great *Pan* arriv'd, and we beheld him too,
 His cheeks and temples of vermillion hue:
 Why, *Gallus*, this immoderate grief, he cry'd,
 Think'st thou that love with tears is satisfy'd?
 The meads are sooner drunk with morning dews,
 The bees with flow'ry shrubs, the goats with browse.
 Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes he mourn'd,
 He paus'd, and then these broken words return'd:
 'Tis past; and pity gives me no relief,*
 But you, *Arcadian* swains, shall sing my grief;
 And on your hills my last complaints renew,
 So sad a song is only worthy you.
 How light would lie the turf upon my breast,
 If you my sufferings in your songs express?
 Ah! that your birth and business had been mine,
 To pen the sheep, and press the swelling vine!
 Had *Phyllis* or *Amyntas* caus'd my pain,
 Or any nymph, or any shepherd on the plain,
 Tho' *Phyllis* brown, tho' black *Amyntas* were,
 Are violets not sweet, because not fair?
 Beneath the fallows and the shady vine,
 My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine;
Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
 And soft *Amyntas* fung away my care.

Come,

NOTES.

* This address of *Gallus* to the *Arcadians* is tender and moving: especially that part of it where he wishes he had been only an humble shepherd like them. But when he just afterwards addresses his mistress, the lines are inexpressibly pathetic.

Hic gelidi fontes; hic mollia prata, Lycori;
Hic nemus: hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.

And then he turns off at once to the evils his passion has exposed him to:

Nunc insanus amor, &c.

Come, see what pleasures in our plains abound,
 The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground.
 As you are beauteous, were you half so true,
 Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.
 Now I to fighting fields am sent afar,
 And strive in winter camps with toils of war;
 While you, (alas, that I should find it so!)
 To shun my fight, your native soil forego,
 And climb the frozen *Alps*, and tread th' eternal snow.
 Ye frosts and snows her tender body spare,
 Those are not limbs for icicles to tear.
 For me, the wilds and deserts are my choice,
 The Muses, once my care, my once harmonious voice.
 There will I sing, forsaken and alone,
 The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my moan.*
 The rind of ev'ry plant her name shall know,
 And as the rind extends the love shall grow.
 Then on *Arcadian* mountains will I chace
 (Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the savage race.
 Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds
 To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
 And now methinks o'er steepy rocks I go,
 And rush through sounding woods, and bend the *Parthian* bow:
 As if with sports my sufferings I could ease,
 Or by my pains the God of love appease.
 My frenzy changes, I delight no more
 On mountain tops to chace the tusky boar:

No

N O T E S.

* How justly are the various resolutions and shifting passions of a lover here described! First, he resolves to renew his poetical studies, (for *Gallus* was a writer of elegies) then suddenly he talks of leaving the world, and finding out some melancholy solitude, and hiding himself among the dens of wild beasts, and amusing himself by carving her name on the trees. Then all at once he breaks out into a resolution that he will spend all his time in hunting; but suddenly recollects with a sigh, that none of these amusements will cure his passion; and then bids adieu to all the diversions of which he had been speaking.

No game but hopeless love my thoughts pursue,
 Once more ye nymphs, and songs, and sounding woods adieu.
 Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
 Not tho' beneath the *Thracian* clime we freeze;
 Or *Italy's* indulgent heav'n forego;
 And in mid-winter tread *Sithonian* snow:
 Or when the barks of elms are scorch'd, we keep *
 On *Meroe's* burning plains the *Libyan* sheep.†
 In hell, and earth, and seas, and heav'n above,
 Love conquers all, and we must yield to love.
 My Muses, here your sacred raptures end,
 The verse was what I ow'd my suff'ring friend.
 This while I sung, my sorrows I deceiv'd,
 And bending osiers into baskets weav'd.
 The song, because inspir'd by you, shall shine,
 And *Gallus* will approve, because 'tis mine:
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew
 Each hour, and ev'ry moment rise in view:
 As alders, in the spring, their boles extend,
 And heave so fiercely, that the bark they rend.
 Now let us rise, for hoarseness oft invades
 The singer's voice, who sings beneath the shades.
 From juniper unwholesome dews distil,‡
 That blast the sooty corn, the with'ring herbage kill;
 Away, my goats, away, for you have brows'd your fill.

NOTES.

* *Virgil* uses the constellation of *Cancer* to express the tropic. The sun enters *Cancer* on the 21st of our *June*, which is the longest day of the year, though not the hottest.

† *Verfemus* in this place signifies to feed sheep, or drive them about, to feed.

‡ Even the shades of juniper, though it is a tree whose leaves are so fragrant, are still very unwholesome.

AUTHENTIC

A U T H E N T I C M E M O I R S
 OF THE
 L I F E O F V I R G I L,
 THE
 C E L E B R A T E D R O M A N P O E T.

VIRGIL was born at *Mantua*, which city was built no less than three hundred years before *Rome*; and was the capital of the *New Heturia*, as himself, no less antiquary, than poet, assures us. His birth is said to have happened in the first consulship of *Pompey the Great*, and *Lic. Crassus*; but since the relator of this presently after contradicts himself, and *Virgil's* manner of addressing to *Octavius*, implies a greater difference of age than that of seven years, as appears by his first *Pastoral*, and other places; it is reasonable to set the date of it something backward: and the writer of his life having no certain memorials to work upon, seems to have pitched upon the two most illustrious consuls he could find about that time, to signalize the birth of so eminent a man. But it is beyond all question, that he was born on, or near, the fifteenth of *October*. Which day was kept festival in honour to his memory, by the *Latin*, as the birth-day of *Homer* was by the *Greek* poets. And so near a resemblance there is betwixt the lives of these two famous epic writers, that *Virgil* seems to have followed the fortune of the other, as well as the subject and manner of his writing. For *Homer* is said to have been of very mean parents, such as got their bread by day-labour; so is *Virgil*. *Homer* is said to be base-born; so is *Virgil*. The
 6 former

former to have been born in the open air, in a ditch, or by the bank of a river; so is the latter. There was a poplar planted near the place of *Virgil's* birth, which suddenly grew up to an unusual height and bulk, and to which the superstitious neighbourhood attributed marvellous virtue. *Homer* had his poplar too, as *Herodotus* relates, which was visited with great veneration. *Homer* is described by one of the ancients, to have been of a slovenly and neglected mien and habit; so was *Virgil*. Both were of a very delicate and sickly constitution: both addicted to travel, and the study of astrology: both had their compositions usurped by others: both envied and traduced during their lives. We know not so much as the true names of either of them with any exactness: for the critics are not yet agreed how the word (*Virgil*) should be written; and of *Homer's* name there is no certainty at all. Whosoever shall consider this parallel in so many particulars, (and more might be added) would be inclined to think, that either the same stars ruled strongly at the nativities of them both; or, what is a great deal more probable, that the *Latin* grammarians wanting materials for the former part of *Virgil's* life, after the legendary fashion, supplied it out of *Herodotus*; and, like ill face-painters, not being able to hit the true features, endeavoured to make amends by a great deal of impertinent landscape and drapery.

Without troubling the reader with needless quotations, the most probable opinion is, that *Virgil* was the son of a servant, or assistant to a wandering astrologer, who practised physic. For *Medicus*, *Magus*, as *Juvenal* observes, usually went together; and this course of life was followed by a great many *Greeks* and *Syrians*; of one of which nation it seems not improbable, that *Virgil's* father was. Nor could a man of that profession have chosen a fitter place to settle in, than that most superstitious tract of *Italy*; which by her ridiculous rites and ceremonies as much enslaved the *Romans*, as the *Romans* did the *Hebrurians* by their arms. This man therefore having got together some money, which stock he improved by his skill in planting and husbandry, had the good fortune, at last, to marry his master's daughter, by whom he had *Virgil*; and this woman seems, by her mother's side, to have been of good extraction: for she was nearly related to *Quintilius Varus*, whom *Paterculus* assures us to have been of an illustrious, though not patrician family; and there is honourable mention made of it in the history of the second *Carthaginian* war. It is certain, that they gave him very good education, to which they were inclined, not so much by the dreams of his mother, and those presages which *Donatus* relates, as by the early indications

which he gave of a sweet disposition, and excellent wit. He passed the first seven years of his life at *Mantua*, not seventeen, as *Scaliger* miscorrects his author; for the *initia ætatis* can hardly be supposed to extend so far. From thence he removed to *Cremona*, a noble *Roman* colony; and afterwards to *Milan*. In all which places he prosecuted his studies with great application; he read over all the best *Latin* and *Greek* authors, for which he had convenience by the no remote distance of *Marseilles*, that famous *Greek* colony, which maintained it's politeness, and purity of language, in the midst of all those barbarous nations amongst which it was seated: and some tincture of the latter seems to have descended from them down to the modern *French*. He frequented the most eminent professors of the *Epicurean* philosophy, which was then much in vogue, and will be always, in declining and sickly states. But finding no satisfactory account from his master *Syron*, he passed over to the *Academic* school, to which he adhered the rest of his life, and deserved, from a great emperor, the title of the *Plato* of the poets. He composed at leisure hours a great number of verses on various subjects; and desirous rather of a great than early fame, he permitted his kinsman, and fellow-student *Varus*, to derive the honour of one of his tragedies to himself. Glory neglected in proper time and place, returns often with large increase, and so he found it: for *Varus* afterwards proved a great instrument of his rise. In short, it was here that he formed the plan, and collected the materials of all those excellent pieces which he afterwards finished, or was forced to leave less perfect by his death. But whether it were the unwholesomeness of his native air, of which he somewhere complains, or his too great abstinence, and night-watchings at his study, to which he was always addicted, as *Augustus* observes; or possibly the hopes of improving himself by travel, he resolved to remove to the most southern tract of *Italy*; and it was hardly possible for him not to take *Rome* in his way; as is evident to any one who shall cast an eye on the map of *Italy*: and therefore the late *French* editor of his works is mistaken, when he asserts that he never saw *Rome*, till he came to petition for his estate. He gained the acquaintance of the master of the horse to *Octavius*; and cured a great many diseases of horses, by methods they had never heard of. It fell out, at the same time, that a very fine colt, which promised great strength and speed, was presented to *Octavius*: *Virgil* assured them, that he came of a faulty mare, and would prove a jade; upon trial it was found as he had said: his judgment proved right in several other instances, which was the more surprising, because the *Romans* knew least of natural causes of any civilized nation in the world: and those meteors and prodigies, which cost them in-
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credible fums to expiate, might easily have been accounted for, by no very profound naturalist. It is no wonder, therefore, that *Virgil* was in so great reputation, as to be at last introduced to *Octavius* himself. That prince was then at variance with *Marc Antony*, who vexed him with a great many libelling letters, in which he reproaches him with the baseness of his parentage, that he came of a scrivener, a ropemaker, and a baker, as *Suetonius* tells us. *Octavius* finding that *Virgil* had passed so exact a judgment upon the breed of dogs and horses, thought that he might be able to give him some light concerning his own. He took him into his closet, where they continued in private a considerable time. *Virgil* was a great mathematician, which, in the sense of those times, took in astrology: and if there be any thing in that art, which we can hardly believe; if that be true which the ingenious *De la Chambre* asserts confidently, that from the marks on the body, the configuration of the planets at a nativity may be gathered, and the marks might be told by knowing the nativity, never had one of those artists a fairer opportunity to shew his skill, than *Virgil* now had; for *Octavius* had moles upon his body, exactly resembling the constellation called *Ursa Major*. But *Virgil* had other helps: the predictions of *Cicero*, and *Catullus*, and that vote of the senate had gone abroad, that no child born at *Rome*, in the year of his nativity, should be bred up; because the seers assured them that an emperor was born that year. Besides this, *Virgil* had heard of the *Affyrian* and *Egyptian* prophecies (which, in truth, were no other but the *Jewish*,) that about that time a great king was to come into the world. Himself takes notice of them, *Æn.* 6, where he uses a very significant word (now in all liturgies) *hujus in adventu*, so in another place, *adventu propiore Dei*.

*At his foreseen approach already quake
Affyrian kingdoms, and Mæotis' lake.
Nile hears him knocking at his seven-fold gates—*

Every one knows whence this was taken: it was rather a mistake, than impiety in *Virgil*, to apply these prophecies, which belonged to the *Saviour* of the world, to the person of *Octavius*, it being a usual piece of flattery for near a hundred years together, to attribute them to their emperors, and other great men. Upon the whole matter, it is very probable, that *Virgil* predicted to him the empire at this time. And it will appear yet the more, if we consider that he assures him of his being received into the number of the Gods, in his first *Pastoral*, long before the thing came to pass; which prediction

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dition seems grounded upon his former mistake. This was a secret, not to be divulged at that time, and therefore it is no wonder that the slight story in *Donatus* was given abroad to palliate the matter. But certain it is, that *Octavius* dismissed him with great marks of esteem, and earnestly recommended the protection of *Virgil's* affairs to *Pollio*, then lieutenant of the *Cis-Alpine Gaul*, where *Virgil's* patrimony lay. This *Pollio*, from a mean original, became one of the most considerable persons of his time: a good general, orator, statesman, historian, poet, and favourer of learned men: above all, he was a man of honour in those critical times. He had joined with *Octavius* and *Antony*, in revenging the barbarous assassination of *Julius Cæsar*: when they two were at variance, he would neither follow *Antony*, whose courses he detested, nor join with *Octavius* against him, out of a grateful sense of some former obligations. *Augustus*, who thought it his interest to oblige men of principles, notwithstanding this, received him afterwards into favour, and promoted him to the highest honours. And thus much we thought fit to say of *Pollio*, because he was one of *Virgil's* greatest friends. Being therefore eased of domestic cares, he pursues his journey to *Naples*: the charming situation of that place, and view of the beautiful villas of the *Roman* nobility, equalling the magnificence of the greatest kings; the neighbourhood of the *Baiæ*, whither the sick resorted for recovery, and the statesman when he was politically sick, whither the wanton went for pleasure, and witty men for good company; the wholesomeness of the air, and improving conversation, the best air of all, contributed not only to the re-establishing his health, but to the forming of his stile, and rendering him master of that happy turn of verse, in which he much surpasses all the *Latins*, and, in a less advantageous language, equals even *Homer* himself. He proposed to use his talent in poetry, only for scaffolding to build a convenient fortune, that he might prosecute, with less interruption, those nobler studies to which his elevated genius led him, and which he describes in these admirable lines:

*Me vero primum dulces ante omnia musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant, cælique vias et sidera monstrent,
Defectus solis varios, lunæque labores:
Unde tremor terris, &c.*

But the current of that martial age, by some strange antiperistasis, drove so violently towards poetry, that he was at last carried down with the stream.

stream. For not only the young nobility, but *Octavius*, and *Pollio*, *Cicero* in his old age, *Julius Cæsar*, and the stoical *Brutus*, a little before, would needs be tampering with the Muses; the two latter had taken great care to have their poems curiously bound, and lodged in the most famous libraries; but neither the sacredness of those places, nor the greatness of their names, could preserve ill poetry. Quitting therefore the study of the law, after having pleaded but one cause with indifferent success, he resolved to push his fortune this way, which he seems to have discontinued for some time, and that may be the reason why the *Culex*, his first pastoral, now extant, has little besides the novelty of the subject, and the moral of the fable, which contains an exhortation to gratitude, to recommend it; had it been as correct as his other pieces, nothing more proper and pertinent could have at that time been addressed to the young *Octavius*: for the year in which he presented it, probably at the *Baiæ*, seems to be the very same, in which that prince consented (though with seeming reluctance) to the death of *Cicero*, under whose consulship he was born, the preserver of his life, and chief instrument of his advancement. There is no reason to question it's being genuine, as the late *French* editor does; it's meanness, in comparison of *Virgil's* other works, (which is that writer's only objection) confutes himself: for *Martial*, who certainly saw the true copy, speaks of it with contempt; and yet that pastoral equals at least the address to the *Dauphin*, which is prefixed to the late edition. *Octavius*, to unbend his mind from application to public business, took frequent turns to *Baiæ*, and *Sicily*; where he composed his poem called *Sicelides*, which *Virgil* seems to allude to, in the *Pastoral* beginning *Sicelides Musæ*; this gave him opportunity of refreshing that prince's memory of him, and about that time he wrote his *Ætna*. Soon after he seems to have made a voyage to *Athens*, and at his return presented his *Ceiris*, a more elaborate piece, to the noble and eloquent *Mæcenas*. The forementioned author groundlessly taxes this as supposititious: for besides other critical remarks, there are no less than fifty or sixty verses, altered indeed and polished, which he inserted in the pastorals, according to his fashion; and from thence they were called *Eclogues*, or select *Bucolics*. We thought fit to use a title more intelligible, the reason of the other being ceased: and we are supported by *Virgil's* own authority, who expressly calls them *Carmina Pastorum*. The *French* editor is again mistaken, in asserting, that the *Ceiris* is borrowed from the ninth of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*: he might have more reasonably conjectured it to be taken from *Parthenius*, the *Greek* poet, from whom *Ovid* borrowed a great part of his work. But it is indeed taken from neither, but from that learned, unfortunate poet,

Apollonius Rhodius, to whom *Virgil* is more indebted than to any other Greek writer, excepting *Homer*. The reader will be satisfied of this, if he consults that author in his own language, for the translation is more obscure than the original.

Whilst *Virgil* thus enjoyed the sweets of a learned privacy, the troubles of *Italy* cut off his little subsistence; but by a strange turn of human affairs, which ought to keep good men from ever despairing, the loss of his estate proved the effectual way of making his fortune. The occasion of it was this: *Octavius*, as himself relates, when he was but nineteen years of age, by a masterly stroke of policy, had gained the veteran legions into his service, and by that step, outwitted all the republican senate. They grew now very clamorous for their pay: the treasury being exhausted, he was forced to make assignment upon lands, and none but in *Italy* itself would content them. He pitched upon *Cremona* as the most distant from *Rome*; but that not sufficing, he afterwards threw in part of the state of *Mantua*. *Cremona* was a rich and noble colony, settled a little before the invasion of *Hannibal*. During that tedious and bloody war, they had done several important services to the commonwealth. And when eighteen other colonies, pleading poverty and depopulation, refused to contribute money, or to raise recruits, they of *Cremona* voluntarily paid a double quota of both. But past services are a fruitless plea; civil wars are one continued act of ingratitude: in vain did the miserable mothers, with their famishing infants in their arms, fill the streets with their numbers, and the air with lamentations; the craving legions were to be satisfied at any rate. *Virgil*, involved in the common calamity, had recourse to his old patron *Pollio*; but he was, at this time, under a cloud; however, compassionating so worthy a man, not of a make to struggle through the world, he did what he could, and recommended him to *Mecænas*, with whom he still kept a private correspondence. The name of this great man being much better known than one part of his character, the reader, we presume, will not be displeased if we supply it in this place.

Though he was of as deep reach, and easy dispatch of business as any in his time, yet he designedly lived beneath his true character. Men had oftentimes meddled in public affairs, that they might have more ability to furnish for their pleasures: *Mecænas*, by the honestest hypocrisy that ever was, pretended to a life of pleasure, that he might render more effectual service to his master. He seemed wholly to amuse himself with the diversions of

the town, but under that mask was the greatest minister of his age. He would be carried in a careless, effeminate posture through the streets in his chair, even to the degree of a proverb, and yet there was not a cabal of ill disposed persons which he had not early notice of; and that too in a city as large as *London* and *Paris*, and perhaps two or three more of the most populous put together. No man better understood that art so necessary to the great; the art of declining envy: being but of a gentleman's family, not *Patrician*, he would not provoke the nobility by accepting invidious honours; but wisely satisfied himself that he had the ear of *Augustus*, and the secret of the empire. He seems to have committed but one great fault, which was the trusting a secret of high consequence to his wife; but his master, enough uxorious himself, made his own frailty more excusable by generously forgiving that of his favourite. He kept in all his greatness exact measures with his friends; and chusing them wisely, found by experience, that good sense and gratitude are almost inseparable. This appears in *Virgil* and *Horace*; the former, besides the honour he did him to all posterity, returned his liberalities at his death: the other, whom *Mecænas* recommended with his last breath, was too generous to stay behind, and enjoy the favour of *Augustus*: he only desired a place in his tomb, and to mingle his ashes with those of his deceased benefactor. But this was seventeen hundred years ago. *Virgil*, thus powerfully supported, thought it mean to petition for himself alone, but resolutely solicits the cause of his whole country, and seems, at first, to have met with some encouragement: but the matter cooling, he was forced to sit down contented with the grant of his own estate. He goes therefore to *Mantua*, produces his warrant to a captain of foot, whom he found in his house. *Arrius*, who had eleven points of the law, and fierce of the services he had rendered to *Octavius*, was so far from yielding possession, that words growing betwixt them, he wounded him dangerously, forced him to fly, and at last to swim the river *Mincius* to save his life. *Virgil*, who used to say, that no virtue was so necessary as patience, was forced to drag a sick body half the length of *Italy*, back again to *Rome*, and by the way, probably, composed his ninth *Pastoral*, which may seem to have been made up in haste out of the fragments of some other pieces; and naturally enough represents the disorder of the poet's mind, by it's disjointed fashion, though there be another reason to be given elsewhere of it's want of connection. He handsomely states his case in that poem, and with the pardonable resentments of injured innocence, not only claims *Octavius's* promise, but hints to him the uncertainty of human greatness and glory: all was taken in good part by that wise prince. At last effectual

tual orders were given. About this time, he composed that admirable poem, which is set first, out of respect to *Cæsar*; for he does not seem either to have had leisure, or to have been in the humour of making so solemn an acknowledgment, till he was possessed of the benefit. And now he was in so great reputation and interest, that he resolved to give up his land to his parents, and himself to the court. His pastorals were in such esteem, that *Pollio*, now again in high favour with *Cæsar*, desired him to reduce them into a volume. Some modern writer, that has a constant flux of verse, would stand amazed how *Virgil* could employ three whole years in revising five or six hundred verses, most of which, probably, were made some time before; but there is more reason to wonder how he could do it so soon in such perfection. A coarse stone is presently fashioned; but a diamond of not many carats, is many weeks in sawing, and in polishing many more. He who put *Virgil* upon this, had a politic good end in it.

The continued civil wars had laid *Italy* almost waste; the ground was uncultivated and unstocked; upon which ensued such a famine, and insurrection, that *Cæsar* hardly escaped being stoned at *Rome*; his ambition being looked upon by all parties as the principal occasion of it. He set himself therefore with great industry to promote country improvements; and *Virgil* was serviceable to his design, as the good keeper of the bees, *Geor.* iv.

*Tinnitusque cie, et matris quate cymbala circum,
Ipsæ confident——*

That emperor afterwards thought it matter worthy a public inscription.

Rediit cultus agris.

Which seems to be the motive that induced *Mæcenas*, to put him upon writing his *Georgics*, or books of husbandry; a design as new in *Latin* verse, as *Pastorals*, before *Virgil*, were in *Italy*; which work took up seven of the most vigorous years of his life, for he was now at least thirty-four years of age: and here *Virgil* shines in his meridian. A great part of this work seems to have been rough-drawn, before he left *Mantua*, for an ancient writer has observed, that the rules of husbandry laid down in it, are better calculated for the soil of *Mantua*, than for the more sunny climate of *Naples*,
near

near which place, and in *Sicily*, he finished it. But lest his genius should be depressed by apprehensions of want, he had a good estate settled upon him, and a house in the pleasantest part of *Rome*; the principal furniture of which was a well chosen library, which stood open to all comers of learning and merit: and what recommended the situation of it most, was the neighbourhood of his *Mecænas*; and thus he could either visit *Rome*, or return to his privacy at *Naples*, through a pleasant road adorned on each side with pieces of antiquity, of which he was so great a lover, and in the intervals of them seemed almost one continued street of three days journey.

Cæsar having now vanquished *Sextus Pompeius*, a spring-tide of prosperities breaking in upon him, before he was ready to receive them as he ought, fell sick of the imperial fever, the desire of being thought something more than man. Ambition is an infinite folly; when it has attained to the utmost pitch of human greatness, it soon makes pretensions upon heaven. The crafty *Livia* would needs be drawn in the habit of a priestess by the shrine of the new God: and this became a fashion not to be dispensed with amongst the ladies: the devotion was wondrous great amongst the *Romans*, for it was their interest, and, which sometimes avails more, it was the mode. *Virgil*, though he despised the heathen superstitions, and is so bold as to call *Saturn* and *Janus* by no better a name than that of old men, and might deserve the title of subverter of superstitions, as well as *Varro*, thought fit to follow the maxim of *Plato* his master, that every one should serve the Gods after the usage of his own country; and therefore was not the last to present his incense, which was of two rich a composition for such an altar: and by his address to *Cæsar* on this occasion, made an unhappy precedent to *Lucan* and other poets which came after him, *Geor.* 1, and 3. And this poem being now in great forwardness, *Cæsar*, who, in imitation of his predecessor *Julius*, never intermitted his studies in the camp, and much less in other places, refreshing himself by a short stay in a pleasant village of *Campania*, would needs be entertained with the rehearsal of some part of it. *Virgil* recited with a marvellous grace, and sweet accent of voice, but his lungs failing him, *Mecænas* himself supplied his place for what remained. Such a piece of condescension would now be very surprising, but it was no more than customary amongst friends, when learning passed for quality. *Lælius*, the second man of *Rome* in his time, had done as much for that poet, out of whose drops *Virgil* would sometimes pick gold; as himself said, when one found him reading *Ennius*: (the like he did by some verses of *Varro*, and *Pacuvius*, *Lucretius*, and *Cicero*, which he inserted into his works.) But

learned men then lived easy and familiarly with the great: *Augustus* himself would sometimes sit down betwixt *Virgil* and *Horace*, and say, jestingly, that he sat betwixt fighting and tears, alluding to the asthma of one, and rheumatic eyes of the other; he would frequently correspond with them, and never leave a letter of their's unanswered: nor were they under the constraint of formal superscriptions in the beginning, nor of violent superlatives at the close of their letters: the invention of these is a modern refinement. In which this may be remarked, in passing, that [humble servant] is respect, but [friend] an affront, which notwithstanding implies the former, and a great deal more. Nor does true greatness lose by such familiarity; and those who have it not, as *Mecænas* and *Pollio* had, are not to be accounted proud, but rather very discreet, in their reserves. Some play-house beauties do wisely to be seen at a distance, and to have the lamps twinkle betwixt them and the spectators.

But now *Cæsar*, who, though he were none of the greatest soldiers, was certainly the greatest traveller, of a prince, that had ever been, (for which *Virgil* so dexterously compliments him, *Æneid* 6.) takes a voyage to *Ægypt*, and having happily finished the war, reduces that mighty kingdom into the form of a province; over which he appointed *Gallus* his lieutenant. This is the same person to whom *Virgil* addresses his tenth *Pastoral*; changing, in compliance to his request, his purpose of limiting them to the number of the Muses. The praises of this *Gallus* took up a considerable part of the fourth book of the *Georgics*, according to the general consent of antiquity: but *Cæsar* would have it put out, and yet the seam in the poem is still to be discerned; and the matter of *Aristeus's* recovering his bees, might have been dispatched in less compass, without fetching the causes so far, or interesting so many Gods and Goddesses in that affair. Perhaps some readers may be inclined to think this, though very much laboured, not the most entertaining part of that work; so hard it is for the greatest masters to paint against their inclination. But *Cæsar* was contented that he should be mentioned in the last *Pastoral*, because it might be taken for a satyrical sort of commendation; and the character he there stands under, might help to excuse his cruelty, in putting an old servant to death for no very great crime.

And now having ended, as he begins his *Georgics*, with solemn mention of *Cæsar*, an argument of his devotion to him; he begins his *Æneid*, according to the common account, being now turned of forty. But that work had been, in truth, the subject of much earlier meditation. Whilst he was working

ing upon the first book of it, this passage, so very remarkable in history, fell out, in which *Virgil* had a great share.

Cæsar, about this time, either cloyed with glory, or terrified by the example of his predecessor, or to gain the credit of moderation with the people, or possibly to feel the pulse of his friends, deliberated whether he should retain the sovereign power, or restore the commonwealth. *Agrippa*, who was a very honest man, but whose view was of no great extent, advised him to the latter; but *M. cænas*, who had thoroughly studied his master's temper, in an eloquent oration, gave contrary advice. That emperor was too politic to commit the oversight of *Cromwell*, in a deliberation something resembling this. *Cromwell* had never been more desirous of the power than he was afterwards of the title of king: and there was nothing in which the heads of the parties, who were all his creatures, would not comply with him: but by too vehement allegation of arguments against it, he, who had outwitted every body besides, at last outwitted himself, by too deep dissimulation: for his council, thinking to make their court by assenting to his judgment, voted unanimously for him against his inclination; which surprised and troubled him to such a degree, that as soon as he had got into his coach, he fell into a swoon. But *Cæsar* knew his people better, and his council being thus divided, he asked *Virgil's* advice. Thus a poet had the honour of determining the greatest point that ever was in debate, betwixt the son-in-law and favourite of *Cæsar*. *Virgil* delivered his opinion in words to this effect: "The change of a popular into an absolute government, has generally been of very ill consequence: for betwixt the hatred of the people, and injustice of the prince, it of necessity comes to pass that they live in distrust, and mutual apprehensions. But if the commons knew a just person, whom they entirely confided in, it would be for the advantage of all parties, that such a one should be their sovereign: wherefore if you should continue to administer justice impartially, as hitherto you have done, your power will prove safe to yourself, and beneficial to mankind." This excellent sentence, which seems taken out of *Plato*, (with whose writings the grammarians were not much acquainted, and therefore cannot reasonably be suspected of forgery in this matter) contains the true state of affairs at that time: for the commonwealth maxims were now no longer practicable; the *Romans* had only the haughtiness of the old commonwealth left, without one of it's virtues. And this sentence we find, almost in the same words, in the first book of the *Æneid*, which at this time he was writing; and one might wonder that none of his commentators have taken notice of it. He compares a

tempest

tempest to a popular insurrection, as *Cicero* had compared a sedition to a storm, a little before.

*Ac veluti magno in populo, cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces, ac saxa volant, furor arma ministrat:
Tum pietate gravem, et meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere silent, arrectisque auribus adstant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.*

Piety and merit were the two great virtues which *Virgil* every where attributes to *Augustus*, and in which that prince, at least politically, if not so truly, fixed his character, as appears by the *Marmor Ancyrae*, and several of his medals. *Freinshemius*, the learned supplementor of *Livy*, has inserted this relation into his history; nor is there any good reason, why *Ruæus* should account it fabulous. The title of a poet in those days did not abate, but heighten the character of the gravest senator. *Virgil* was one of the best and wisest men of his time, and in so popular esteem, that one hundred thousand *Romans* rose when he came into the theatre, and paid him the same respect they used to *Cæsar* himself, as *Tacitus* assures us. And if *Augustus* invited *Horace* to assist him in writing his letters, and every body knows that the *Rescripta Imperatorum* were the laws of the empire, *Virgil* might well deserve a place in the cabinet-council.

And now *Virgil* prosecutes his *Æneid*, which had anciently the title of the *Imperial Poem*, or *Roman History*, and deservedly; for though he were too artful a writer to set down events in exact historical order, for which *Lucan* is justly blamed; yet are all the most considerable affairs and persons of *Rome* comprised in this poem. He deduces the history of *Italy* from before *Saturn* to the reign of king *Latinus*; and reckons up the successors of *Æneas*, who reigned at *Alba*, for the space of three hundred years, down to the birth of *Romulus*; describes the persons and principal exploits of all the kings, to their expulsion, and the settling of the commonwealth. After this, he touches promiscuously the most remarkable occurrences at home and abroad, but insists more particularly upon the exploits of *Augustus*; insomuch that though this assertion may appear, at first, a little surprising, he has in his works deduced the history of a considerable part of the world from its original, through the fabulous and heroic ages, through the monarchy

monarchy and commonwealth of *Rome*, for the space of four thousand years, down to within less than forty of our *Saviour's* time, of whom he has preserved a most illustrious prophecy. Besides this, he points at many remarkable passages of history under feigned names: the destruction of *Alba*, and *Veii*, under that of *Troy*: the star *Venus*, which, *Varro* says, guided *Aeneas* in his voyage to *Italy*, in that verse,

Matre deâ monstrante viam.

Romulus's lance taking root, and budding, is described in that passage concerning *Polydorus*, *Aeneid* 3.

————— *Confixum ferrea texit*
Telorum seges, et jaculis increvit acutis.

The stratagem of the *Trojans* boring holes in their ships, and sinking them, lest the *Latins* should burn them, under that fable of their being transformed into sea-nymphs: and therefore the ancients had no such reason to condemn that fable as groundless and absurd. *Cocles* swimming the river *Tyber*, aft e the bridge was broken down behind him, is exactly painted in the four last verses of the ninth book, under the character of *Turnus*. *Marius* hiding himself in the morafs of *Minturnæ*, under the person of *Simon*:

Limosoque lacu per noctem obscurus in ulva
Delitui——

Those verses in the second book concerning *Priam*;

Jacet ingens littore truncus, &c.

seem originally made upon *Pompey the Great*. He seems to touch the imperious and intriguing humour of the empress *Livia*, under the character of *Juno*. The irresolute and weak *Lepidus* is well represented under the person of king *Latinus*; *Augustus* with the character of *Pont. Max.* under that of *Aeneas*; and the rash courage (always unfortunate in *Virgil*) of *Marc Antony* in *Turnus*; the railing eloquence of *Cicero* in his *Philippics* is well imitated in the oration of *Drances*; the dull faithful *Agrippa*, under the person of *Achates*; accordingly this character is flat; *Achates* kills but one man, and himself receives but one slight wound, but neither says nor does

any thing very considerable in the whole poem. *Curio*, who sold his country for about two hundred thousand pounds, is stigmatized in that verse:

*Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem
Imposuit——*

Livy relates that, presently after the death of the two *Scipio's* in *Spain*, when *Martius* took upon him the command, a blazing meteor shone around his head, to the astonishment of his soldiers: *Virgil* transfers this to *Aeneas*:

Lætæque vomunt duo tempora flammæ.

It is strange that the commentators have not taken notice of this. Thus the ill omen which happened a little before the battle of *Thrasimen*, when some of the *Centurions* lances took fire miraculously, is hinted in the like accident which befel *Acestes*, before the burning of the *Trojan* fleet in *Sicily*. The reader will easily find many more such instances. In other writers there is often well covered ignorance; in *Virgil*, concealed learning.

His silence of some illustrious persons is no less worth observation. He says nothing of *Scævola*, because he attempted to assassinate a king, though a declared enemy. Nor of the youngest *Brutus*; for he effected what the other endeavoured. Nor of the younger *Cato*, because he was an implacable enemy of *Julius Cæsar*; nor could the mention of him be pleasing to *Augustus*; and that passage,

His dantem jura Catonem,

may relate to his office, as he was a very severe censor. Nor would he name *Cicero*, when the occasion of mentioning him came full in his way, when he speaks of *Catiline*; because he afterwards approved the murder of *Cæsar*, though the plotters were too wary to trust the orator with their design. Some other poets knew the art of speaking well; but *Virgil*, beyond this, knew the admirable secret of being eloquently silent. Whatsoever was most curious in *Fabius Pictor*, *Cato* the elder, *Varro*, in the *Egyptian* antiquities, in the form of sacrifice, in the solemnities of making peace and war, is preserved in this poem. *Rome* is still above ground, and flourishing
in

in *Virgil*. And all this he performs with admirable brevity. The *Aeneid* was once near twenty times bigger than he left it; so that he spent as much time in blotting out, as some moderns have done in writing whole volumes. But not one book has his finishing strokes: the sixth seems one of the most perfect, the which, after long intreaty, and sometimes threats of *Augustus*, he was at last prevailed upon to recite: this fell out about four years before his own death: that of *Marcellus*, whom *Cæsar* designed for his successor, happened a little before this recital: *Virgil* therefore, with his usual dexterity, inserted his funeral panegyric in those admirable lines, beginning

O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum, &c.

His mother, the excellent *Octavia*, the best wife of the worst husband that ever was, to divert her grief, would be of the auditory. The poet artificially deferred the naming *Marcellus*, till their passions were raised to the highest; but the mention of it put both her and *Augustus* into such a passion of weeping, that they commanded him to proceed no further; *Virgil* answered, that he had already ended that passage. Some relate, that *Octavia* fainted away; but afterwards she presented the poet with two thousand one hundred pounds, odd money; a round sum for twenty-seven verses. But they were *Virgil's*. Another writer says, that with a royal magnificence, she ordered him massy plate, unweighed, to a great value.

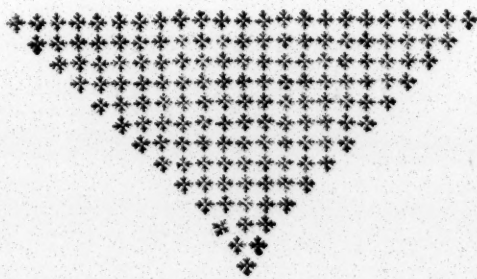
And now he took up a resolution of travelling into *Greece*, there to set the last hand to this work; proposing to devote the rest of his life to philosophy, which had been always his principal passion. He justly thought it a foolish figure for a grave man to be overtaken by death, whilst he was weighing the cadence of words, and measuring verses; unless necessity should constrain it, from which he was well secured by the liberality of that learned age. But he was not aware, that whilst he allotted three years for the revising of his poem, he drew bills upon a failing bank: for unhappily meeting *Augustus* at *Athens*, he thought himself obliged to wait upon him into *Italy*; but being desirous to see all he could of the *Greek* antiquities, he fell into a languishing distemper at *Megara*; which neglected at first, proved mortal. The agitation of the vessel, for it was now autumn, near the time of his birth, brought him so low, that he could hardly reach *Brundisium*, where he died the twenty-second day of *September*, in the fifty-second year of his age. What can give one so high an opinion, both of his modesty and genius, as his earnestly requesting on his death-bed, that his *Aeneid*

might be burnt, because it had not received his last corrections and improvements!

Tully says somewhat severely, *Adhuc neminem cognovi poetam, qui sibi non optimus videretur.* *Tuscul. lib. 1.* *I never yet knew any poet, who did not think himself the best of his profession.* This sarcasm can be applicable to none but those trifling wits, who owe their complacency to their indelicacy and insensibility. Larger souls are not so easily self-satisfied. And *Virgil's* behaviour rather puts one in mind of what the same *Tully* says elsewhere, that in none of his works or orations, he was able to come up to that high idea of eloquence he had conceived in his mind. *Augustus* interposed, and would not suffer a poem that was to consecrate his name to immortality, to be destroyed; it was then bequeathed to *Varius* and *Tucca*, with a strict charge that they should make no addition; which they so exactly observed, as not to fill up even the hemistichs which were left imperfect. He died with such steadiness and tranquillity, as to be able to dictate his own epitaph in the following words:

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope; cecini pascua, rura, duces.

His bones were carried to *Naples*, according to his earnest request, and a monument was erected at a small distance from the city.



A S H O R T

A S H O R T
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
P E R S O N , M A N N E R S , A N D F O R T U N E ,
O F
V I R G I L.

HE was of a very swarthy complexion, which might proceed from the southern extraction of his father: tall and wide shouldered, so that he may be thought to have described himself under the character of *Musæus*, whom he calls the best of poets.

——— *Medium nam plurima turba*
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit allis.

His fickleness, studies, and the troubles he met with, turned his hair gray before the usual time; he had an hesitation in his speech, as many other great men: it being rarely found that a very fluent elocution, and depth of judgment meet in the same person. His aspect and behaviour rustic and ungraceful:

No. 23.

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ungraceful : and this defect was not likely to be rectified in the place where he first lived, nor afterwards, because the weakness of his stomach would not permit him to use his exercises ; he was frequently troubled with the head-ach, and spitting of blood ; spare of diet, and hardly drank any wine. Bashful to a fault ; and when people crowded to see him, he would slip into the next shop, or bye passage, to avoid them. As this character could not recommend him to the fair sex, he seems to have as little consideration for them as *Euripides* himself. There is hardly the character of one good woman to be found in his poems : he uses the word [*Mulier*] but once in the whole *Aeneid*, then too by way of contempt, rendering literally a piece of a verse out of *Homer*. In his *Pastorals* he is full of invectives against love : in the *Georgics* he appropriates all the rage of it to the females. He makes *Dido* lustful and revengeful to the utmost degree ; so as to die devoting her lover to destruction ; so changeable, that the destinies themselves could not fix the time of her death ; but *Iris*, the emblem of inconstancy, must determine it. Her sister is something worse. He is far from passing such a compliment upon *Helen*, as the grave old counsellor in *Homer* does, after nine years war, when upon the sight of her he breaks out into this rapture in the presence of king *Priam* :

*None can the cause of these long wars despise ;
The cost bears no proportion to the prize :
Majestic charms in every feature shine ;
Her air, her port, her accent is divine.
However, let the fatal beauty go, &c.*

Virgil is so far from this complaisant humour, that his hero falls into an unmanly deliberation, whether he should not kill her in a church ; which directly contradicts what *Deiphobus* says of her, *Aeneid* 6, in that place where every body tells the truth. He brings in the *Trojan* matrons setting their own fleet on fire ; and running afterwards, like witches on their *Sabbat*, into the woods. He bestows indeed some ornaments on the character of *Camilla* ; but soon abates his favour, by calling her "*aspera et horenda virgo*." He places her in the front of the line for an ill omen of the battle, as one of the ancients has observed. *Latinus's* queen is turbulent, and ungovernable, and at last hangs herself : and the fair *Lavinia* is disobedient to the oracle, and to the king, and looks a little flickering after *Turnus*. His Goddesses make as ill a figure ; *Juno* is always in a rage, and the fury of heaven : *Venus* grows so unreasonably confident, as to ask her husband to forge arms

arms for her bastard son; which were enough to provoke one of a more phlegmatic temper than *Vulcan* was. Notwithstanding all this raillery of *Virgil's*, he was certainly of a very amorous disposition, and has described all that is most delicate in the passion of love; but he conquered his natural inclinations by the help of philosophy; and refined it into friendship, to which he was extremely sensible.

Virgil is thought to have had too great an opinion of the influence of the heavenly bodies: and, as an ancient writer says, he was born under the sign *Virgo*, with which nativity he much pleased himself, and would exemplify her virtues in his life. Perhaps it was thence that he took his name of *Virgil* and *Parthenias*, which does not necessarily signify base-born. *Donatus*, and *Servius*, very good grammarians, give a quite contrary sense of it. He seems to make allusion to this original of his name in that passage,

*Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope.*

And this may serve to illustrate his compliment to *Cæsar*, in which he invites him into his own constellation,

*Where, in the void of heav'n, a place is free
Betwixt the Scorpion, and the Maid, for thee.*

Thus placing him betwixt justice and power, and in a neighbour mansion to his own; for *Virgil* supposed souls to ascend again to their proper and congenial stars. Being therefore of this humour, it is no wonder that he refused the embraces of the beautiful *Plotia*, when his indiscreet friend almost threw her into his arms.

But however he stood affected to the ladies, there is a dreadful accusation brought against him for the most unnatural of all vices, which, by the malignity of human nature, has found more credit in latter-times than it did near his own. This took not its rise so much from the *Alexis*, in which *Pastoral* there is not one immodest word; as from a sort of ill nature that will not let any one be without the imputation of some vice; and principally because he was so strict a follower of *Socrates* and *Plato*. In order therefore to his vindication, we shall take the matter a little higher.

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The *Cretans* were anciently much addicted to navigation, infomuch that it became a *Greek* proverb, A *Cretan* that does not know the sea. Their neighbourhood gave them occasion of frequent commerce with the *Phœnicians*, that accursed people, who infected the western world with endless superstitions, and gross immoralities. From them it is probable, that the *Cretans* learned this infamous passion, to which they were so much addicted, that *Cicero* remarks, in his *Book de Rep.* that it was a disgrace for a young gentleman to be without lovers. *Socrates*, who was a great admirer of the *Cretan* constitutions, set his excellent wit to find out some good cause, and use of this evil inclination, and therefore gives an account, wherefore beauty is to be loved, in the following passage; "There is but one eternal, immutable, uniform beauty; in contemplation of which, our sovereign happiness does consist: and therefore a true lover considers beauty and proportion as so many steps and degrees, by which he may ascend from the particular to the general, from all that is lovely of features, or regular in proportion, or charming in sound, to the general fountain of all perfection. And if you are so much transported with the sight of beautiful persons, as to wish neither to eat or drink, but pass your whole life in their conversation; to what ecstasy would it raise you to behold the original beauty, not filled up with flesh and blood, or varnished with a fading mixture of colours, and the rest of mortal trifles and fooleries, but separate, unmixed, uniform, and divine, &c." Thus far *Socrates*, in a strain much beyond the *Socraté Cretien* of Mr. *Balsac*: and thus that admirable man loved his *Phædon*, his *Charmedes*, and *Theætetus*; and thus *Virgil* loved his *Alexander*, and *Cebes*, under the feigned name of *Alexis*: he received them illiterate, but returned them to their masters, the one a good poet, and the other an excellent grammarian; and to prevent all possible misinterpretations, he warily inserted into the liveliest *Episode* in the whole *Æneid*, these words,

Nisus amore pio pueri.

And in the sixth, *Quique pii vates*. He seems fond of the words, *castus*, *pious*, *virgo*, and the compounds of it; and sometimes stretches the use of that word further than one would think he reasonably should have done, as when he attributes it to *Pasiphae* herself.

Another vice he is taxed with, is avarice; because he died rich, and so indeed he did in comparison of modern wealth; his estate amounts to near seventy-five thousand pounds of our money: but *Donatus* does not take

notice of this as a thing extraordinary; nor was it esteemed so great a matter, when the cash of a great part of the world lay at *Rome*. *Antony* himself bestowed at once two thousand acres of land in one of the best provinces of *Italy*, upon a ridiculous scribbler, who is named by *Cicero* and *Virgil*. A late cardinal used to purchase ill flattery at the expence of 100,000 crowns a year. But besides *Virgil's* other benefactors, he was much in favour with *Augustus*, whose bounty to him had no limits, but such as the modesty of *Virgil* prescribed to it. Before he had made his own fortune, he settled his estate upon his own parents and brothers; sent them yearly large sums, so that they lived in great plenty and respect; and at his death divided his estate betwixt duty and gratitude, leaving one half to his relations, and the other to *Mecænas*, to *Tucca* and *Varius*, and a considerable legacy to *Augustus*, who had introduced a politic fashion of being in every body's will; which alone was a fair revenue for a prince. *Virgil* shews his detestation of this vice, by placing in the front of the damned those who did not relieve their relations and friends; for the *Romans* hardly ever extended their liberality further.

On the other hand, he gives a very advanced place in *Elysium* to good patriots, &c. observing in all his poem, that rule so sacred amongst the *Romans*, that there should be no art allowed, which did not tend to the improvement of the people in virtue. And this was the principle too of our excellent *Mr. Waller*, who used to say, that he would raze any line out of his poems, which did not imply some motive to virtue; but he was unhappy in the choice of the subject of his admirable vein in poetry. The countess of *Carlisle* was the *Helen* of her country. There is nothing in *Pagan* philosophy more true, more just, and regular than *Virgil's Ethics*: and it is hardly possible to sit down to the serious perusal of his works, but a man shall rise more disposed to virtue and goodness, as well as most agreeably entertained. The contrary to which disposition may happen sometimes upon the reading of *Ovid*, of *Martial*, and several other second-rate poets. But of the craft and tricking part of life, with which other eminent poets abound, there is nothing to be found in *Virgil*; and therefore *Plato*, who gives *Homer* so many good words, perfumes, crowns, but at last complementally banishes him his commonwealth, would have intreated *Virgil* to stay with him, (if they had lived in the same age,) and intrusted him with some important charge in his government. Thus was his life as chaste as his style, and those who can critic his poetry, can never find a blemish in his manners; and one would rather wish to have that purity of mind, which the satyrist himself

attributes to him; that friendly disposition, and evenness of temper, and patience, which he was master of in so eminent a degree, than to have the honour of being author of the *Aeneid*, or even of the *Georgics* themselves.

Having therefore so little relish for the usual amusements of the world, he prosecuted his studies without any considerable interruption, during the whole course of his life, which one may reasonably conjecture to have been something longer than fifty-two years; and therefore it is no wonder that he became the most general scholar that *Rome* ever bred, unless some one should except *Varro*. Besides the exact knowledge of rural affairs, he understood medicine, to which profession he was designed by his parents. A curious florist, on which subject one would wish he had writ, as he once intended: so profound a naturalist, that he has solved more phenomena of nature upon sound principles, than *Aristotle* in his *Physics*. He studied geometry, the most opposite of all sciences to a poetic genius, and beauties of a lively imagination; but this promoted the order of his narrations, his propriety of language, and clearness of expression, for which he was justly called the pillar of the *Latin* tongue. This geometrical spirit was the cause, that to fill up a verse he would not insert one superfluous word; and therefore deserves that character which a noble and judicious writer has given him,* "That he never says too little, nor too much."

He was so good a geographer, that he has not only left us the finest description of *Italy* that ever was; but, besides, was one of the few ancients who knew the true system of the earth, it's being inhabited round about, under the torrid zone, and near the poles. *Metrodorus*, in his five books of the *Zones*, justifies him from some exceptions made against him by astronomers. His rhetoric was in such general esteem, that lectures were read upon it in the reign of *Tiberius*, and the subject of declamations taken out of him. *Pollio* himself, and many other ancients, commented him. His esteem degenerated into a kind of superstition. The known story of Mr. *Cowley* is an instance of it. But the *Sortes Virgilianæ* were condemned by *St. Austin*, and other casuists. *Abienus*, by an odd design, put all *Virgil* and *Livy* into Iambic verse; and the pictures of those two were hung in the most honourable places of public libraries; and the design of taking them down, and destroying *Virgil's* works, was looked upon as one of the most extravagant amongst the many brutish frenzies of *Caligula*.

* The Marquis of *Normanby*.

G E N E R A L R E M A R K S

O N T H E

W O R K S O F V I R G I L.

AN heroic poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform. The design of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example; it is conveyed in verse, that it may delight, while it instructs: the action of it is always one, entire, and great. The least and most trivial episodes, or under-actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary or convenient, to carry on the main design. Either so necessary, that without them the poem must be imperfect, or so convenient, that no others can be imagined more suitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbish, which is of a perishable kind, destructive to the strength; but with brick or stone, though of less pieces, yet of the same nature, and fitted to the crannies. Even the least portions of them must be of the epic kind; all things must be grave, majestic, and sublime, nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling novels, which *Aristotle* and others have inserted in their poems. By which the reader is misled into
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another sort of pleasure, opposite to that which is designed in an epic poem. One raises the soul and hardens it to virtue, the other softens it again and unbends it into vice. One conduces to the poet's aim, the completing of his work; which he is driving on, labouring and hastening in every line: the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in an enchanted castle, when he should be pursuing his first adventure. *Statius*, as *Boffu* has well observed, was ambitious of trying his strength with his master *Virgil*, as *Virgil* had before tried his with *Homer*. The *Grecian* gave the two *Romans* an example, in the games which were celebrated at the funeral of *Patroclus*. *Virgil* imitated the invention of *Homer*, but changed the sports. But both the *Greek* and *Latin* poets took their occasions from the subject; though to confess the truth, they were both ornamental, or at best, convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising from it. *Statius*, who, through his whole poem, is noted for want of conduct and judgment, instead of slaying, as he might have done, for the death of *Capaneus*, *Hippomedon*, *Tydeus*, or some other of his seven champions, (who are heroes all alike) or more properly for the tragical end of the two brothers, whose exequies the next successor had leisure to perform, when the siege was raised, and in the interval betwixt the poet's first action and his second; went out of his way, as it were on propense malice, to commit a fault. For he took his opportunity to kill a royal infant, by the means of a serpent, (that author of all evil) to make way for those funeral honours, which he intended for him. Now if this innocent had been of any relation to his *Thebais*; if he had either furthered or hindered the taking of the town, the poet might have found some sorry excuse at least for the detaining the reader from the promised siege. On these terms, this *Capaneus* of a poet engaged his two immortal predecessors, and his success was answerable to his enterprize.

If this œconomy must be observed in the minutest parts of an epic poem, which, to a common reader, seem to be detached from the body, and almost independent of it; what soul, though sent into the world with great advantages of nature, cultivated with the liberal arts and sciences, conversant with histories of the dead, and enriched with observations on the living, can be sufficient to inform the whole body of so great a work? We touch here but transiently, without any strict method, on some few of those many rules of imitating nature, which *Aristotle* drew from *Homer's Iliad* and *Odysssey*, and which he fitted to the drama; furnishing himself also with observations from the practice of the theatre, when it flourished under *Æschylus*, *Eurypides*,

and *Sophocles*. For the original of the stage was from the epic poem. Narration, doubtless, preceded acting, and gave laws to it: what at first was told artfully, was, in process of time, represented gracefully to the sight and hearing. Those episodes of *Homer*, which were proper for the stage, the poets amplified each into an action: out of his limbs they formed their bodies: what he had contracted they enlarged: out of one *Hercules* was made an infinity of pigmies; yet all endued with human souls: for from him, their great creator, they have each of them the *divinæ particulum auræ*. They flowed from him at first, and are at last resolved into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their measure and symmetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great action was copied by them according to the proportions of the drama: if he finished his orb within the year, it sufficed to teach them, that their action being less, and being also less diversified with incidents, their orb, of consequence, must be circumscribed in a less compass, which they reduced within the limits either of a natural or an artificial day. So that as he taught them to amplify what he had shortened, by the same rule applied the contrary way, he taught them to shorten what he had amplified. Tragedy is the minature of human life; an epic poem is the draught at length. Here we must contract also; for, before we were aware, we were almost running into a long digression, to prove that there is no such absolute necessity that the time of a stage-action should so strictly be confined to twenty-four hours, as never to exceed them, for which *Aristotle* contends, and the *Grecian* stage has practised. Some longer space, on some occasions, we think may be allowed, especially for the *English* theatre, which requires more variety of incidents, than the *French*. *Corneille* himself, after long practice, was inclined to think, that the time allotted by the ancients was too short to raise and finish a great action: and better a mechanic rule were stretched or broken, than a great beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm the passions, to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries, which befall the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance, and introduce compassion, are the great effects of tragedy. Great, we must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste; it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as we said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess, that there is more

virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chymical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure: for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. *Galenic* decoctions, to which we may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of *Aristotle's* to prove, that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass: the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the moon a more noble planet than *Saturn*, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days, and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of their greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem? where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristical virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as for example, the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in *Achilles*, yet the moral is instructive; and besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the *Iliad*, that this anger was pernicious; that it brought a thousand ills on the *Grecian* camp. The courage of *Achilles* is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father. We abhor these actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only shews them like rocks or quicksands, to be shunned.

By this example the critics have concluded that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, it is more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the *Æneid* of our author: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and statuaries have only in their minds; and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a God in a human body. When
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the picture of *Achilles* is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts, and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more *Achilles*: for his creator *Homer* has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. *Horace* paints him after *Homer*, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the cause, it must be acknowledged that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as we have said, are violent: and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind are like chronical diseases, to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is more active, the epic poem works at greater leisure, yet is acted too, when need requires. For dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the *quinquina*, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and is reaped for use in process of time, and in it's proper season. We proceed from the greatness of the action to the dignity of the actors, we mean the persons employed in both poems. There likewise tragedy will be seen to borrow from the *Epopée*; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of it's own. A subject, it is true, may lend to his sovereign, but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the person of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention, because it was first, and *Homer* the common father of the stage. We know not of any one advantage, which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read; and instructs in the closet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontented excellence, and a chief branch of it's prerogative; yet we may be allowed to say without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. There are some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet scarce worth reading. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the *Ruelle*; nay more, he is not esteemed a good poet by those who see and hear his extravagancies with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure;

ture; where that is not imitated, it is grotesque painting, the fine woman ends in a fish's tail.

We might also add, that many things which not only please, but are real beauties in the reading, would appear absurd upon the stage: and those not only the *speciosa miracula*, as *Horace* calls them, of transformations, of *Scylla*, *Antiphanes*, and the *Lestrigons*, which cannot be represented even in operas, but the prowess of *Achilles*, or *Æneas*, would appear ridiculous in our dwarf-heroes of the theatre. We can believe they routed armies in *Homer* or in *Virgil*; but no *Hercules contra duos* in the drama. We forbear to instance in many things, which the stage cannot, or ought not to represent.

The stile of the heroic poem is, and ought to be, more lofty than that of the drama. The work of tragedy is on the passions, and in a dialogue, both of them abhor strong metaphors, in which the *Epopœe* delights. A poet cannot speak too plainly on the stage: for *volat irrevocabile verbum*; the sense is lost, if it be not taken flying; but what we read alone we have leisure to digest. There an author may beautify his sense by the boldness of his expression, which, if we understand not fully at the first, we may dwell upon it, till we find the secret force and excellence. That which cures the manners by alterative physic, as we said before, must proceed by insensible degrees; but that which purges the passions, must do it's business all at once, or wholly fail of it's effect, at least in the present operation, and without repeated doses. We must beat the iron while it is hot, but we may polish it at leisure.

Virgil is attacked by many enemies. He has a whole confederacy against him, and we must endeavour to defend him as well as we are able. But their principal objections being against his moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the action of the poem, and what they have to urge against the manners of his hero, we shall omit the rest as mere cavils of grammarians; at the worst but casual slips of a great man's pen, or inconsiderable faults of an admirable poem, which the author had not leisure to review before his death. *Macrobius* has answered what the ancients could urge against him; and some things we have read in modern critics, which are scarce worth answering. They begin with the moral of his poem, which they say is not so noble as that of *Homer*. But let both be fairly stated, and we can shew that *Virgil's* was as useful to the *Romans* of his age, as *Homer's* was to the *Grecians* of his; in what time soever he may be supposed to have lived

and flourished. *Homer's* moral was to urge the necessity of union, and of a good understanding betwixt confederate states and princes engaged in a war with a mighty monarch; as also of discipline in an army, and obedience in their several chiefs, to the supreme commander of the joint forces. To inculcate this, he set forth the ruinous effects of discord in the camp of those allies, occasioned by the quarrel betwixt the general, and one of the next in office under him. *Agamemnon* gives the provocation, and *Achilles* resents the injury. Both parties are faulty in the quarrel, and accordingly they are both punished: the aggressor is forced to sue for peace to his inferior on dishonourable conditions; the deserter refuses the satisfaction offered, and his obstinacy costs him his best friend. This works the natural effect of choler, and turns his rage against him, by whom he was last affronted, and most sensibly. The greater anger expels the less; but his character is still preserved. In the mean time, the *Grecian* army receives loss on loss, and is half destroyed by a pestilence into the bargain.

As the poet, in the first part of the example, had shewn the bad effects of discord, so after the reconciliation, he gives the good effects of unity. For *Hector* is slain, and then *Troy* must fall. By this it is probable, that *Homer* lived when the *Median* monarchy was grown formidable to the *Grecians*; and that the joint endeavours of his countrymen were little enough to preserve their common freedom from an encroaching enemy. Such was his moral, which all critics have allowed to be more noble than that of *Virgil*, though not adapted to the times in which the *Roman* poet lived. Had *Virgil* flourished in the age of *Ennius*, and addressed to *Scipio*, he had probably taken the same moral, or some other not unlike it. For then the *Romans* were in as much danger from the *Carthaginian* commonwealth, as the *Grecians* were from the *Affyrian*, or *Median* monarchy. But we are to consider him as writing his poem in a time when the old form of government was subverted, and a new one just established by *Octavius Cæsar*; in effect by force of arms, but seemingly by the consent of the *Roman* people. The commonwealth had received a deadly wound in the former civil wars betwixt *Marius* and *Sylla*. The commons, while the first prevailed, had almost shaken off the yoke of the nobility; and *Marius* and *Cinna*, like the captains of the mob, under the specious pretence of the public good, and of doing justice on the oppressors of their liberty, revenged themselves, without form of law, on their private enemies. *Sylla*, in his turn, proscribed the heads of the adverse party; he too had nothing but liberty and reformation in his mouth; *Sylla*, to be sure, meant no more good to the *Roman* people than

than *Marius* before, whatever he declared; but sacrificed the lives, and took the estates of all his enemies to gratify those who brought him into power: such was the reformation of the government by both parties. The senate and the commons were the two bales on which it stood; and the two champions of either faction, each destroyed the foundations of the other side: so the fabric of consequence must fall betwixt them; and tyranny must be built upon their ruins. This comes of altering fundamental laws and constitutions. Like him, who being in good health, lodged himself in a physician's house, and was over-persuaded by his landlord to take physic, of which he died, for the benefit of his doctor.

After the death of these two usurpers, the commonwealth seemed to recover, and held up it's head for a little time. But it was all the while in a deep consumption, which is a flattering disease. *Pompey*, *Crassus*, and *Cæsar*, had found the sweets of arbitrary power; and each being a check to the other's growth, struck up a false friendship amongst themselves, and divided the government betwixt them, which none of them was able to assume alone. These were the public-spirited men of their age, that is, patriots of their own interest. The commonwealth looked with a florid countenance in their management, spread in bulk, and all the while was wasting in the vitals. After the death of *Crassus*, *Pompey* found himself out-witted by *Cæsar*; broke with him, overpowered him in the senate, and caused many unjust decrees to pass against him: *Cæsar* thus injured, and unable to resist the faction of the nobles, which was now uppermost (for he was a *Marian*) had recourse to arms; and his cause was just against *Pompey*, but not against his country; whose constitution ought to have been sacred to him; and never to have been violated on the account of any private wrong. But he prevailed, and heaven declaring for him, he became a providential monarch, under the title of *Perpetual Dictator*. He being murdered by his own son, the commonwealth popped up it's head for the third time, under *Brutus* and *Cassius*, and then sunk for ever.

Thus the *Roman* people were grossly gulled twice or thrice over; and as often enslaved in one century, and under the same pretence of reformation. At last the two battles of *Philippi* gave the decisive stroke against liberty; and not long after the commonwealth was turned into a monarchy, by the conduct and good-fortune of *Augustus*. It is true that the despotic power could not have fallen into better hands, than those of the first and second *Cæsar*. It is well known what obligations *Virgil* had to the latter of them: he

he saw, beside, that the commonwealth was lost without resource: the heads of it destroyed; the senate new moulded, grown degenerate: and either bought off, or thrusting their own necks into the yoke, out of fear of being forced. Yet we may safely affirm for our great author, (as men of good sense are generally honest) that he was still of republican principles in his heart.

Secretisque piis, his dantem jura Catonem.

We think, we need use no other argument to justify our opinion, than that of this one line, taken from the eighth book of the *Æneid*. If he had not well studied his patron's temper, it might have ruined him with another prince. But *Augustus* was not discontented, at least that we can find, that *Cato* was placed by his own poet in *Elysium*; and there giving laws to the holy souls, who deserved to be separated from the vulgar sort of good spirits. For his conscience could not but whisper to the arbitrary monarch, that the kings of *Rome* were at first elective, and governed not without a senate: that *Romulus* was no hereditary prince, and though, after his death, he received divine honours, for the good he did on earth, yet he was but a God of their own making: that the last *Tarquin* was expelled justly for overt-acts of tyranny, and mal-administration; for such are the conditions of an elective kingdom. Though at the same time he confessed freely, that if he could have chosen his place of birth, it should have been at *Venice*.

But to return: *Virgil* having maturely weighed the condition of the times in which he lived: that an entire liberty was not to be retrieved: that the present settlement had the prospect of a long continuance in the same family, or those adopted into it: that he held his paternal estate from the bounty of the conqueror, by whom he was likewise enriched, esteemed, and cherished: that this conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very best of it: that the arts of peace flourished under him: that all men might be happy, if they would be quiet: that now he was in possession of the whole, yet he shared a great part of his authority with the senate: that he would be chosen into the ancient offices of the commonwealth, and ruled by the power which he derived from them; and prorogued his government from time to time: still, as it were, threatening to dismiss himself from public cares, which he exercised more for the common good, than for any delight he took in greatness: these things, we say, being considered by the poet, he concluded it to be the interest of his country to be so governed: to infuse an awful respect
into

into the people towards such a prince; by that respect to confirm their obedience to make them happy. This was the moral of his divine poem: honest in the poet; honourable to the emperor, whom he derives from a divine extraction; and reflecting part of that honour on the *Roman* people, whom he derives also from the *Trojans*; and not only profitable, but necessary to the present age, and likely to be such to their posterity. That it was the received opinion that the *Romans* were descended from the *Trojans*, and *Julius Cæsar* from *Iulus* the son of *Æneas*, was enough for *Virgil*; though perhaps he thought not so himself: or that *Æneas* ever was in *Italy*, which *Bochartus* manifestly proves. And *Homer*, where he says that *Jupiter* hated the house of *Priam*, and was resolved to transfer the kingdom to the family of *Æneas*, yet mentions nothing of his leading a colony into a foreign country, and settling there: but that the *Romans* valued themselves on their *Trojan* ancestry, is so undoubted a truth, that we need not take pains to prove it. Even the seals which we have remaining of *Julius Cæsar*, which we know to be antique, have the star of *Venus* over them, though they were all graven after his death, as a note that he was deified. We doubt not but one reason, why *Augustus* should be so passionately concerned for the preservation of the *Æneid*, which its author had condemned to be burnt, as an imperfect poem, by his last will and testament, was, because it did him a real service, as well as an honour; that a work should not be lost, where his divine original was celebrated in verse, which had the character of immortality stamped upon it.

Neither were the great *Roman* families which flourished in his time, less obliged by him than the emperor. With what address does he make mention of them, as captains of ships, or leaders in the war; and even some of *Italian* extraction are not forgotten. These are the single stars which are sprinkled through the *Æneid*: but there are whole constellations of them in the fifth book. And we could not but take notice, in translating it, of some favourite families to which he gives the victory, and awards the prizes in the person of his hero, at the funeral games which were celebrated in honour of *Anchises*. We insist not on their names, but are pleased to find the *Memmi* amongst them, derived from *Mnestheus*, because *Lucretius* dedicates to one of that family, a branch of which destroyed *Corinth*. We likewise either found or formed an image to ourselves of the contrary kind; that those who lost the prizes, were such as disobliged the poet, or were in disgrace with *Augustus*, or enemies to *Mecænas*: and this was the poetical revenge he took. For, *genus irritabile vatum*, as *Horace* says; when a poet is thoroughly provoked,

provoked, he will do himself justice, however dear it cost him. We think these are not bare imaginations of our own, though we find no trace of them in the commentators: but one poet may judge of another, by himself. We hinted before, that the whole *Roman* people were obliged by *Virgil*, in deriving them from *Troy*; an ancestry which they affected. We and the *French* are of the same humour: they would be thought to descend from a son of *Hector*: and we would have our *Britain* both named and planted by a descendant of *Æneas*. *Spenser* favours this opinion what he can. His prince *Arthur*, or whoever he intends by him, is a *Trojan*. Thus the hero of *Homer* was a *Grecian*, of *Virgil* a *Roman*, of *Tasso* an *Italian*.

Virgil knew how to manage both the prince and people, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both, which is the part of a wise and an honest man. We have already observed, that he was obliged to his master for his bounty; and he repays him with good counsel, how to behave himself in his new monarchy, so as to gain the affections of his subjects, and deserve to be called the father of his country. From this consideration it is, that he chose the ground-work of his poem, one empire destroyed, and another raised from the ruins of it. This was the just parallel. *Æneas* could not pretend to be *Priam's* heir in a linial succession: for *Anchises*, the hero's father, was only of the second branch of the royal family; and *Helenus*, a son of *Priam*, was yet surviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be, *Virgil* mentions him on that account. Neither has he forgotten *Priamus*, in the fifth of his *Æneid*, the son of *Polites*, youngest son to *Priam*, who was slain by *Pyrrhus*, in the second book. *Æneas* had only married *Creüsa*, *Priam's* daughter, and by her could have no title, while any of the male issue were remaining. In this case, the poet gave him the next title, which is that of an elective king. The remaining *Trojans* chose him to lead them forth, and settle them in some foreign country. *Ilioneus*, in his speech to *Dido*, calls him expressly by the name of king. Our poet, who all this while had *Augustus* in his eye, had no desire he should seem to succeed by any right of inheritance, derived from *Julius Cæsar*; such a title being but one degree removed from conquest. For what was introduced by force may be removed. It was better for the people that they should give, than he should take; since that gift was indeed no more at bottom, than a trust. *Virgil*, gives us an example of this in the person of *Mezentius*. He governed arbitrarily, he was expelled; and came to the deserved end of all tyrants. Our author shews us another sort of kingship, in the person of *Latinus*: he was descended from *Saturn*, and as we remember, in the third degree. He is described

a just and gracious prince; solicitous for the welfare of his people; always consulting with his senate to promote the common good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the council-hall. Speaking first, but still demanding their advice, and steering by it, as far as the inquiry of the times would suffer him. And this is the proper character of a king by inheritance, who is born a father of his country. *Aeneas*, though he married the heiress of the crown, yet claimed no title to it during the life of his father-in-law. *Pater arma Latinus habeto*, &c. are *Virgil's* words. As for himself, he was contented to take care of his country gods, who were not those of *Latium*. Wherein our author seems to relate to the after-practice of the *Romans*, which was to adopt the gods of those they conquered, or received as members of their commonwealth. Yet withal, he plainly touches at the office of the high priesthood, with which *Augustus* was invested: and which made his person more sacred and inviolable, than even the tribunitial power. It was not therefore for nothing, that the most judicious of all poets made that office vacant, by the death of *Pantheus*, in the second book of the *Aeneid*, for his hero to succeed in it; and consequently for *Augustus* to enjoy.

Augustus had once resolved to rebuild *Troy*, and there to make the seat of empire: but *Horace* writes an ode on purpose to deter him from that thought; declaring the place to be accursed, and that the gods would as often destroy it, as it should be raised. Hereupon the emperor laid aside a project so ungrateful to the *Roman* people. But by this we may conclude that he had still his pedigree in his head, and had an itch of being thought a divine king, if his poets had not given him better counsel.

We will pass by many less material objections, for want of room to answer them: what follows next is of great importance, if the critics can make out their charge; for it is levelled at the manners which our poet gives his hero, and which are the same which were eminently seen in his *Augustus*: those manners were, piety to the gods, and a dutiful affection to his father; love to his relations; care of his people; courage and conduct in the wars; gratitude to those who had obliged him; and justice in general to mankind.

Piety certainly takes places of all, as the chief part of his character: and the word in *Latin* is more full than it can possibly be expressed in any modern language; for there it comprehends not only devotion to the gods,
but

but filial love and tender affection to relations of all sorts. As instances of this, the deities of *Troy*, and his own *Penates*, are made the companions of his flight: they appear to him in his voyage, and advise him; and at last he replaces them in *Italy*, their native country. For his father, he takes him on his back; he leads his little son, his wife follows him; but losing his footsteps, through fear or ignorance, he goes back into the midst of his enemies to find her; and leaves not his pursuit till her ghost appears, to forbid his farther search. We will say nothing of his duty to his father while he lived; his sorrow for his death; of the games instituted in honour of his memory; or seeking him, by his command, even after his death, in the *Elysian* fields. We will not mention his tenderness for his son, which every where is visible; of his raising a tomb for *Polydorus*, the obsequies for *Misenus*, his pious remembrance of *Deiphobus*; the funeral of his nurse; his grief for *Pallas*, and his revenge taken on his murderer, whom otherwise, by his natural compassion, he had forgiven; and then the poem had been left imperfect; for we could have had no certain prospect of his happiness, while the last obstacle to it was unremoved. Of the other parts which compose his character, as a king, or as a general, we need say nothing; the whole *Aeneid* is one continued instance of some one or other of them; and where we find any thing of them taxed, it should suffice us, as briefly as we can, to vindicate him.

We have already observed, that a poet is not obliged to make his hero a virtuous man: therefore neither *Homer* nor *Tasso* are to be blamed, for giving what predominant quality they pleased to their first character. But *Virgil*, who designed to form a perfect prince, and would insinuate, that *Augustus*, whom he calls *Aeneas* in his poem, was truly such, found himself obliged to make him without blemish, thoroughly virtuous, and a thorough virtue both begins and ends in piety. *Tasso*, without question, observed this, and therefore split his hero in two: he gave *Godfrey* piety, and *Rinaldo* fortitude, for their chief qualities or manners. *Homer*, who had chosen another moral, makes both *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* vicious; for his design was, to instruct in virtue, by shewing the deformity of vice.

Virgil had considered, that the great virtues of *Augustus* consisted in the perfect art of governing his people, which caused him to reign above forty years in great felicity. He considered that his emperor was valiant, civil, popular, eloquent, politic, and religious; he has given all these qualities to *Aeneas*. But knowing that piety alone comprehends the whole duty of man towards the gods, towards his country, and towards his relations; he judged that

that this ought to be his first character, whom he would set for a pattern of perfection. In reality, they who believe that the praises which arise from valour, are superior to those which proceed from any other virtues, have not considered (as they ought) that valour, destitute of other virtues, cannot render a man worthy of any true esteem. That quality, which signifies no more than an intrepid courage, may be separated from many others which are good, and accompanied with many which are ill. A man may be very valiant, and yet impious and vicious. But the same cannot be said of piety, which excludes all ill qualities, and comprehends even valour itself, with all other qualities which are good. Can we, for example, give the praise of valour to a man who should see his gods profaned, and should want the courage to defend them? To a man who should abandon his father, or desert his king in his last necessity?

Having then concluded, that our poet did for the best in taking the first character of his hero, from that essential virtue on which the rest depend, we proceed to observe, that in the ten years war of *Troy*, he was considered as the second champion of his country; allowing *Hector* the first place; and this, even by the confession of *Homer*, who took all occasions of setting up his own countrymen the *Grecians*, and of undervaluing the *Trojan* chiefs. But *Virgil* makes *Diomedes* give him a higher character for strength and courage, in the eleventh book.

They who accuse *Aeneas* for want of courage, either understand not *Virgil*, or have read him slightly; otherwise they would not raise an objection so easy to be answered. If it be replied, that it was not difficult for him to undertake and achieve such hardy enterprizes, because he wore enchanted arms; that accusation, in the first place, must fall on *Homer*, ere it can reach *Virgil*. *Achilles* was as well provided with them as *Aeneas*, though he was invulnerable without them: and *Ariosto*, the two *Tasso's*, *Bernardo*, and *Torquato*, even our own *Spencer*; in a word, all modern poets, have copied *Homer*, as well as *Virgil*; he is neither the first nor last, but in the midst of them; and therefore is safe, if they are so. Who knows, but that his fatal armour was only an allegorical defence, and signifies no more, than that he was under the peculiar protection of the gods, born, at the astrologers will tell us out of *Virgil*, (who was well versed in the *Chaldean* mysteries) under the favourable influence of *Jupiter*, *Venus*, and the *Sun*. But we need not insist on this, because we know such an art is doubted; though not only *Horace* and *Perfius*, but *Augustus* himself thought otherwise. But in defence

of *Virgil*, we dare positively say, that he has been more cautious in this particular, than either his predecessor or his descendants. For *Æneas* was actually wounded in the twelfth of the *Æneid*, though he had the same god-smith to forge his arms, as had *Achilles*. It seems he was no warluck, as the *Scots* commonly call such men, who, they say, are iron-free, or lead-free. Yet after this experiment, that his arms were not impenetrable, when he was cured indeed by his mother's help; because he was that day to conclude the war by the death of *Turnus*, the poet durst not carry the miracle too far, and restore him wholly to his former vigour: he was still too weak to overtake his enemy; yet we see with what courage he attacks *Turnus*, when he faces and renews the combat. We need say no more, for *Virgil* defends himself without needing our assistance; and proves his hero truly to deserve that name. He was not then a second-rate champion, as they would have him, who think fortitude the first virtue in a hero. But being beaten from this hold, they will not yet allow him to be valiant; because he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a man of courage.

In the first place, if tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall we say of *Homer's* hero? Shall *Achilles* pass for timorous, because he wept, and wept on less occasions than *Æneas*? Herein *Virgil* must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described lamenting their lost loves: *Briseïs* was taken away by force from the *Grecian*: *Creüsa* was lost for ever to her husband. But *Achilles* went roaring along the salt-sea shore, and like a booby, was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by his arms. *Æneas* took a nobler course; for having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if she had been above ground: and here we may observe the address of *Virgil*; it was not for nothing, that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. *Æneas* told it; *Dido* heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. *Virgil* has a thousand secret beauties, though we have not leisure to remark them all.

Segrais on this subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend *Alexander* for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of *Achilles*. And *Julius Cæsar* is likewise praised, when out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of *Alexander*. But if we observe more closely, we shall find, that the tears of *Æneas* were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion, and tenderness of nature, when in the

temple of *Carthage* he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot *Palinurus*; the untimely death of young *Pallas* his confederate; and the rest, which we omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make *Aeneas* little better than a kind of St. *Swithin* hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice; when in the beginning of the first book he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching storm.

*Extemplò Aeneæ solvuntur frigore membra:
Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sydera palmas, &c.*

But to this we answer, that his fear was not for himself, but for his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept; he was promised *Italy*, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning of a storm, therefore he shewed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Our adversaries can carry this argument no farther, unless they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promise of the gods: but how was he assured that he had understood their oracles aright? *Helenus* might be mistaken, *Phæbus* might speak doubtfully; even his mother might flatter him, that he might prosecute his voyage, which if it succeeded happily, he should be the founder of an empire. For that she herself was doubtful of his fortune, is apparent by the address she made to *Jupiter* on his behalf. To which the god makes answer in these words:

*Parce metu, Cytheræa, manent immota tuorum
Fata, tibi, &c.*

Notwithstanding which, the goddess, though comforted, was not assured: for even after this, through the course of the whole *Aeneid*, she still apprehends the interest which *Juno* might make with *Jupiter* against her son. For it was a moot point in heaven, whether he could alter fate, or not. And indeed some passages in *Virgil* would make us suspect, that he was of opinion, *Jupiter* might defer fate, though he could not alter it. For in the latter end of the tenth book, he introduces *Juno* begging for the life of *Turnus*, and flattering her husband with the power of changing destiny.

But

But that he could not alter those decrees, the king of gods himself confesses, in the book above cited: where he comforts *Hercules*, for the death of *Pallas*, who had invoked his aid before he threw his lance at *Turnus*; and where he plainly acknowledges, that he could not save his own son, or prevent the death which he foresaw.

We need say no more in justification of our hero's courage, and are much deceived, if he ever be attacked on this side of his character again. But he is arraigned with more shew of reason by the ladies; who will make a numerous party against him, for being false to love, in forsaking *Dido*. And we cannot much blame them; for to say the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow. Yet if we can bring him off with flying colours, they may learn experience at her cost; and for her sake, avoid a cave, as the worst shelter they can chuse from a shower of rain, especially when they have a lover in their company.

In the first place, it is to be observed, that they who blame *Aeneas* for his insensibility of love, when he left *Carthage*, contradict their former accusation of him, for being always crying, compassionate, and effeminately sensible of those misfortunes which befall others. They give him two contrary characters, but *Virgil* makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to discharge themselves of this blunder, by laying the contradiction at *Virgil's* door. He, say they, has shewn his hero with these inconsistent characters: acknowledging and ungrateful, compassionate and hard-hearted; but at the bottom, fickle and self-interested. For *Dido* had not only received his weather-beaten troops before she saw him, and given them her protection, but had also offered them an equal share in her dominion.

*Vultis & his mecum pariter considerare Regnis?
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est.*—

This was an obligation never to be forgotten; and the more to be considered, because antecedent to her love. That passion, it is true, produced the usual effects of generosity, gallantry, and care to please: and thither we refer them. But when she had made all these advances, it was still in his power to have refused them: after the intrigue of the cave, call it marriage,

or enjoyment only, he was no longer free to take or leave; he had accepted the favour, and was obliged to be constant, if he would be grateful.

Segrais pleads for *Virgil*, that no less than an absolute command from *Jupiter*, could excuse this insensibility of the hero, and this abrupt departure, which looks so like extreme ingratitude. But at the same time, he does wisely to remember, that *Virgil* had made piety the first character of *Æneas*: and this being allowed, as we think it must, he was obliged, antecedent to all other considerations, to search an asylum for his gods in *Italy*; for those very gods, we say, who had promised to his race the universal empire. Could a pious man dispense with the command of *Jupiter*, to satisfy his passion; or take it in the strongest sense, to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, it is true, must have moral honesty for its groundwork, or we shall be apt to suspect its truth; but an immediate revelation dispenses with inferior duties. We confess *Dido* was a very infidel in this point; for she would not believe, as *Virgil* makes her say, that even *Jupiter* would send *Mercury* on such an immoral errand. But this needs no answer, at least no more than *Virgil* gives it;

Fata obstant, placidasque viri Deus obstruit aures.

This notwithstanding, as *Segrais* confesses, he might have shewn a little more sensibility, when he left her; for that had been according to his character.

But let *Virgil* answer for himself. He still loved her, and struggled with his inclinations to obey the gods:

——— *Curam sub corde premebat,
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore.*

Upon the whole matter, and humanely speaking, we doubt there was a fault somewhere; and *Jupiter* is better able to bear the blame, than either *Virgil* or *Æneas*. The poet it seems had found it out, and therefore brings the deserting hero and the forsaken lady, to meet together in the lower regions; where he excuses himself when it is too late, and accordingly she will

will take no satisfaction, nor so much as hear him. Now *Segrais* is forced to abandon his defence, and excuses his author, by saying that the *Aeneid* is an imperfect work, and that death prevented the divine poet from reviewing it; and for that reason he had condemned it to the fire: though at the same time, his translators must acknowledge, that the sixth book is the most correct of the whole *Aeneid*. Oh, how convenient is a machine sometimes in an heroic poem! This of *Mercury* is plainly one, and *Virgil* was constrained to use it here, or the honesty of his hero would be ill defended. And the fair sex, however, if they had the despatch in their power, would certainly have shewn him no more mercy than the *Bacchanals* did *Orpheus*. For if too much constancy may be a fault sometimes, then want of constancy, and ingratitude after the last favour, is a crime that never will be forgiven. But of machines, more in their proper place; where we shall shew, with how much judgment they have been used by *Virgil*: and in the mean time, pass to another article of his defence, on the present subject; where, if we cannot clear the hero, we hope at least to bring off the poet; for here we must divide their causes. Let *Aeneas* trust to his machine, which will only help to break his fall, but the address is incomparable. *Plato*, who borrowed so much from *Homer*, and yet concluded for the banishment of all poets, would at least have rewarded *Virgil*, before he sent him into exile. But we go farther, and say, that he ought to be acquitted; and deserved, beside, the bounty of *Augustus*, and the gratitude of the *Roman* people. If, after this, the ladies will stand out, let them remember, that the jury is not all agreed; for *Octavia* was of his party, and was of the first quality of *Rome*: she was also present at the reading of the sixth *Aeneid*; and we know not that she condemned *Aeneas*; but we are sure she presented the poet, for his admirable elegy on her son *Marcellus*.

But let us consider the secret reasons which *Virgil* had, for thus framing this noble episode, wherein the whole passion of love is more exactly described, than in any other poet: love was the theme of his fourth book; and though it is the shortest of the whole *Aeneid*, yet there he has given it's beginning, it's progress, it's traverses, and it's conclusion: and had exhausted so entirely this subject, that he could resume it but very slightly in the eight ensuing books.

She was warmed with the graceful appearance of the hero, she smothered those sparkles out of decency, but conversation blew them up into a flame.

No. 25.

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Then

Then she was forced to make a confidant of her, whom she best might trust, her own sister, who approves the passion, and thereby augments it; then succeeds her public owning it; and after that, the consummation. Of *Venus* and *Juno*, *Jupiter* and *Mercury*, we say nothing, for they were all machining work: but possession having cooled his love, as it increased her's, she soon perceived the change, or at least grew suspicious of a change: this suspicion soon turned to jealousy, and jealousy to rage; then she disdains and threatens, and again is humble, and intreats: and nothing availing, despairs, curses, and at last becomes her own executioner. See here the whole process of that passion, to which nothing can be added.

To love our native country, and to study it's benefit and it's glory, to be interested in it's concerns, is natural to all men, and is indeed our common duty. A poet makes a farther step; for endeavouring to do honour to it, it is allowable in him even to be partial in it's cause: for he is not tied to truth, or fettered by the laws of history. *Homer* and *Tasso* are justly praised, for chusing their heroes out of *Greece* and *Italy*. *Virgil* indeed made his a *Trojan*, but it was to derive the *Romans* and his own *Augustus* from him; but all the three poets are manifestly partial to their heroes, in favour of their country: for *Dares Phrygius* reports of *Hector*, that he was slain cowardly; *Aeneas*, according to the best account, slew not *Mezentius*, but was slain by him: and the *Chronicles* of *Italy* tell us little of that *Rinaldo d'Este*, who conquers *Jerusalem* in *Tasso*. He might be a champion of the church; but we know not that he was so much as present at the siege. To apply this to *Virgil*, he thought himself engaged in honour to espouse the cause and quarrel of his country against *Carthage*. He knew he could not please the *Romans* better, or oblige them more to patronize his poem, than by disgracing the foundress of that city. He shews her ungrateful to the memory of her first husband, doting on a stranger; enjoyed and afterwards forsaken by him. This was the original, says he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two rival nations. It is true he colours the falsehood of *Aeneas* by an express command from *Jupiter*, to forsake the queen, who had obliged him: but he knew the *Romans* were to be his readers, and them he bribed, perhaps at the expence of the hero's honesty, but he gained his cause however, as pleading before corrupt judges. They were content to see their founder false to love, for still he had the advantage of the amour: it was their enemy whom he forsook, and she might have forsaken him, if he had not got the start of her; she had already forgotten her vows to her *Sichæus*: and *varium & mutabile semper fœmina*, is the sharpest satire in the fewest words that ever was made
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on woman-kind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and *animal* must be understood, to make them grammar. *Virgil* does well to put those words into the mouth of *Mercury*: if a god had not spoken them, neither durst he have written them, nor we translated them. Yet the deity was forced to come twice on the same errand: and the second time, as much a hero as *Aeneas* was, he frightened him. It seems he feared not *Jupiter* so much as *Dido*. For we may observe, that as much intent as he was upon his voyage, yet he still delayed it, until the messenger was obliged to tell him plainly, that if he weighed not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning. *Notumque furens quid femina possit*; she was injured, she was revengeful, she was powerful. The poet had likewise before hinted, that the people were naturally perfidious: for he gives their character in the queen, and makes a proverb of *Punica fides*, many ages before it was invented.

This naturally leads us to the defence of the famous anachronism in making *Aeneas* and *Dido* cotemporaries. For it is certain that the hero lived almost two hundred years before the building of *Carthage*. One who imitates *Boccaline*, says that *Virgil* was accused before *Apollo* for this error. The god soon found that he was not able to defend his favourite by reason, for the case was clear: he therefore gave this middle sentence; that any thing might be allowed to his son *Virgil*, on the account of his other merits; that being a monarch, he had a dispensing power, and pardoned him. But that this special act of grace might never be drawn into example, or pleaded by his puny successors in justification of their ignorance; he decreed for the future, no poet should presume to make a lady die for love two hundred years before her birth. To moralize this story, *Virgil* is the *Apollo*, who has this dispensing power. His great judgment made the laws of poetry, but he never made himself a slave to them: chronology at best is but a cobweb-law, and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wisely, must chuse, as he did, an obscure and a remote æra, where they may invent at pleasure, and not be easily contradicted. Neither he nor the *Romans*, had ever read the Bible, by which only his false computation of times can be made out against him. This *Segrais* says in his defence, and proves it from his learned friend *Bochartus*, whose letter on this subject he has printed at the end of the fourth *Aeneid*. Yet the credit of *Virgil* was so great, that he made this fable of his own invention pass for an authentic history, or at least as credible as any thing in *Homer*. *Ovid* takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of *Virgil's* new created *Dido*;

Dido; dictates a letter for her just before her death, to the ingrateful fugitive; and very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject.

The motives that induced *Virgil* to coin this fable, we have shewed already; and have also begun to shew that he might make this anachronism, by superceding the mechanic rules of poetry, for the same reason, that a monarch may dispense with, or suspend his own laws when he finds it necessary so to do; especially if those laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be called a fault in poetry, says *Aristotle*, but what is against the art, therefore a man may be an admirable poet, without being an exact chronologer. Shall we dare to condemn *Virgil*, for having made a fiction against the order of time, when we commend *Ovid* and other poets who have made many of their fictions against the order of nature? For what are the splendid miracles of the *Metamorphoses*? Yet these are beautiful as they are related, and have also deep learning and instructive mythologies couched under them: but to give, as *Virgil* does in this episode, the original cause of the long wars betwixt *Rome* and *Carthage*, to draw truth out of fiction, after so probable a manner, with so much beauty, and so much for the honour of his country, was proper only to the divine wit of *Virgil*; and *Tasso*, in one of his discourses, admires him for this particularly. It is not lawful, indeed, to contradict a point of history, which is known to all the world; as for example, to make *Hannibal* and *Scipio* contemporaries with *Alexander*; but in the dark recesses of antiquity, a great poet may and ought to feign such things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embellish that subject which he treats. On the other side, the pains and diligence of ill poets is but thrown away, when they want the genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the fictions be delightful (which they always are, if they be natural); if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end, be in their due places, and artfully united to each other, such works can never fail of their deserved success. And such is *Virgil's* episode of *Dido* and *Aeneas*; where the sourest critic must acknowledge, that if he had deprived his *Aeneid* of so great an ornament, because he found no traces of it in antiquity, he had avoided their unjust censure, but had wanted one of the greatest beauties of his poem. We shall say more of this in our next article of their charge against him, which is want of invention. In the mean time we may affirm in honour of this episode, that is not only now esteemed the most pleasing entertainment of the *Aeneid*, but was so accounted in his own age;

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and before it was mellowed into that reputation, which time has given it, for which we need produce no other testimony than that of *Ovid*:

*Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore toto,
Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor.*

Where, by the way, we may observe, that *Ovid* in those words, *Non legitimo fœdere junctus amor*, will by no means allow it to be a lawful marriage betwixt *Dido* and *Aeneas*: he was in banishment when he wrote those verses, which we cite from his letter to *Augustus*: “You, Sir, saith he, have sent me into exile for writing my *Art of Love*, and my wanton elegies, yet your own poet was happy in your good graces, though he brought *Dido* and *Aeneas* into a cave, and left them there not over-honestly together: may I be so bold to ask your majesty, is it a greater fault to teach the art of unlawful love, than to shew it in the action?” But was *Ovid* the court-poet so bad a courtier, as to find no other plea to excuse himself, than by a plain accusation of his master? *Virgil* confessed it was a lawful marriage betwixt the lovers, that *Juno* the goddess of matrimony had ratified it by her presence, for it was her business to bring matters to that issue: that the ceremonies were short we may believe, for *Dido* was not only amorous, but a widow. *Mercury* himself, though employed on a quite contrary errand, yet owns it a marriage by an inuendo—*Pulchramque uxoris urbem extruis*.—He calls *Aeneas* not only a husband, but upbraids him for being a fond husband, as the word *uxorius* implies. Now let us mark a little, why *Virgil* is so much concerned to make this marriage, (for he seems to be father of the bride himself, and to give her to the bridegroom) it was to make way for the divorce which he intended afterwards, for he was a finer flatterer than *Ovid*: and we more than conjecture, that he had in his eye the divorce, which not long before had passed betwixt the emperor and *Scribonia*. He drew this dimple in the cheek of *Aeneas*, to prove *Augustus* of the same family, by so remarkable a feature in the same place. Thus, as we say in our homely *English* proverb, he killed two birds with one stone; pleased the emperor by giving him the resemblance of his ancestor, and gave him such a resemblance as was not scandalous in that age. For to leave one wife and take another, was but a matter of gallantry at that time of day among the *Romans*. *Neque hæc in fœdera veni*, is the very excuse which *Aeneas* makes when he leaves his lady. “I made no such bargain with you at our marriage, to live always drudging on at *Carthage*; my business was *Italy*; and I never made a secret of it. If I took my pleasure, had not you your

share of it? I leave you free at my departure to comfort yourself with the next stranger who happens to be shipwrecked on your coast: be as kind an hostess as you have been to me, and you can never fail of another husband. In the mean time I call the gods to witness that I leave your shore unwillingly, for though *Juno* made the marriage, yet *Jupiter* commands me to forsake you." This is the effect of what he saith, when it is dishonoured out of *Latin* verse, into *English* prose. If the poet argued not aright, we must pardon him for a poor blind heathen, who knew no better morals.

We have detained the reader longer than we intended on this objection, which would indeed weigh something in a spiritual court; but we are not to defend our poet there. The next we think is but a cavil, though the cry is great against him, and hath continued from the time of *Macrobius* to this present age; we hinted it before. They lay no less than want of invention to his charge: a capital crime, we must acknowledge; for a poet is a maker as the word signifies; and he who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his name for nothing. That which makes this accusation look so strange at the first sight, is, that he has borrowed so many things from *Homer*, *Apollonius Rhodius*, and others who preceded him. But in the first place, if invention is to be taken in so strict a sense, that the matter of a poem must be wholly new, and that in all its parts; then *Scaliger* hath made out, saith *Segrais*, that the history of *Troy* was no more the invention of *Homer*, than of *Virgil*. There was not an old woman, or almost a child, but had it in their mouths before the *Greek* poet or his friends digested it into this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as *Solomon* hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the sun. Who then can pass for an inventor, if *Homer*, as well as *Virgil*, must be deprived of that glory? Is *Versailles* the less a new building, because the architect of that palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, doors and windows, apartments, offices, rooms of convenience and magnificence, are in all great houses. So descriptions, figures, fables, and the rest, must be in all heroic poems; they are the common materials of poetry, furnished from the magazine of nature; every poet hath as much right to them as every man hath to air or water. But the argument of the work, that is to say, its principal action, the œconomy and disposition of it; these are the things which distinguish copies from originals. The poet who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be born; he and the *Jews Messias* will come together. There are parts of the *Æneid* which resemble some parts both of the *Iliad* and of the *Odysssey*: as for example, *Æneas* descended into hell, and *Ulysses* had been there before him: *Æneas*

loved *Dido*, and *Ulysses* loved *Calypso*: in a few words, *Virgil* had imitated *Homer's Odysssey* in the first six books, and in his six last the *Iliad*. But from hence can we infer, that the two poets write the same history? Is there no invention in some other parts of *Virgil's Æneid*? The disposition of so many various matters, is not that his own? From what book of *Homer* had *Virgil* his episode of *Nisus* and *Uryalus*, of *Mezentius* and *Lausus*? From whence did he borrow his design of bringing *Aeneas* into *Italy*? of establishing the *Roman* empire on the foundations of a *Trojan* colony? to say nothing of the honour he did his patron, not only in his descent from *Venus*, but in making him so like her in his best features, that the goddess might have mistaken *Augustus* for her son. He had indeed the story from common fame, as *Homer* had his from the *Ægyptian* priestess. *Æneadum Genetrix* was no more unknown to *Lucretius* than to him. But *Lucretius* taught him not to form his hero; to give him piety or valour for his manners: and both in so eminent a degree, that having done what was possible for man to save his king and country; his mother was forced to appear to him and restrain his fury, which hurried him to death in their revenge. But the poet made his piety more successful; he brought off his father and his son; and his gods witnessed to his devotion, by putting themselves under his protection, to be replaced by him, in their promised *Italy*. Neither the invention, nor the conduct of this great action were owing to *Homer*, or any other poet. It is one thing to copy, and another thing to imitate from nature. The copier is that servile imitator to whom *Horace* gives no better a name than that of *animal*; he will not so much as allow him to be a man. *Raphael* imitated nature; they who copy one of *Raphael's* pieces, imitate but him, for his work is their original. They translate him as we do *Virgil*, and fall as short of him as we of *Virgil*. There is a kind of invention in the imitation of *Raphael*: for though the thing was in nature, yet the idea of it was his own. *Ulysses* travelled, so did *Aeneas*; but neither of them were the first travellers: for *Cain* went into the land of *Nod* before they were born, and neither of the poets ever heard of such a man. If *Ulysses* had been killed at *Troy*, yet *Aeneas* must have gone to sea, or he could never have arrived in *Italy*. But the designs of the two poets were as different as the courses of their heroes; one went home, and the other sought a home. To return to our first similitude: suppose *Apelles* and *Raphael* had each of them painted a burning *Troy*, might not the modern painter have succeeded as well as the ancient, though neither of them had seen the town on fire? For the draughts of both were taken from the ideas which they had of nature. Cities have been burnt before either of them were in being. But to close the simile as we began it,
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they would not have designed after the same manner: *Apelles* would have distinguished *Pyrrhus* from the rest of all the *Grecians*, and shewed him forcing his entrance into *Priam's* palace; there he had set him in the fairest light, and given him the chief place of all his figures, because he was a *Grecian*, and he would do honour to his country. *Raphael*, who was an *Italian*, and descended from the *Trojans*, would have made *Æneas* the hero of his piece; and perhaps not with his father on his back, his son in one hand, his bundle of gods in the other, and his wife following, (for an act of piety is not half so graceful in a picture as an act of courage:) he would have rather drawn him killing *Androgeus*, or some other, hand to hand, and the blaze of the fires should have darted full upon his face to make him conspicuous amongst his *Trojans*. This, we think, is a just comparison betwixt the two poets in the conduct of their several designs. *Virgil* cannot be said to copy *Homer*; the *Grecian* had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urged, that we have granted a resemblance in some parts, yet therein *Virgil* has excelled him. For what are the tears of *Calypso* for being left, to the fury and death of *Dido*? Where is there the whole process of her passion, and all its violent effects to be found in the languishing episode of the *Odysssey*? If this be a copy, let the critics shew us the same disposition, features, or colouring in their original. The like may be said of the descent to hell, which was not of *Homer's* invention neither; he had it from the story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*. But to what end did *Ulysses* make that journey? *Æneas* undertook it by the express commandment of his father's ghost: there he was to shew him all the succeeding heroes of his race; and next to *Romulus*, (mark, if you please, the address of *Virgil*) his own patron *Augustus Cæsar*. *Anchises* was likewise to instruct him, how to manage the *Italian* war, and how to conclude it with his honour, that is, in other words, to lay the foundations of that empire which *Augustus* was to govern. This is the noble invention of our author; but it hath been copied by so many sign-post daubers, that now it is grown fullsome, rather by their want of skill than by the commonness.

In the last place we may safely grant, that by reading *Homer*, *Virgil* was taught to imitate his invention; that is, to imitate like him: which is no more than if a painter studied *Raphael*, that he might learn to design after his manner. And thus we might imitate *Virgil*, if we were capable of writing an heroic poem, and yet the invention be our own: but we should endeavour to avoid a servile copying. We would not give the same story under other names, with the same characters, in the same order, and with the same

same sequel; for every common reader to find us out at the first sight for plagiaries, and cry, This I read before in *Virgil*, in a better language, and in better verse. This is like *Merry-Andrew* on the low rope, copying lubberly the same tricks, which his master is so dexterously performing on the high.

We will trouble the reader but with one objection more, which we have read in some *French* critics. *Virgil*, in the heat of action, suppose for example, in describing the fury of his hero in a battle, when he is endeavouring to raise our concernments to the highest pitch, turns short on the sudden into some similitude, which diverts, say they, your attention from the main subject, and mis-spends it on some trivial image. He pours cold water into the cauldron, when his business is to make it boil.

This accusation is general against all who would be thought heroic poets; but we think it touches *Virgil* less than any. He is too great a master of his art, to make a blot which may so easily be hit. Similitudes, as we have said, are not for tragedy, which is all violent, and where the passions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden where they should animate; they are not of the nature of dialogue, unless in comedy: a metaphor is almost all the stage can suffer, which is a kind of similitude comprehended in a word. But this figure has a contrary effect in heroic poetry; there it is employed to raise the admiration, which is its proper business. And admiration is not of so violent a nature as fear or hope, compassion or horror, or any concernment we can have for such or such a person on the stage. Not but we confess that similitudes and descriptions, when drawn into an unreasonable length, must needs nauseate the reader. Once, we remember, and but once, *Virgil* makes a similitude of fourteen lines; and his description of fame is about the same number. He is blamed for both, and we doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he lived to have reviewed his work: but faults are no precedents. This we have observed of his similitudes in general, that they are not placed, as our unobserving critics tell us, in the heat of any action; but commonly in its declining, when he has warmed us in his description, as much as possibly he can; then, lest that warmth should languish, he renews it by some apt similitude, which illustrates his subject, and yet palls not his audience. We need give the reader but one example of this kind, and leave the rest to his observation. It is in the first book, where the poet describes *Neptune* composing the ocean, on which *Æolus* had raised a tempest,

without his permission. He had already chidden the rebellious winds for obeying the commands of their usurping master: he had warned them from the seas: he had beaten down the billows with his mace; dispelled the clouds, restored the sunshine, while *Triton* and *Cymothoe* were heaving the ships from off the quick-sands; before the poet would offer at a similitude for illustration.

*Ac, veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta-est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces, & saxa volant, furor arma ministrat;
Tum pietate gravem, ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant:
Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet:
Sic cunctus pelagi accidit fragor, æquora postquam
Prospiciens genitor, cæloque inVectus aperto
Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.*

This is the first similitude which *Virgil* makes in this poem, and one of the longest in the whole; for which reason we the rather cite it. While the storm was in it's fury, any allusion had been improper; for the poet could have compared it to nothing more impetuous than itself; consequently he could have made no illustration. If he could have illustrated, it had been an ambitious ornament out of season, and would have diverted our concernment: and therefore he deferred it to it's proper place.

These are the criticisms of most moment which have been made against the *Æneid*, by the ancients or moderns. As for the particular exceptions against this or that passage, we have already answered them in the notes.

What follows next is no objection, for that implies a fault; and it had been none in *Virgil* if he had extended the time of his action beyond a year. At least *Aristotle* has set no precise limits to it. *Homer's*, we know, was within two months; *Tasso*, we are sure, exceeds not a summer; and perhaps he might be reduced into a much less compass. *Bossu* leaves it doubtful whether *Virgil's* actions were within the year, or took up some months beyond it. Indeed the whole dispute is of no more concernment to the common reader,

reader, than it is to a ploughman, whether *February* this year had twenty-eight or twenty-nine days in it.

Ronsard and the rest whom *Segrais* names, who are of opinion that the action of this poem takes up almost a year and a half, ground their calculation thus : *Anchises* died in *Sicily* at the end of winter, or beginning of the spring. *Aeneas*, immediately after the interment of his father, puts to sea for *Italy*. He is surprised by the tempest described in the beginning of the first book ; and there it is that the scene of the poem opens ; and where the action must commence. He is driven by this storm on the coasts of *Afric* : he stays at *Carthage* all that summer, and almost all the winter following, sets sail again for *Italy* just before the beginning of the spring, meets with contrary winds, and makes *Sicily* the second time ; this part of the action compleats the year. Then he celebrates the anniversary of his father's funeral, and shortly after arrives at *Cumæ*, and from thence his time is taken up in his first treaty with *Latinus* ; the overture of the war, the siege of his camp by *Turnus*, his going for succours to relieve it, his return, the raising of the siege by the first battle, the twelve days truce, the second battle, the assault of *Laurentum*, and the single fight with *Turnus* ; all which, they say, cannot take up less than four or five months more ; by which account we cannot suppose the entire action to be contained in a much less compass than a year and a half.

Segrais reckons another way ; and his computation is not condemned by the learned *Ruæus*, who compiled and published the commentaries on our poet, which we call the *Dauphin's Virgil*.

He allows the time of the year when *Anchises* died, to be in the latter end of winter, or the beginning of the spring ; he acknowledges that when *Aeneas* is first seen at sea afterwards, and is driven by the tempest on the coast of *Afric*, is the time when the action is naturally to begin : he confesses farther, that *Aeneas* left *Carthage* in the latter end of winter ; for *Dido* tells him in express terms, as an argument for his longer stay,

Quinetiam hyberno moliris sydere classem.

But whereas *Ronsard's* followers suppose that when *Aeneas* had buried his father he set sail immediately for *Italy*, (though the tempest drove him on
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without his permission. He had already chidden the rebellious winds for obeying the commands of their usurping master: he had warned them from the seas: he had beaten down the billows with his mace; dispelled the clouds, restored the sunshine, while *Triton* and *Cymothoe* were heaving the ships from off the quick-sands; before the poet would offer at a similitude for illustration.

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the coast of *Carthage*) *Segrais* will by no means allow that supposition; but thinks it much more probable, that he remained in *Sicily* till the middle of *July*, or the beginning of *August*; at which time he places the first appearance of his hero on the sea; and there opens the action of the poem. From which beginning to the death of *Turnus*, which concludes the action, there need not be supposed above ten months of intermediate time: for arriving at *Carthage* in the latter end of summer, staying there the winter following, departing thence in the very beginning of the spring, making a short abode in *Sicily* the second time, landing in *Italy*, and making the war, may be reasonably judged the business but of ten months. To this the *Ronsardians* reply, that having been for seven years before in quest of *Italy*, and having no more to do in *Sicily* than to inter his father; after that office was performed, what remained for him, but, without delay, to pursue his first adventure? To which *Segrais* answers, that the obsequies of his father, according to the rites of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, would detain him for many days: that a longer time must be taken up in the refitting of his ships, after so tedious a voyage; and in refreshing his weather-beaten soldiers on a friendly coast. These indeed are but suppositions on both sides, yet those of *Segrais* seem better grounded. For the feast of *Dido*, when she entertained *Aeneas* first, has the appearance of a summer's night, which seems already almost ended, when he begins his story; therefore the love was made in autumn; the hunting followed properly, when the heats of that scorching country were declining; the winter was passing in jollity, as the season and their love required; and he left her in the latter end of winter, as is already proved. This opinion is fortified by the arrival of *Aeneas* at the mouth of *Tiber*, which marks the season of the spring; that season being perfectly described by the singing of the birds, saluting the dawn, and by the beauty of the place, which the poet seems to have painted expressly in the seventh *Aeneid*.

The remainder of the action required but three months more: for when *Aeneas* went for succour to the *Tuscans*, he found their army in readiness to march, and wanting only a commander; so that according to this calculation the *Aeneid* takes not up above a year compleat, and may be comprehended in less compass.

This, amongst other circumstances, treated more at large by *Segrais*, agrees with the rising of *Orion*, which caused the tempest, described in the beginning of the first book. By some passages in the *Pastorals*, but more particularly

particularly in the *Georgics*, our poet is found to be an exact astronomer, according to the knowledge of that age. Now *Ilioneus* (whom *Virgil* twice employs in embassies, as the best speaker of the *Trojans*) attributes that tempest to *Orion* in his speech to *Dido*:

Cum subito affurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion.

He must mean either the heliacal or achronical rising of that sign. The heliacal rising of a constellation, is when it comes from under the rays of the sun, and begins to appear before day-light. The achronical rising, on the contrary, is when it appears at the close of the day, and in opposition of the sun's diurnal course.

The heliacal rising of *Orion*, is at present computed to be about the sixth of *July*; and about that time it is that he either causes, or presages tempests on the seas.

Segrais has observed farther, that when *Anna* counsels *Dido* to stay *Aeneas* during winter, she speaks also of *Orion*.

If therefore *Ilioneus*, according to our supposition, understood the heliacal rising of *Orion*, *Anna* must mean the achronical, which the different epithets given to that constellation seem to manifest. *Ilioneus* calls him *nimbosus*; *Anna*, *aquosus*. He is tempestuous in the summer when he rises heliacally, and rainy in the winter when he rises achronically.

We have yet a word or two to say of *Virgil's* machines, from our own observation of them. He has imitated those of *Homer*, but not copied them. It was established long before this time, in the *Roman* religion as well as in the *Greek*, that there were gods; and both nations, for the most part, worshipped the same deities; as did also the *Trojans*: from whom the *Romans*, we suppose, would rather be thought to derive the rites of their religion, than from the *Grecians*; because they thought themselves descended from them. Each of those gods had his proper office, and the chief of them their particular attendants. Thus *Jupiter* had, in propriety, *Ganymede* and *Mercury*; and *Juno* had *Iris*. It was not for *Virgil* then to create new ministers: he must take what he found in his religion. It cannot therefore be said that

he borrowed them from *Homer*, any more than *Apollo*, *Diana*, and the rest, whom he uses as he finds occasion for them, as the *Grecian* poet did: but he invents the occasions for which he uses them. *Venus*, after the destruction of *Troy*, had gained *Neptune* entirely to her party; therefore we find him busy in the beginning of the *Æneid*, to calm the tempest raised by *Æolus*, and afterwards conducting the *Trojan* fleet to *Cumæ* in safety, with the loss only of their pilot; for whom he bargains. We name those two examples, amongst a hundred which we omit, to prove that *Virgil*, generally speaking, employed his machines in performing those things which might possibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a storm at sea, upon the rising of *Orion*? what wonder, if amongst so many ships there should one be overset, which was commanded by *Orontes*; though half the winds had not been there, which *Æolus* employed? Might not *Palinurus*, without a miracle, fall asleep, and drop into the sea, having been over-wearied with watching, and secure of a quiet passage, by his observation of the skies; at least *Aeneas*, who knew nothing of the machine of *Somnus*, takes it plainly in this sense.

But machines sometimes are specious things to amuse the reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwise incredible. And besides, it soothed the vanity of the *Romans*, to find the gods so visibly concerned in all the actions of their predecessors. We, who are better taught by our religion, yet own every wonderful accident which befalls us for the best, to be brought to pass by some special providence of almighty God; and by the care of guardian angels; and from hence we might infer, that no heroic poem can be writ on the *Epicurean* principles. Which we could easily demonstrate, if there were need to prove it, or we had leisure.

When *Venus* opens the eyes of her son *Aeneas*, to behold the gods who combated against *Troy* in that fatal night when it was surprized; we share the pleasure of that glorious vision, (which *Tasso* has not ill copied in the sacking of *Jerusalem*.) But the *Greeks* had done their business; though neither *Neptune*, *Juno*, or *Pallas*, had given them their divine assistance. The most crude machine which *Virgil* uses, is in the episode of *Camilla*, where *Opis*, by the command of her mistress, kills *Aruns*. The next is in the twelfth *Æneid*, where *Venus* cures her son *Aeneas*. But in the last of these, the poet was driven to a necessity; for *Turnus* was to be slain that very day; and *Aeneas*, wounded as he was, could not have engaged him in single combat, unless his hurt had been miraculously healed. And the poet

had considered, that the dittany which she brought from *Crete*, could not have wrought so speedy an effect, without the juice of ambrosia, which she mingled with it. After all, that his machine might not seem too violent, we see the hero limping after *Turnus*. The wound was skinned; but the strength of his thigh was not restored. But what reason had our author to wound *Aeneas* at so critical a time? And how came the cuisses to be worse tempered than the rest of his armour, which was all wrought by *Vulcan* and his journeymen? These difficulties are not easily to be solved, without confessing that *Virgil* did not live long enough to correct his work: though he had reviewed it, and found those errors which he resolved to mend; but being prevented by death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordained, by his last testament, that his *Aeneid* should be burned. As for the death of *Aruns*, who was shot by a goddess, the machine was not altogether so outrageous, as the wounding *Mars* and *Venus*, by the sword of *Diomedes*. Two divinities, one would have thought, might have pleaded their prerogative of impassibility, or at least not have been wounded by any mortal hand. Beside that the blood which they shed, was so very like our common blood, that it was not to be distinguished from it, but only by the name and colour. As for what *Horace* says in his *Art of Poetry*, that no machines are to be used, unless on some extraordinary occasion,

Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus:

That rule is to be applied to the theatre, of which he is then speaking; and means no more than this, that when the knot of the play is to be untied, and no other way is left, for making the discovery; then and not otherwise, let a god descend upon a rope, and clear the business to the audience: but this has no relation to the machines which are used in an epic poem.

In the last place, for the *Dira*, or flying pest, which flapping on the shield of *Turnus*, and fluttering about his head, disheartened him in the duel, and presaged to him his approaching death, we might have placed it more properly amongst the objections. For the critics, who lay want of courage to the charge of *Virgil's* hero, quote this passage as a main proof of their assertion. They say our author had not only secured him before the duel, but also in the beginning of it, had given him the advantage in impenetrable arms, and in his sword; for that of *Turnus* was not his own, which was forged by *Vulcan* for his father, but a weapon which he had snatched in
haste,

haste, and by mistake, belonging to his charioteer *Metiscus*. That after all this, *Jupiter*, who was partial to the *Trojan*, and distrustful of the event, though he had hung the balance, and given it a jog of his hand to weigh down *Turnus*, thought convenient to give the fates a collateral security by sending the screech-owl to discourage him. For which they quote these words of *Virgil*:

——— *Non me tua turbida virtus*
Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis.

In answer to which, we say, that this machine is one of those which the poet uses only for ornament, and not out of necessity. Nothing can be more beautiful, or more poetical than this description of the three *Diræ*, or the setting of the balance, which our *Milton* has borrowed from him, but employed to a different end: for first he makes God Almighty set the scales for *Gabriel* and *Satan*, when he knew no combat was to follow: then he makes the good angel's scale descend, and the devil's mount; quite contrary to *Virgil*, if we have translated the three verses according to our author's sense.

Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances
Sustinet; & fata imponit diversa duorum:
Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere lethum.

For we have taken these words *Quem damnet labor*, in the sense which *Virgil* gives them in another place, *Damnabis tu quoque votis*, to signify a prosperous event. Yet we dare not condemn so great a genius as *Milton*: for we are much mistaken if he alludes not to the text in *Daniel*, where *Belshazzar* was put into the balance, and found too light.

But to return to the subject. We said above, that these two machines of the balance, and the *Diræ*, were only ornamental, and that the success of the duel had been the same without them. For when *Aeneas* and *Turnus* stood fronting each other before the altar, *Turnus* looked dejected, and his colour faded in his face, as if he desponded of the victory before the fight; and not only he, but all his party, when the strength of the two champions was judged by the proportion of their limbs, concluded it was an unequal fight,
and

and that their chief was overmatched. Whereupon *Juturna*, (who was of the same opinion) took this opportunity to break the treaty and renew the war. *Juno* herself had plainly told the nymph before-hand, that her brother was to fight. So that there was no need of an apparition to fright *Turnus*, he had the presage within himself of his impending destiny. The *Dira* only served to confirm him in his first opinion, that it was his destiny to die in the ensuing combat. And in this sense are those words of *Virgil* to be taken:

——— *Non mea tua turbida virtus*
Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis.

We doubt not but the adverb *solum* is to be understood; it is not your valour only that gives me this concernment; but I find also, by this portent, that *Jupiter* is my enemy. For *Turnus* fled before, when his first sword was broken, till his sister supplied him with a better; which indeed he could not use; because *Aeneas* kept him at a distance with his spear. We wonder *Ruæus* saw not this, where he charges his author so unjustly, for giving *Turnus* a second sword, to no purpose. How could he fasten a blow, or make a thrust, when he was not suffered to approach? Besides, the chief errand of the *Dira*, was to warn *Juturna* from the field, for she could have brought the chariot again, when she saw her brother worsted in the duel. We might farther add, that *Aeneas* was so eager in the fight, that he left the city; now almost in his possession, to decide his quarrel with *Turnus* by the sword: whereas *Turnus* had manifestly declined the combat, and suffered his sister to convey him as far from the reach of his enemy as she could. We say, not only suffered her, but consented to it; for it is plain he knew her, by these words:

O soror & dudum agnovi, cum prima per artem
Fœdera turbasti, teque hæc in bella dedisti;
Et nunc nequicquam fallis Dea.———

We will now add a few remarks on the translation of our inimitable poet, who flourished in an age when his language was brought to it's last perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and *Horace*. It is probable, that those two friends had consulted each other's judgment, wherein they should endeavour to excel; and they seem to have pitched on propriety of thought,

thought, elegance of words, and harmony of numbers. According to this model, *Horace* wrote his *Odes* and *Epods*: for his *Satires* and *Epistles*, being intended wholly for instruction, required another style:

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri.

And therefore, as he himself professes, are *sermoni propria*, nearer prose than verse. But *Virgil*, who never attempted the lyric verse, is every where elegant, sweet, and flowing in his *hexameters*. His words are not only chosen, but the places in which he ranks them for the sound; he who removes them from the station wherein their master sets them, spoils the harmony. What he says of the *Sibyl's* prophecies, may be as properly applied to every word of his; they must be read, in order as they lie; the least breath discomposes them, and somewhat of their divinity is lost. We cannot boast that we have been thus exact in our verses, but have endeavoured to follow the example of our master: and are the first among *Englishmen*, perhaps, who have copied him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the sound. On this last consideration, we have shunned the *Cæsura* as much as possibly we could. For where-ever that is used, it gives a roughness to the verse; of which we can have little need, in a language which is over-stocked with consonants. Such is not the *Latin*, where the vowels and consonants are mixed in proportion to each other: yet *Virgil* judged the vowels to have somewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their sweetness with *Cæsura's*. Such difference there is in tongues, that the same figure which roughens one, gives majesty to another: and that was it which *Virgil* studied in his verses. *Ovid* uses it but rarely; and hence it is that his versification cannot so properly be called sweet, as luscious. The *Italians* are forced upon it once or twice in every line, because they have a redundancy of vowels in their language. Their metal is so soft, that it will not coin without alloy to harden it. On the other side, for the reason already named, it is all we can do to give sufficient sweetness to our language: we must not only chuse our words for elegance, but for sound. To perform which, a mastery in the language is required, the poet must have a magazine of words, and have the art to manage his few vowels to the best advantage, that they may go the farther. He must also know the nature of the vowels, which are more sonorous, and which more soft and sweet: and so dispose them as his present occasions require: all which, and a thousand secrets of versification beside, he may learn from *Virgil*, if he will take him

for his guide. If he be above *Virgil*, and is resolved to follow his own *verve* (as the *French* call it,) the proverb will fall heavily upon him; Who teaches himself, has a fool for his master.

Virgil employed eleven years upon his *Æneid*, yet he left it, as he thought himself, imperfect. We have also spent several years in the translation of his works, that we might make the version harmonious and pleasing. For a poet cannot have too great a reverence for his readers, if he expects his labours should survive him. There is not, to the best of our remembrance, one vowel gaping on another for want of a *Cæsura*, in the whole work. But where a vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a consonant, or what is its equivalent: for our W and H aspirate, and our diphthongs are plainly such; the greatest latitude we have taken is in the letter Y, when it concludes a word, and the first syllable of the next begins with a vowel. Neither need we have called this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general rule, that no vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot sink the pronunciation of it; as He, She, Me, I, &c. *Virgil* thinks it sometimes a beauty to imitate the licence of the *Greeks*, and leave two vowels opening on each other, as in that verse of the third *Pastoral*,

Et succus pecori, & lac subducitur agnis.

The *French* and *Italians*, in their versification, know little of feet and quantity, at least their best poets have not practised them. As for pauses, *Malherb* first brought them into *France*, within this last century: and we see how they adorn their *Alexandrians*. We must acknowledge that *Virgil* in *Latin*, and *Spenser* in *English*, have been our principal masters. *Spenser* has also given us the boldness to make use sometimes of his *Alexandrian* line, which is called, though improperly, the *Pindaric*; because Mr. *Cowley* has often employed it in his *Odes*. It adds a certain majesty to the verse, when it is used with judgment, and stops the sense from overflowing into another line. Formerly the *French*, like us, and the *Italians*, had but five feet, or ten syllables in their heroic verse: but since *Ronsard's* time, as we suppose, they found their tongue too weak to support their epic poetry, without the addition of another foot. That indeed has given it somewhat of the run, and measure of a *trimeter*; but it runs with more activity than strength: their language is not strung with sinews like our *English*. It has the nimbleness of a greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a mastiff. Our men and our
verses.

verses overbear them by their weight; and *pondere non numero*, is the *British* motto. The *French* have set up purity for the standard of their language; and a masculine vigour is that of our's. Like their tongue is the genius of their poets, light and trifling in comparison of the *English*; more proper for sonnets, madrigals, and elegies, than heroic poetry. The turn on thoughts and words is their chief talent, but the epic poem is too flatly to receive those little ornaments. The painters draw their nymphs in thin and airy habits, but the weight of gold and of embroideries is reserved for queens and goddesses. *Virgil* is never frequent in those turns, like *Ovid*, but much more sparing of them in his *Æneid*, than in his *Pastorals* and *Georgics*:

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

That turn is beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, not in his great poem. Want of genius, of which the *French* are accused, is laid to their charge by one of their own great authors. If rewards could make good poets, their great master has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful encouragements: for he is wise enough to imitate *Augustus*, if he had a *Maro*. The *Triumvir* and *Prosciber* had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him and *Horace*. We confess the banishment of *Ovid* was a blot in his escutcheon, yet he was only banished, and who knows but his crime was capital, and then his exile was a favour.

But heroic poetry is not of the growth of *France*, as it might be of *England*, if it were cultivated. *Spenser* wanted only to have read the rules of *Boffu*; for no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to support it. But the performance of the *French* is not equal to their skill: and hitherto we have wanted skill to perform better. *Segrais*, whose preface is so wonderfully good, yet is wholly destitute of elevation; though his version is much better than that of the two brothers, or any of the rest who have attempted *Virgil*. *Hannibal Caro* is a great name amongst the *Italians*, yet his translation of the *Æneid* is most scandalously mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in blank verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern rhyme: (if it be modern, for *Le Clerc* informs us, that *David's Psalms* were written in as arrant rhyme as they are translated.) Now if a muse cannot run when she is unfettered, it is a sign she has but little

little speed. We will not make a digression here; but will only say, that he who can write well in rhyme may write better in blank verse. Rhyme is certainly a constraint even to the best poets, and those who make it with most ease. What it adds to sweetness it takes away from sense; and he who loses the least by it, may be called a gainer: it often makes us swerve from an author's meaning. As if a mark be set up for an archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least wind will take his arrow, and divert it from the white.

We return to our *Italian* translator of the *Æneid*: he is a foot-poet, he lacquies by the side of *Virgil* at the best, but never mounts behind him. Doctor *Morelli*, who is no mean critic in our poetry, and therefore may be presumed to be a better in his own language, has confirmed us in this opinion by his judgment, and thinks withal, that he has often mistaken his master's sense.

What we have said in favour of our translation, though spoken in confidence, yet is intended for the honour of this country; and therefore we will boldly own, that this *English* translation has more of *Virgil's* spirit in it, than either the *French*, or the *Italian*. Some of our countrymen have translated episodes, and other parts of *Virgil*, with great success. Amongst the dead authors, the *Silenus* of lord *Roscommon* cannot be too much commended. We say nothing of Sir *John Denham*, Mr. *Waller*, and Mr. *Cowley*; it is the utmost of our ambition to be thought their equal, or not to be much inferior to them, and some others of the living. But it is one thing to take pains on a fragment, and translate it perfectly, and another thing to have the weight of a whole author on one's shoulders. They who believe the burden light, let them attempt the fourth, sixth, or eighth *Pastoral*; the first or fourth *Georgic*; and, amongst the *Æneids*, the fourth, the fifth, the seventh, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, or the twelfth; for in these they will have a good opportunity of trying their strength.

Long before we undertook this work, we were no strangers to the original. We had also studied *Virgil's* design, his disposition of it, his manners, his judicious management of the figures, the sober retrenchments of his sense, which always leaves somewhat to gratify our imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleasure; but, above all, the elegance of his expression, and the harmony of his numbers. For the words are in poetry, what the colours are

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in painting. If the design be good, and the draught be true, the colouring is the first beauty that strikes the eye. *Spencer* and *Milton* are the nearest in *English*, to *Virgil* and *Homer* in the *Latin*; and we have endeavoured to form the style in imitating their masters. We will further own, that our chief ambition is to please those readers who have discernment enough to prefer *Virgil* before any other poet in the *Latin* tongue. Such spirits as he desired to please, such would we chuse for our judges, and would stand or fall by them alone. *Segrais* has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes: (he might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased.) In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*: such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a play-house: who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense, and elegant expression: these are mob-readers: if *Virgil* and *Martial* stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on it is, they are but a sort of *French Hugonots*, or *Dutch Boors*, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not land of two pounds per annum in *Par-nassus*, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level; fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden. Yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense, (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment,) they soon forsake them: and when the torrent from the mountains falls no more, the swelling writer is reduced into his shallow bed, like the *Mancanares* at *Madrid*, with scarce water to moisten his own pebbles. There is a middle sort of readers, such as have a farther insight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right; (for we speak not of those who are bribed by a party, and know better if they were not corrupted, but) we mean a company of warm young men, who are not yet arrived so far as to discern the difference betwixt fustian, or ostentatious sentences, and the true sublime. These are above liking *Martial* or *Owen's* epigrams, but they would certainly set *Virgil* below *Statius* or *Lucan*. We need not say their poets are of the same taste with their admirers. They affect greatness in all they write, but it is a bladdered greatness, like that of the vain man whom *Seneca* describes: an ill habit of body, full of humours, and swelled with dropsy. Even these two desert their authors, as their judgment ripens. The young gentlemen themselves are commonly misled

by their pædagogue at school, their tutor at the university, or their governor in their travels. And many of those three sorts are the most positive blockheads in the world. How many of those flatulent writers have we known, who have sunk in their reputation, after seven or eight editions of their works? for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great success at their first appearance; but not being of God, as a wit said formerly, they could not stand.

Virgil chose to please the most judicious souls of the highest rank, and truest understanding; these are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their approbation, can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain magnetism in their judgment, which attracts others to their sense. Every day they gain some new proselyte, and in time become the church. For this reason, a well-weighed judicious poem, which at its first appearance gains no more upon the world than to be just received, and rather not blamed, than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he studies it, the more it grows upon him; every time he takes it up, he discovers some new graces in it. And whereas poems, which are produced by the vigour of imagination only, have a gloss upon them at first, which time wears off; the works of judgment are like the diamond, the more they are polished, the more lustre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt *Virgil's Æneid*, and *Martin's Adone*. And if we may be allowed to change the metaphor, we would say, that *Virgil* is like the fame which he describes:

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

We had long since considered, that the way to please the best judges, is not to translate a poet literally; and *Virgil* least of any other. For his peculiar beauty lying in his choice of words, we are excluded from it by the narrow compass of our heroic verse, unless we would make use of monosyllables only, and those clogged with consonants, which are the dead weight of our mother-tongue. It is possible, we confess, though it rarely happens, that a verse of monosyllables may sound harmoniously; and some examples of it we have seen. The first line of the *Æneid* is of that kind,

Arms, and the man I sing, who forc'd by fate, &c.

in painting. If the design be good, and the draught be true, the colouring is the first beauty that strikes the eye. *Spencer* and *Milton* are the nearest in *English*, to *Virgil* and *Homer* in the *Latin*; and we have endeavoured to form the style in imitating their masters. We will further own, that our chief ambition is to please those readers who have discernment enough to prefer *Virgil* before any other poet in the *Latin* tongue. Such spirits as he desired to please, such would we chuse for our judges, and would stand or fall by them alone. *Segrais* has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes: (he might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased.) In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*: such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a play-house: who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense, and elegant expression: these are mob-readers: if *Virgil* and *Martial* stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on it is, they are but a sort of *French Hugonots*, or *Dutch Boors*, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not land of two pounds per annum in *Parnassus*, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level; fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden. Yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense, (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment,) they soon forsake them: and when the torrent from the mountains falls no more, the swelling writer is reduced into his shallow bed, like the *Mancañares* at *Madrid*, with scarce water to moisten his own pebbles. There is a middle sort of readers, such as have a farther insight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right; (for we speak not of those who are bribed by a party, and know better if they were not corrupted, but) we mean a company of warm young men, who are not yet arrived so far as to discern the difference betwixt fustian, or ostentatious sentences, and the true sublime. These are above liking *Martial* or *Owen's* epigrams, but they would certainly set *Virgil* below *Statius* or *Lucan*. We need not say their poets are of the same taste with their admirers. They affect greatness in all they write, but it is a bladdered greatness, like that of the vain man whom *Seneca* describes: an ill habit of body, full of humours, and swelled with dropsy. Even these two desert their authors, as their judgment ripens. The young gentlemen themselves are commonly misled

by their pædagogue at school, their tutor at the university, or their governor in their travels. And many of those three sorts are the most positive blockheads in the world. How many of those flatulent writers have we known, who have sunk in their reputation, after seven or eight editions of their works? for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great success at their first appearance; but not being of God, as a wit said formerly, they could not stand.

Virgil chose to please the most judicious souls of the highest rank, and truest understanding; these are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their approbation, can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain magnetism in their judgment, which attracts others to their sense. Every day they gain some new proselyte, and in time become the church. For this reason, a well-weighed judicious poem, which at its first appearance gains no more upon the world than to be just received, and rather not blamed, than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he studies it, the more it grows upon him; every time he takes it up, he discovers some new graces in it. And whereas poems, which are produced by the vigour of imagination only, have a gloss upon them at first, which time wears off; the works of judgment are like the diamond, the more they are polished, the more lustre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt *Virgil's Æneid*, and *Martin's Adone*. And if we may be allowed to change the metaphor, we would say, that *Virgil* is like the fame which he describes:

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

We had long since considered, that the way to please the best judges, is not to translate a poet literally; and *Virgil* least of any other. For his peculiar beauty lying in his choice of words, we are excluded from it by the narrow compass of our heroic verse, unless we would make use of monosyllables only, and those clogged with consonants, which are the dead weight of our mother-tongue. It is possible, we confess, though it rarely happens, that a verse of monosyllables may sound harmoniously; and some examples of it we have seen. The first line of the *Æneid* is of that kind,

Arms, and the man I sing, who forc'd by fate, &c.

It is true, we have been sometimes forced upon it in other places of this work, but we never did it out of choice: for it seldom happens but a monosyllable line turns verse to prose, and even that prose is rugged and unharmonious. *Philarchus*, we remember, taxes *Balzac* for placing twenty monosyllables in file, without one dissyllable betwixt them. The way we have taken is not so strait as metaphrase, nor so loose as paraphrase: some things too we have omitted, and sometimes have added. Yet the omissions are but of circumstances, and such as would have no grace in *English*; and the additions are easily deduced from *Virgil's* sense. They will seem (at least we have the vanity to think so) not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other poet; but he had the advantage of a language wherein much may be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the modern tongues, have more articles and pronouns, besides signs of tenses, and cases, and other barbarities on which our speech is built by the fault of our forefathers. The *Romans* founded theirs upon the *Greek*: and the *Greeks*, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their language, before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all those signs, and cut off as many articles as they could spare; comprehending in one word, what we are constrained to express in two; which is one reason why we cannot write so concisely as they have done. The word *pater*, for example, signifies not only a father, but your father, my father, his or her father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all modern tongues, and this alone constrains us to employ more words than the ancients needed. But having before observed, that *Virgil* endeavours to be short, and at the same time elegant, we pursue the excellence, and forsake the brevity. For there is the like ambergrease, a rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body, that it must be opened with inferior scents of musk or civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another language.

On the whole matter, we thought fit to steer betwixt the two extremes of paraphrase, and literal translation: to keep as near our author as we could, without losing all his graces, the most eminent of which are in the beauty of his words: and those words, we must add, are always figurative. Such of these as would retain their elegance in our tongue, we have endeavoured to graft on it; but most of them are of necessity to be lost, because they will not shine in any but their own. *Virgil* has sometimes two of them in a line; but

but the scantiness of our heroic verse is not capable of receiving more than one: and that too must expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the languages. Yet we may presume to say, and we hope with as much reason as the *French* translator, that, taking all the materials of this divine author, we have endeavoured to make *Virgil* speak such *English*, as he would himself have spoken, if he had been born in *England*, and in this present age. We think therefore we are not wholly without praise, if in some sort we may be allowed to have copied the clearness, the purity, the easiness, and the magnificence of his style.

When we mentioned the *Pindaric* line, we shou'd have added, that we take another licence in our verses: for we frequently make use of triplet rhymes, and for the same reason, because they bound the sense. And therefore we generally join these two licences together, and make the last verse of the triplet a *Pindaric*: for besides the majesty which it gives, it confines the sense within the barriers of three lines, which would languish if it were lengthened into four. *Spenser* is our example for both these privileges of *English* verses. And *Chapman* hath followed him in his translation of *Homer*. Mr. *Cowley* has given into them after both, and all succeeding writers after him. We regard them now as the *Magna Charta* of heroic poetry, and have too much of the *Englishman* in us to lose what our ancestors have gained for us. Let the *French* and *Italians* value themselves on their regularity: strength and elevation are our standard. We said before, and we repeat it, that the affected purity of the *French* has unfinewed their heroic verse. The language of an epic poem is almost wholly figurative: yet they are so fearful of a metaphor, that no example of *Virgil* can encourage them to be bold with safety. Sure they might warm themselves by that sprightly blaze, without approaching it so close as to singe their wings. On the other side, without being injurious to the memory of our *English Pindar*, we will presume to say, that his metaphors are sometimes too violent, and his language is not always pure. But at the same time, we must excuse him. For through the iniquity of the times, he was forced to travel at an age, when, instead of learning foreign languages, he should have studied the beauties of his mother tongue. Which, like all other speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we shall never write it with any kind of elegance. Thus by gaining abroad he lost at home: like the painter in the *Arcadia*, who going to see a skirmish, had his arms lopped off; and returned, says Sir *Philip Sidney*, well instructed how to draw a battle, but without a hand to perform his work.

There is another thing in which we have presumed to deviate from him and *Spenser*. They both make hemistichs (or half verses) breaking off in the middle of a line. We confess there are not many such in the *Fairy Queen*; and even those few might be occasioned by his unhappy choice of so long a stanza. Mr. *Cowley* had found out, that no kind of staff is proper for an heroic poem; as being all too lyrical: yet though he wrote in couplets, where rhyme is freer from constraint, he frequently affects half verses, of which we find not one in *Homer*, and we think not in any of the *Greek* poets, or the *Latin*, excepting only *Virgil*; and there is no question but he thought he had *Virgil's* authority for that licence. But we are confident our poet never meant to leave him or any other such a precedent. And we ground our opinion on these two reasons. First, we find no example of a hemistich in any of his *Pastorals* or *Georgics*. For he had given the last finishing strokes to both these poems; but his *Æneid* he left so uncorrect, at least so short of that perfection at which he aimed, that we know how hard a sentence he passed upon it; and in the second place, we reasonably presume, that he intended to have filled up all those hemistichs, because in one of them we find the sense imperfect:

Quem tibi jam Trojâ——

Which some foolish grammarian has ended for him with a half line of nonsense;

peperit fumante Creüsa.

For *Ascanius* must have been born some years before the burning of that city, which we need not prove. On the other side, we find also, that he himself filled up one line in the sixth *Æneid*, the enthusiasm seizing him, while he was reading to *Augustus*,

*Misenum Æolidem, quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros ——*

To which he added in that transport,

Martemque accendere cantu:

and

and never was any line more nobly finished. On these considerations we have shunned hemistichs, not being willing to imitate *Virgil* in what he himself considered an imperfection.

If it should be said, that many of our whole verses are as imperfect as those halves; we beg leave to make the excuse of *Boccace*, who, when he was upbraided, that some of his novels had not the spirit of the rest, returned this answer; that *Charlemain*, who made the *Palladins*, was never able to raise an army of them. The leaders may be heroes, but the multitude must consist of common men.

We are also bound to inform our readers, in our own defence, that from the beginning of the first *Georgic* to the end of the last *Æneid*, we found the difficulty of translation growing on us in every succeeding book. For *Virgil*, above all poets, had a stock, which we may call almost inexhaustible, of figurative elegant, and sounding words. We, who inherit but a small portion of his genius, and write in a language so much inferior to the *Latin*, have found it very painful to vary phrases, when the same sense returns upon us. Even he himself, whether out of necessity or choice, has often expressed the same thing in the same words; and often repeated two or three whole verses, which he had used before. Words are not so easily coined as money; and yet we see that the credit not only of banks, but of exchequers, cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. *Virgil* called upon us in every line for some new word and we paid so long, that we were almost bankrupts. So that the latter end must needs appear more burthensome than the beginning or the middle. And consequently the twelfth *Æneid* cost us double the time of the first and second. What had become of us, if *Virgil* had taxed us with another book? We had certainly been reduced to pay the public in hammered money for want of milled; that is, in the same old words which we had used before. And the receivers must have been forced to have taken any thing, where there was so little to be had.

Besides this difficulty, (with which we have struggled, and made a shift to pass it over) there is one remaining, which is insuperable to all translators. We are bound to our author's sense, though with the latitudes already men-

tioned, (for we think it not so sacred, as that one iota must not be added or diminished, on pain of anathema.) But slaves we are, and labour on another man's plantation; we dress the vineyard, but the wine is the owner's: if the soil be sometimes barren, then we are sure of being scourged: if it be fruitful, and our care succeeds, we are not thanked; for the proud reader will only say, the poor drudge has done his duty. But this is nothing to what follows; for being obliged to make his sense intelligible, we are forced to untune our own verses, that we may give his meaning to the reader. He who invents, is master of his thoughts and words: he can turn and vary them as he pleases, till he renders them harmonious. But the wretched translator has no such privilege: for being tied to thoughts, he must make what music he can in the expression. And for this reason it cannot always be so sweet as that of the original. There is a beauty of sound, as *Segrais* has observed, in some *Latin* words, which is wholly lost in any modern language. He instances in that *mollis amaracus*, on which *Venus* lays *Cupid* in the first *Æneid*. If we should translate it sweet-marjoram, as the word signifies, the reader would think we had mistaken *Virgil*: for those village-words, as we may call them, give us a mean idea of the thing; but the sound of the *Latin* is so much more pleasing, by the just mixture of the vowels with the consonants, that it raises our fancies, to conceive somewhat more noble than a common herb; and to spread roses under him, and strew lilies over him; a bed not unworthy the grandson of the goddess.

If we cannot copy his harmonious numbers, how shall we imitate his noble flights where his thoughts and words are equally sublime?

*Quem quisquis studet æmulari,
 — ceratis ope Dedalææ
 Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
 Nomina ponto.*

What modern language, or what poet can express the majestic beauty of this one verse amongst a thousand others!

*Aude hospes contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
 Finge Deo. —*

For

For my part (says Mr. *Dryden*) I am lost in the admiration of it; I contemn the world, when I think of it, and myself when I translate it.

If it be said, that in this translation we have *Latinized* too much, we answer, it is true, that when we find an *English* word significant and sounding, we neither borrow from the *Latin*, or any other language: but when we want at home, we must seek abroad. If sounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who shall hinder us to import them from a foreign country? We carry not out the treasure of the nation, which is never to return: but what we bring from *Italy*, we spend in *England*: here it remains, and here it circulates; for if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. We trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in *England* to supply our necessity; but if we will have things of magnificence and splendor, we must get them by commerce. Poetry requires ornament, and that is not to be had from old *Teuton* monosyllables; therefore if we find any elegant word in a classic author, we propose it to be naturalized, by using it ourselves; and if the public approves of it, the bill passes. But every man cannot distinguish betwixt pedantry and poetry: every man therefore is not fit to innovate. Upon the whole matter, a poet must first be certain that the word he would introduce is beautiful in the *Latin*; and is to consider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the *English* idiom: after this, he ought to take the opinion of judicious friends, such as are learned in both languages; and lastly, since no man is infallible, let him use this licence very sparingly; for if too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.

The reason why we have not always chosen the proper terms of navigation, land-service, or in the cant of any profession, is because *Virgil* has also avoided those proprieties; for he wrote not to mariners, soldiers, astronomers, gardeners, peasants, &c. but to all in general, and in particular to men and ladies of the first quality; who have been better bred than to be too nicely knowing in the terms. In such cases, it is enough for a poet to write so plainly, that he may be understood by his readers; to avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought learned in all things.

We have omitted the four preliminary lines of the first *Aeneid*; because we think them inferior to any four others in the whole poem, and consequently

quently believe they are not *Virgil's*. There is too great a gap betwixt the adjective *vicina* in the second line, and the substantive *arva* in the latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obscurity too long; and is contrary to the clearness of his style.

Ut quamvis avido

is too ambitious an ornament to be his; and

Gratum opus agricolis,

are all words unnecessary, and independent of what he says elsewhere

Horrentia Martis arma,

is worse than any of the rest. *Horrentia* is such a flat epithet, as *Tully* would have given us in his verses. It is a mere filler to stop a vacancy in the hexameter, and connect the preface to the work of *Virgil*. Our author seems to sound a charge, and begins like the clangor of a trumpet:

Arma virumque cano; Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

Scarce a word without an R, and the vowels for the greater part sonorous. The prefacer began with *Ille ego*, which he was constrained to patch up in the fourth line with *At nunc*, to make the sense cohere. And if both these words are not notorious botches, we are much deceived, though the *French* translator thinks otherwise. For our own parts, we are rather of the opinion that they were added by *Tucca* and *Varius* than retrenched.

We know it may be answered by such as think *Virgil* the author of the four lines, that he asserts his title to the *Æneid* in the beginning of this work, as he did to the two former in the last lines of the fourth *Georgic*. We will not reply otherwise to this, than by desiring them to compare these four lines with the four others; which we know are his, because no poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot distinguish creeping from flying, let them lay down *Virgil*, and take up *Ovid de Ponto*, in his stead. Our master needed not the assistance of that preliminary poet to prove his claim.

His own majestic mien discovers him to be the king, amidst a thousand courtiers. It was a superfluous office, and therefore we would not set those verses in the front of *Virgil*; but rejected them as not genuine. The reader is however presented with them in this place:

*I, who before, with shepherds in the groves,
Sung to my oaten pipe their rural loves,
And issuing thence, compell'd the neighb'ring field
A plenteous crop of rising corn to yield,
Manur'd the glebe, and stock'd the fruitful plain,
(A poem grateful to th' greedy swain,) &c.*

Whoever considers the degree of delicacy and correctness to which the *Eclogues* of *Virgil* are polished; together with the ease and wonderful harmony of his numbers; will be convinced of the extreme difficulty of transfusing into another tongue, beauties of so refined and subtle a nature. It requires no small command of language, to be able to carry on Pastoral Dialogues, without sinking into vulgar idioms, to unite simplicity with grace, and to preserve familiarity without flatness. A style too highly elevated would be nauseously unnatural, and one too prosaic and plebeian, would be insipid and uninteresting. And to keep a just mean, is perhaps as difficult in writing as in life.

There are few images and sentiments in the *Eclogues* of *Virgil*, but what are drawn from the *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*: in whom there is a rural, romantic wildness of thought, heighten'd by the *Doric* dialect; with such lively pictures of the passions, and of simple unadorned nature, as are infinitely pleasing to all lovers and judges of true poetry. *Theocritus* is indeed the great store-house of pastoral description; and every succeeding painter of rural beauty (except *Thomson* in his *Seasons*) hath copied his images from him, without ever looking abroad upon the face of nature themselves. And thus a set of hereditary objects has been continued from one poet to another, which have been often made use of without any propriety either as to age or climate.

But *Virgil* never borrowed an idea from his *Sicilian* master, without beautifying and heightening it with the lustre of his language. And perhaps it may be observed in general, that if the *Romans* excelled their *Grecian* masters

masters in the graces of diction, it was owing to their exerting all their powers, in dressing up those thoughts and ideas that were ready found to their hands. The mind can attend to but one object at once, with any vigour and intenseness; and if it be big and dilated with the conception and creation of new images, has scarce leisure to adorn them with that pomp of studied expression, which the writer that coolly copies them, can bestow upon them.

Indeed of all authors, either ancient or modern, *Virgil* seems to be the most perfect in his style; we mean in the poems he lived to finish. There is a profusion of the most daring metaphors and most glowing figures, there is a majesty and magnificence of diction throughout the *Georgics*, that notwithstanding the marvellous harmony and grandeur of the *Greek* versification, is scarcely equalled by *Homer* himself. Our author's terms and epithets are chosen with such propriety, elegance, and expressiveness, that, as Mr. *Addison* finely observes, "We receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves: and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes." We may justly therefore apply to him what *Aristotle* thought so high a commendation of *Homer*, that he had found out *living words*. If the arrows which are impatient to destroy, and the spears that thirst to drink blood, are so deservedly admired in the *Iliad*, *Virgil* doubtless merits equal praise, for giving life and feeling, love and hatred, hope and fear, wonder and ambition, to plants and to trees, and to the very earth itself; and for exalting his favourite insects, by endowing them with reason, passions, arts, and civil government. To use *Aristotle's* expression, "Every thing in this poem hath manners, and all the creation is animated."

But alas! since this is the case, what must become of a translator of the *Georgics*, writing in a language not half so lofty, so sounding, or so elegant as the *Latin*, incapable of admitting many of it's best and boldest figures, and heavily fettered with the *Gothic* shackles of rhyme! Is not this endeavouring to imitate a palace of porphyry with flints and bricks? A poem whose excellence peculiarly consists in the graces of diction is far more difficult to be translated, than a work where sentiment, or passion, or imagination, is chiefly displayed. So that we fear we can receive but a faint notion of the beauty of the *Georgics* from any *English* version of them. An engraving

graving may indeed faithfully represent the subject, but can give no idea of the colouring of one of *Titian's* landscapes. Besides, the meanness of the terms of husbandry is concealed and lost in a dead language, and they convey no low or despicable image to the mind; but the coarse and common words we were necessitated to use in the foregoing translation, viz. *plough and sow, wheat, dung, ashes, horse and cow, &c.* may possibly disgust a delicate reader, if he doth not make proper allowance for a modern compared with an ancient language; and doth not frequently recollect,

——— *verbis ea vincere magnum*
Quam fit! & angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.

So just is the observation of *Boileau*, “that a mean or common thought, expressed in a pompous diction, generally pleases more than a new or noble sentiment delivered in a low and vulgar language; because the number is greater of those whom custom has enabled to judge of words, than whom study has qualified to examine things.” In short, the *Georgics* are the highest flight of *Virgil*, and the master-pieces of his genius. Some of the transitions with which they are adorned, are the boldest and most daring imaginable, and hold very much of the enthusiasm of the ancient lyrics; and we think one may venture to affirm, that this poem contains more original unborrowed beauties, and is more perfect in it's kind as a *Didactic*, than the *Æneid* as an *Epic* poem. Of this last work, we have ever observed, persons of elevated and sublime imaginations are more captivated with the *Iliad*, and men of elegant and tender minds with the *Æneid*. He that peruses *Homer*, is like the traveller that surveys mount *Atlas*; the vastness and roughness of it's rocks, the solemn gloominess of it's pines and cedars, the everlasting snows that cover it's head, the torrents that rush down it's sides, and the wild beasts that roar in it's caverns, all contribute to strike the imagination with inexpressible astonishment and awe. While reading the *Æneid* is like beholding the *Capitoline* hill at *Rome*, on which stood many edifices of exquisite architecture, and whose top was crowned with the famous temple of *Jupiter*, adorned with the spoils of conquered *Greece*.

The design of the *Æneid* was to compliment *Augustus*, and reconcile the *Romans* to the government of the *Julian* family; for as the commonwealth maxims were no longer practicable, and a change in the government was unavoidable, after the last struggle for liberty at *Philippi* had ended so un-

fortunately, and even the virtuous *Messalla* had thought it no shame to submit to the conqueror, *Virgil* believed it would be the best service he could then do his countrymen, to endeavour to soften their minds towards so mild and gentle a master as *Augustus*, out of whose hands it was impossible for them to extort the power he had usurped. And that some change in the constitution of *Rome* was absolutely necessary, seems to be the opinion of that admirable writer and penetrating politician, the president *Montesquieu*: "It must be acknowledged, says he, that the *Roman* laws were too weak to govern the republic, when it was arrived at it's height: experience has proved it to be an invariable fact, that good and just laws, which raise the reputation and power of a small republic, become improper and useless to it, when once it's grandeur is established; because it was the natural effect of such laws to make a people great, but not to govern them when made so." He adds afterwards, with his usual pregnant brevity, "Take this compendium of the *Roman* history: they subdued all the nations by their maxims; but when they had so far succeeded, their republic could not subsist any longer: the plan of their government must be changed, and maxims contrary to the first, being then introduced, they were divested of all their grandeur."

We cannot forbear adding a little reflection, which may serve, among others, to convince us of the great powerfulness of poetry; which is, that we should have entertained a far different notion of *Augustus*, who was in reality no better than the enslaver of his country, and the person who gave the last wound to expiring liberty, if *Virgil* and *Horace* had not so highly celebrated him, and gained us as it were over to his party.

Virgil is said to have begun this poem the very year that *Augustus* was freed from his great rival *Antony*: the government of the *Roman* empire was to be wholly in him: and though he chose to be called their father; he was, in every thing but the name, their king. This monarchical form of government must naturally be apt to displease the people. *Virgil* seems to have laid the plan of his poem to reconcile them to it. He takes advantage of their religious turn, and of some old prophecies that must have been very flattering to the *Roman* people, as promising them the empire of the whole world. He weaves this in with the most probable account of their origin; that of their being descended from the *Trojans*. To be a little more particular; *Virgil*, in his *Aeneid*, shews, that *Aeneas* was called into their country by the express order
of

of the gods. N. B. This is marked very strongly throughout all the first part of the *Æneid*. The very night *Troy* is burnt, *Æneas* is ordered to go and build a city in *Italy*, and to carry his gods to it, by the spirits of *Hector* and *Creusa*: *Cassandra* had foretold the same frequently before: *Æn.* iii. ver. 185.

*Nunc repeto hæc generi portendere debita nostro,
Et sæpe Hesperiam, sæpe Italæ regna vocare.*

Apollo orders the same;

——— *Antiquam exquirite matrem:
Hic domus Æneæ cunctis dominabitur oris;
Et nati natorum & qui nascentur ab illis.*

Æn. iii. ver. 98.

And his domestic gods, more expressly; *Æn.* iii. ver. 167. The same orders are given to *Æneas* whilst at *Carthage*, by the spirit of his departed father; *Æn.* iv. ver. 351. And lastly, by the great messenger of the chief of all their gods;

*Ascanium surgentem & spes hæredis Iuli
Respice; cui regnum Italiæ Romanæque tellus
Debentur*———

Æn. iv. ver. 275.

He shews likewise that he was made king of it by the will of heaven, and by all the human rights that could be, viz. he has an hereditary claim from *Dardanus* and *Jafus*, *Æn.* iii. ver. 168.—He has a right by conquest, *Æn.* xii. ver. 1.—He has a right by compact, *Æn.* xii. ver. 175 to 225.—And he has a right by marrying the only daughter of the then king, *Æn.* xii. ver. 937, and *Æn.* vii. ver. 50—52. He shews, likewise, that there was an uninterrupted succession of kings from him to *Romulus*; that his heirs were to reign there for ever; and that the *Romans* under them were to obtain the monarchy of the world. It appears from *Virgil*, and the other *Roman* writers, that *Julius Cæsar* was of this royal race; and that *Augustus* was his sole heir. The natural result of all this is, that the promises made to the *Roman* people, in and through this race, terminating in *Augustus*; the *Romans*, if they

they would obey the gods, and be masters of the world, were to yield obedience to the new establishment under that prince. As odd a scheme as this may seem now, it is scarce so odd as that of some people among us, who persuaded themselves that an absolute obedience was owing to our kings, on their supposed descent from some unknown patriarch. And yet that had it's effect with many about a century ago; and seems not to have quite lost all it's influence, even in our remembrance. However that be, we think it appears plain enough that the two great points aimed at by *Virgil* in his *Aeneid*, were to maintain their old religious tenets; and to support the new form of government, in the family of the *Cæsars*. That poem, therefore, may very well be considered as a work merely political. If this was the case, *Virgil* was not so highly encouraged by *Augustus* and *Mecænas* for nothing. To speak a little more plainly; he wrote in the service of the new usurpation on the state; and all that can be offered in vindication of him in this light is, that the usurper he wrote for was grown a tame one; and that the temper and bent of their constitution was such, that the reins of government must have fallen into the hands of some one person or other; and might probably, on a new revolution, have fallen into the hands of some one less mild and indulgent, than *Augustus* was at the time when *Virgil* wrote this poem in his service. But whatever may be said of his reasons for writing it, the poem itself has been highly applauded in all ages, from it's first appearance to this day; and though left unfinished by it's author, has been always reckoned as much superior to all other *Epic* poems among the *Romans*, as *Homer's* is among the *Greeks*. It preserves more to us of the religion of the *Romans*, than all the other *Latin* poets (excepting only *Ovid*) put together; and gives us the form and appearances of their deities as strongly, as if he had so many pictures of them preserved to us, done by some of the best hands in the *Augustan* age. It is remarkable that he is commended by some of the ancients themselves, for the strength of his imagination, as to this particular; though in general that is not his character, so much as exactness. He was certainly the most correct poet, even of his time; in which all false thoughts and idle ornaments in writing were discouraged: and it is as certain, that there is but little of invention in his *Aeneid*; much less, we believe, than is generally imagined. Almost all the little facts in it are built on history: and even as to particular lines, no one perhaps ever borrowed more from the poets that preceded him, than he did. He goes so far back as to old *Ennius*; and often inserts whole verses from him, and some other of their earliest writers. The obsoleteness of their stile did not hinder him much in this: for he

was a particular lover of their old language; and no doubt inserted many more antiquated words in his poem, than we can discover at present. Judgment is his distinguishing character; and his great excellence consisted in chusing and ranging things aright. Whatever he borrowed, he had the skill of making his own; by weaving it so well into his work, that it looks all of a piece: even those parts of his poem, where this may be most practised, resembling a fine piece of mosaic; in which all the parts, though of such different marbles, unite together; and the various shades and colours are so artfully disposed, as to melt off insensibly into one another.

As to the poetical faults of the *Aeneid*, we believe there are but few. What may seem the most liable to censure in the conduct of this poem, is the making *Dido* a far more interesting and striking character than *Lavinia*, upon whom the whole action turns. But this circumstance is surely excusable, if we reflect how great a stroke of art the poet has exhibited, in assigning this origin of the inveterate enmity betwixt the rival powers of *Rome* and *Carthage*; who were so often engaged in those important and bloody contentions, of which *Lucretius* speaks so sublimely:

*Omnia cum belli trepido concussa tumultu,
Horrida contremuere sub altis ætheris auris,
In dubioque fuit sub utrorum regna cadendum
Omnibus humanis effretæ terræque marique.*

L. iii. 845.

And farther; those who censure *Lavinia* as a tame and insipid character, should consider the retired nature of female education among the ancients; for if *Virgil* had painted this beautiful young princess any otherwise than full of modesty and reservedness, silent and obedient to her parents, he had falsified the manners of the age of which he wrote: in which the fair sex were not permitted to make that conspicuous figure in life they have since done, to the great ornament and improvement of human society.

There are two particulars more, which are urged against *Virgil*. One is, a manifest want of variety of characters in the *Aeneid*, where the few that are introduced are not sufficiently diversified: *Homer's Achilles, Ajax, Diomedes, and Hector*, are all brave; and *Ulysses and Nestor* are wise; but then each of these heroes is brave and is wise, in a manner eminently different

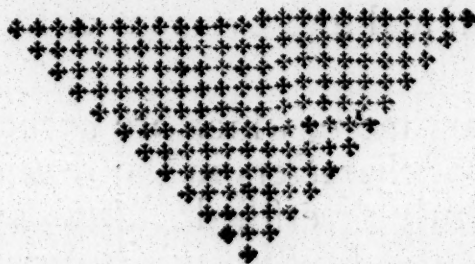
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from the other. "The characters of *Virgil* (says Mr. *Pope*) are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of *Homer*. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of *Turnus* seems no way peculiar, but as it is in a different degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of *Mnestheus* from that of *Sergestus*, *Cloanthus*, and the rest." Perhaps it may be urged, that the character of *Aeneas*, which is entirely of our poet's own formation, and in which wisdom, piety, and courage, are so happily blended and tempered with each other, may in some measure atone for this deficiency. The other seeming blemish is, that in reading the last six books, one cannot forbear pitying *Turnus*, who undoubtedly ought to have been drawn with some fault or other to have excited our aversion, or raised our indignation. But to see a valiant young prince, robbed of a mistress whom he passionately loved, and who returned his passion, and to whom he was even betrothed; nay, to behold him murdered, while he fights to maintain his claim to her, by a perfect stranger, who has nothing to plead for his conduct but the gods and oracles; are circumstances, that while they prejudice the reader against *Aeneas*, deeply interest him for *Turnus*. It were to be wished the poet had either given the latter some unamiable quality, or else had represented *Lavinia* as averse to the match. All that can be said in defence of this proceeding is, that the present readers of *Virgil* judge of it in a manner different from the *Romans* to whom he wrote; who probably looked on *Turnus* as justly punished for having broke the solemn truce agreed to in the twelfth book, and for fighting against the will of heaven; and moreover might view this gallant prince in an unfavourable light, as he opposed the establishment of that person in *Italy*.

— Genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres, atque alta mo Romæ.



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D I S S E R T A T I O N

O N T H E

NATURE and CONDUCT of the ÆNEID.

THERE are two methods of instructing mankind, in order to render them virtuous and wise. The first consists in shewing them the deformity and baseness of vice, and the destructive consequences of violent and uncontrouled passions; and this is the principal design of tragedy: the second, in displaying the beauty and excellence of virtue, it's desirable fruits and happy consequences; and this is the proper business of the *Épopœia*, or epic poetry. The passions which should be raised by the first are terror and pity: those which should be excited by the last, are admiration and love. In the one the actors speak, in the other the poet himself makes the narration.

One may define epic poetry to be, a fable related in verse, to inspire an admiration and love of virtue, in representing to us the action of an hero, favoured and assisted by heaven, who executes some grand design, notwithstanding all the obstacles that oppose him.

We shall consider the *Æneid* under the four following heads, the fable, the characters, the sentiments, the language; and shall make great use of *Bossu's* incomparable treatise on epic poetry, the best explainer of *Aristotle*, and, beyond all doubt, one of the most learned and judicious of modern critics.

An epic poem is not only the noblest, but most useful, of human compositions; exciting men to virtue and arduous undertakings, more effectually than moral philosophy, or history. 1. Because, example, assisted by verse, is a more powerful and persuasive mode of instruction, than the dry, simple precepts of ethics. 2. Because the acts and events which are the subjects of true history (as *Bacon* finely observes) being not of that amplitude as to content the mind of man, poetry is ready at hand to feign acts more heroical; because true history reports the successes of business not proportionable to the merits of virtues and vices, poetry corrects it, and presents events and fortunes according to desert, and according to the law of providence; because true history, through the frequent satiety and similitude of things, works a distaste and misprision in the mind of man; poetry cheareth, and refresheth the soul, chanting things rare, and various, and full of vicissitudes: so that poetry serveth and conferreth to delectation, magnanimity, and morality. Poetry, therefore, may seem deservedly to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise the mind and exalt the spirit with high raptures, by proportioning the shews of things to the desire of the mind, and not submitting the mind to things, as reason and history do. And by these allurements and congruities, whereby it cherisheth the soul of man; joined also with consort of music, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself, it hath won such access, that it hath been in estimation even in rude times and barbarous nations, when other learning stood excluded.

Of the FABLE of the *ÆNEID*.

As *Greece* consisted of a cluster of little republics, frequently contending for superiority over each other; the most useful and important lesson this people could receive, was the necessity of uniting in any common danger.

This piece of instruction, *Homer*, as great a patriot as poet, gave his countrymen, exhibiting in the liveliest colours, and by the most forcible examples, the dreadful calamities occasioned by a quarrel betwixt two great generals, and the advantages which the enemies of *Greece* obtained by so unseasonable and ill-judged a contention. This, which is the ground-work of the *Iliad*, renders the fable of that poem the most simple, but the most comprehensive, imaginable. *Aristotle*, struck with the beauty of this simplicity, justly calls it divine.

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The very different condition of affairs at *Rome*, obliged *Virgil* to take a different scheme. The *Romans* having lost the virtue and honesty of their ancestors, liberty could not in the nature of things long survive. They began to be profligate, and to be slaves. As they had not virtue enough to be free, and since they must needs have fallen into the hands of one governor, the happiest circumstance they could meet with, was undoubtedly that this one governor should be a mild one, and bind their chains with a tender hand. To reconcile his countrymen to this almost necessary change of government, to wean them gradually from an inveterate hatred to monarchy, and to evince that all revolutions in states are brought about by the interposition of heaven, these were the motives which induced *Virgil* to undertake the *Æneid*; and these the instructions he proposed to give his countrymen. He intended to delineate in the person of *Aeneas*, the character of a wise law-giver and a just monarch; and artfully threw several features into the piece, that induced his readers to apply this amiable portrait to *Augustus*. For this reason he represented his hero endued with great piety to the gods, with mildness and clemency, and an affectionate concern for his country.

If we take a view of the fable of the *Æneid*, stripped of all it's necessary ornaments, and the names of the principal actors in the poem, in the manner wherein *Aristotle* has considered the *Iliad* and *Odysssey*, we shall find the subject matter of it stand as follows.

The gods preserve a prince, amidst the ruin of a mighty kingdom, and chuse him to be the maintainer of their religion, and the establisher of a more great and glorious empire than the first. This very hero is likewise elected king by the general consent of those who had escaped the universal destruction of that kingdom. He conducts them through territories from whence his ancestors originally came, and by the way instructs himself in all that is necessary, for a king, a priest, and the founder of a monarchy. He arrives and finds in this new country the gods and men disposed to entertain him, and to allot him subjects and territories. But a neighbouring prince, blinded by jealousy and ambition, cannot see the justice of this proceeding, nor the manifest will of heaven, but vehemently opposes his establishment, and is powerfully assisted by the valour of a king, whose cruelty and impiety had divested him of his empire. This opposition, and the bloody war this pious stranger was necessitated to undertake, renders his establishment more secure by the right of conquest, and more glorious by the overthrow of his unjust enemies.

These are the outlines of the fable of the *Æneid*, before the colouring and ornaments are added: and the action of it appears from this short view, to be, in the words of *Aristotle*, great, one, and entire. The least, and most trivial episodes, or under actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary or convenient; and no others can be imagined more suitable or proper to the place in which they are fixed. They are all, as it were, the members of a strong and well-proportioned body.

An action that is one and simple (says *M. de Voltaire*) which is unfolded easily and by degrees, and which does not require a constant and wearisome attention, will necessarily be more entertaining, than a confused heap of wild and monstrous adventures. The greater the action, the more will it please and engage all men, as it is the natural foible and propensity of human nature to be delighted with every thing that is above common life. And the action ought to be interesting, for this reason, because all hearts feel pleasure in being moved; and a poem, however perfect, if it does not touch and affect us, will be insipid at all times and in all countries. And lastly, the action ought to be entire, because there is no man that will be satisfied if he receives but one part of the whole which had been promised him.

These remarks are very applicable to all the episodes and under-actions of the *Æneid*. To the narration carried on in the second and third books, containing the destruction of *Troy*, with which it was absolutely necessary to make the reader acquainted; to the passion of *Dido* and its consequences, in stopping *Aeneas* at *Carthage*; to the sports at the tomb of *Anchises* in the fifth, the description of hell in the sixth; the story of *Cacus* and the decorations of the shield in the eighth: to which may be added, the adventures of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* in the ninth, and of *Mezentius* and *Camilla* in the tenth and eleventh. All these *Virgil* hath found a method of connecting with his main subject, and of making them essential to the fable. We meet with no unnatural mixture in our correct and exact poet, like the monsters *Statius* has introduced in his *Thebaid*. What affinity has the anger of *Venus*, the butchering of the *Lemnians*, the designs of the *Argonauts*, and the amours of *Jason* and *Hyppispile*, with the quarrel between *Etëocles* and *Polynices*?

An epic poem is not to be a history, like the *Pharsalia* of *Lucan*, or the *Punic* war of *Silius Italicus*: nor the whole life of a hero, like the *Achilleis* of *Statius*. But it is the recital of some one great action in the life of a hero.

With regard to the grand point, the morality which this fable of the *Æneid* teaches, one may say, without exaggeration, in the words of a passionate admirer of *Virgil*: the quarrel of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, teaches us the ill consequences of discord in a state; and the story of the dogs, the sheep, and the wolf, in the fables of *Æsop*, does the same. This indeed is a very good lesson, but seems too narrow and particular to be the grand moral of an heroic poem. It is proper, if you please, to be inserted in such a work; and many more as important as this, are interspersed up and down, and mentioned among other things, both in that of *Virgil* and those of *Homer*. But how much more noble, extensive, and truly heroical a moral is this; that piety to God, and justice and goodness to men, together with true valour, both active and passive (not such as consists in strength, intrepidity, and fierceness only, which is the courage of a tiger, and not of a man) will engage heaven on our side, and make both prince and people victorious, flourishing, and happy?

Of the C H A R A C T E R S.

In a well-disposed picture, it is not required that every figure should be represented with an equal degree of strength and eminence. The principal figure must be brought nearer the eye, drawn at full length, and be completely viewed, as far as the rules of perspective and proportion will admit. There will be other personages, which it will be necessary to place in almost as strong a light as that of the principal one. Some figures must be half hid; others must appear more or less entire, as the grouping requires. In representing a croud, or great number of persons together, the extreme parts only should be distinguished, and, in short, so much expressed, as merely may serve to shew us that somebody is there. As the very remote figures cannot be represented with any distinction of character, so must the more important and nearer figures signify by their attitude, countenance, titles, or other external marks, their proper character, and what interest they bear in the action exhibited.

The case is the same in the *Epopœia*. Each actor must be represented in a greater or less degree of strength, according to the part he sustains. The grand and principal figure in the poem before us is *Aeneas*; on whom all the actions of each inferior character depend, and who, consequently, is the soul
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of the whole piece. *Aeneas* is led by the prophecies of the gods to establish a new kingdom; accordingly, we see him taking all opportunities of practising religious duties; and as this is his most eminent virtue, *Virgil* almost every where dignifies him with the epithet *pious*. Though the frequent repetition of the word *pious* may be thought tautology and idleness in the poet, yet we think that epithet conveys with it the design of the whole poem, namely, that of founding a new state according to the dictates of heaven. This love of piety in the hero, occasions a fine contrast between him and *Turnus*, where the league is broken in the twelfth book. In short, whatever he does is enjoined or regulated by religion; consequently he is just, merciful, and generous. Thus he is a far more amiable character than that of *Achilles*, or *Ulysses*; since the actions of the former are almost all founded on revenge, and of the latter on dissimulation.

Next to our hero, *Dido* acts the most considerable part in the first six books, and is the character, on which the plot and intrigue of them turns. She is the foundress of *Carthage*, as *Aeneas* is the founder of *Rome*, and she represents the obstacle which this republic laid in the way of the *Roman* victories, which were to make that state the mistress of the world. She is bold, passionate, ambitious, perfidious; but her most distinguishing characteristic is craftiness. It is by this she revenges her husband, punishes her brother, and deceives *Iarbas*. It is by this she would stop *Aeneas's* journey; but not being able to succeed in that scheme, deceives her sister and confidant. However, *Virgil* has given her some virtues truly royal. She is magnificent, courteous, and loves to reward what is praise-worthy:

——— *Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi.* *Æn.* iv.

She is hospitable to excess, as is evident by her entertaining the *Trojans* after the shipwreck, and this, before her attachment to *Aeneas*.

In the second part of the poem there are a great many more interested persons than in the first. *Latinus* is a very good and pious prince, but old and without sons. This gives the queen an occasion of disobeying his orders, and *Turnus* a desire of being his son-in-law in spite of him, and of forcing the good old man to proclaim war against *Aeneas*, and of making use of his subjects, his arms, and authority. This default of authority is natural and ordinary among kings that have no heirs.

Amata

Amata assumes a kind of right to dispose of her daughter. She is strongly in the interest of her kinsman *Turnus*. She is so obstinately bent upon having him for her son-in-law, that she had rather die than change her resolution. This obstinacy of the woman puts her upon trying a variety of expedients, keeps up her anger and violence, and is the principal character the poet gives her.

The character of *Turnus* is the same with that of *Achilles*, as far as the alteration of the design, and the difference of the fable would admit. It is a young man, of a furious and vehement temper, and passionately in love with a princess whom a foreign rival would rob him of. His mind is deeply fixt upon arms and war, without considering whether it be just, or whether the want of justice, and the contrary orders of the gods, make it criminal and impious. He suffers himself at every turn to be transported with anger, the most prevailing of all his passions. This is the first idea our poet gives of him, and which he always keeps up very carefully. He is less of a soldier and more of a general than *Achilles*. But this general in office sometimes forgot himself, to act the part of a private soldier. Had it not been for this, he might have put an end to the war the very second day, when breaking into the entrenchments of *Aeneas*, which he besieged, his fury made him neglect to keep the passage open for his own men, as he might easily have done. So far it is, true that anger is his principal character; he was so full of the idea of *Achilles*, and so animated with the same spirit; go, says he to *Pandarus*, when he killed him, go tell *Priam* thou hast met with a second *Achilles* here. The poet makes use of these artifices, to shew the reader the humour and ruling passion of *Turnus*.

The character of this hero partakes likewise of the injustice of *Achilles*, in that, from his own particular quarrel, he raises a general war, renders his anger pernicious to both parties, and more to his own than to that of the enemy: and exposes many thousand innocents for his single interest. The blameable part of his character is also concealed, as the vices of *Achilles*, by the dazzling lustre of a wonderful courage.

These are the most striking and the principal persons in the poem. All the under characters, though more slightly touched, are supported with equal beauty and justness.

The piety of *Anchises*, his attention to prodigies, his mildness to *Achæmenes*; the artful villainy and deliberate deceit of *Sinon*; the fury of the haughty *Mezentius*, his impiety and abandoned behaviour; the malice and envy of *Drances*; the tenderness of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*; the noble simplicity of *Evander's* manners; (more charming than the splendors of a modern court) the bravery of the heroine *Camilla*; the softness, modesty, and reservedness of the lovely *Lavinia*; are all of them painted in the most lively and natural colours, are strongly contrasted to one another, and are just draughts of human nature. If there be not that variety of characters in our poet as in *Homer*, yet perhaps it may be urged in our poet's defence, that by this very circumstance our attention is more constantly fixed, as it ought to be, on the principal figure, *Æneas*.

Of the S E N T I M E N T S.

The sentiments in an epic poem are the thoughts and behaviour which the author ascribes to the person he introduces; and are just, when they are conformable to the characters of the several persons. The sentiments have likewise a relation to things as well as persons, and are then perfect when they are adapted to the subject. If in either of these cases the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other passion, we ought to consider, whether the sentiments he makes use of are proper for these ends. *Homer* is censured by several critics who cannot relish nature and simplicity, for his defect as to this particular in several parts of his *Iliad* and *Odysssey*; but those who have treated this great poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived, and which he described. It was the fault of the age, and not of *Homer*, if there wants that delicacy in some of his sentiments, which appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. *Virgil* has excelled all others in the propriety of his sentiments. All the personages he introduces speak, according to the duke of *Buckingham*,

—— just what a man would do in such a case.

But it is not sufficient for an epic poem to be filled with such thoughts as are natural, unless it abound also with such as are sublime. *Virgil* in this particular (adds the above-mentioned amiable critic) falls short of *Homer*. He
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has not indeed so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, but at the same time he has not so many thoughts that are sublime and noble. The truth of it is, *Virgil* seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleases us by the force of his own genius; but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not borrow his hints from *Homer*.

Though this remark is doubtless true in general, yet we believe many instances of great sublimity may be produced, for which our poet has not been indebted to his *Greek* master.

Is not the description of the *Sibyl*, in her prophetic fury, nobly conceived?—

——— *cum virgo poscere fata*
Tempus ait, Deus, ecce Deus! cui talia fanti,
Ante fores subito non vultus, non color unus,
Non comptæ mansere comæ; sed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tremunt; majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans——

What can affect the imagination more strongly than the idea of *Æneas's* fleet, driven upon an unknown coast, and, in the dead of a very dark night, hearing the most frightful noises that could be conceived?

Noctem illam tecti sylvis immania monstra
Perferimus; nec quæ sonitum det causa videmus.
 —— *Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,*
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favillâ.

We must add to these, that most majestic figure of *Æneas*:

Lætitia exultans, horrendumque insonat armis:
Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut ipse coruscis
Cum fremit ilicibus quatiens, gaudetque nivali
Vertice se attollens pater Appenninus ad auras.

But

But above all, we cannot forbear taking notice of *Turnus's* stopping to listen at the distant confusion and distraction of the city, when the queen had hanged herself, &c.

*Attulit hunc illi cæcis terroribus aura
Commixtum clamorem, arreclatque impulit aures,
Confusæ sonus urbis et illætabile murmur.*

And afterwards the description of the fury, which must make the most insensible tremble to read it.

*Alitis in parvæ subito collecta figuram,
Quæ quondam in bustis aut culminibus desertis,
Nocte sedens, serum canit importuna per umbras.
Hanc versa in faciem, Turni se pestis ad ora,
Fertque refertque sonans, clypeumque everberat alis.*

The circumstance of the bird's flapping her wings against his shield is strangely terrifying. It puts us in mind of a fine image in *Spenser*.

*And over them sad Horror with grim hue,
Did always soar, beating his iron wings——*

To conclude this section, as there are two kinds of sentiments, the natural and the sublime, which are always to be pursued in an heroic poem, there are also two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are affected and unnatural; the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in *Virgil*. He has none of those trifling points and puerilities, that are so often to be met with in *Ovid*, none of the epigrammatic turns of *Lucan*, none of those swelling sentiments which are so frequent in *Statius* and *Claudian*, none of those mixed embellishments of *Tasso*. Every thing is just and natural. His sentiments shew, that he had a perfect insight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to affect it:

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique. Hor.

As to the second kind of thoughts, *Virgil* hath never debased the dignity of epic poetry, by introducing any sentiments and images that are mean and vulgar.

vulgar. All is uniformly majestic. He has never fallen into thoughts that either are coarse, or bordering on burlesque; of which the refined and superficial *French* critics have so frequently accused *Homer* without making proper allowances for the manners of those early ages. The difference between the *Greek* and *Latin* poet on this occasion, together with the reason of such difference, hath been well pointed out by the ingenious author of an inquiry into the life and writings of *Homer*. *Virgil*, says he, hath been accustomed to the splendor of a court, the magnificence of a palace, and the grandeur of a royal equipage; accordingly his representations of that part of life are more august and stately than *Homer's*. He has a greater regard to decency, and those polished manners which render men so much of a piece, and make them all resemble one another in their conduct and behaviour. His state designs, and political managements, are finely laid, and carried on much in the spirit of a courtier. The eternity of a government, the forms of magistrature, and plan of dominion, ideas to which *Homer* was a stranger, are familiar with the *Roman* poet. But the *Grecian's* wiles are plain and natural; either stratagems of war, or such designs in peace, as depend not upon forming a party for their execution. He excels in the simple instructive parts of life, the play of the passions, the prowess of bodies, and those single virtues of persons and characters, that arise from untaught, undisguised nature. And afterwards——Even the stately *Agamemnon* (says he) is not ashamed to own his passion for a captive maid before the whole army.—He is besides, now and then a little covetous, and tortured with fear to such a degree, that his teeth chatter and his knees knock against each other; he groans and weeps and rends his hair, and is in such piteous plight, that, if we were not well assured of his personal bravery, we should take him for a downright coward. But *Virgil* durst make no condescension to nature, nor represent the human frailties in their genuine light.

Of the LANGUAGE.

To crown these excellencies, the style of *Virgil* is remarkable for perspicuity and purity, for harmony, for brevity, and sublimity.

As idiomatic ways of speaking grow familiar and mean by the frequent use of them in ordinary conversation, so an epic poet should diligently guard against falling into obvious phrases and current expressions, which would de-

base and sink his language to the level of prose. For this reason, he raises his style by a judicious use of metaphors, by lively and expressive epithets, or by making use of the idioms of other tongues; as *Virgil*, for instance, is full of the *Greek* forms of speech which the critics call hellenisms. But how many, to avoid the mean and the groveling, fall into the stiff, the unnatural, and the false sublime. Among the *Greeks*, says Mr. *Addison*, *Æschylus*, and sometimes *Sophocles*, were guilty of this fault; among the *Latins*, *Claudian* and *Statius*, and among our own countrymen, *Shakespeare* and *Lee*. In these authors, the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of style; as in many others the endeavour after perspicuity prejudices it's greatness. *Virgil* has kept a just mean, is clear without being tame, and is lofty without being turgid in his expressions.

In *Virgil* we meet with no mixture of different ideas, no metaphors harsh and violent, no epithets that clash with and contradict the nature of their substantives; nothing like the *Mægis clypeata virorum* of *Ovid*, or the *shining ruin, and graceful terror, and moving iron wood*, (for an army marching with spears erect) of a better writer than *Ovid*, but one sometimes infected with the modern love of glittering expressions, and fond of the false florid.

With regard to versification, a reader who hath a just musical ear, and attentively peruses twenty lines together in the *Æneid*, will find and feel more true harmony and melodiousness in them, than in the most admired airs of a *Correlli* or a *Handel*. There is no tedious uniformity in *Virgil's* numbers: his pauses in each line are perpetually varied; his ellisions are introduced with as good effect as the flats and sharps in music; and above all there is a certain majesty in his lines that approaches as near *Homer's* versification as the *patrii sermonis egestas* would allow.

As to those verses in *Virgil*, which are an echo to the sense, and which express by their sound and flowing, the thing described, there is no doubt to be entertained, but that the poet frequently intended this beauty, though perhaps not so often as certain chimerical critics imagine.

There remains to be mentioned *Virgil's* distinguishing beauty and characteristic excellence, his exquisite and expressive brevity. He never inserts a syllable in vain. He is close and prest. He gives us more things than words. We admire others, says a witty writer, for what they say; but we admire *Virgil* for what he does not say. He never exhausts the subject, by
saying

saying all upon it that could be said, but leaves something for the mind of the reader to discover. To him may we justly apply the fine commendation which *Pliny* gives *Timanthes*, one of the most admirable painters of *Greece*, in the xth chap. of the 35th book: *Timanthi plurimum adfuit ingenii in omnibus operibus ejus; intelligitur enim plus semper quam pingitur*, *Timanthes* displayed a great genius in all his pieces, his meaning always is much fuller than his expression.

From this short view of the *Æneid* it may appear, that the plan of it is formed upon pious resignation and it's rewards, as the plan of the *Iliad* is, upon anger and it's pernicious effects. Consequently *Æneas* is a more amiable and virtuous character than *Achilles*, whom *Homer* never designed as a perfect hero, or as a proper object of imitation. We have purposely avoided entering into any minute comparison betwixt these two great poets, because all that can justly be said on the subject is comprehended in the following excellent words of *Mr. Pope*.

No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as *Homer* has done this in invention, *Virgil* has in judgment. Not that we are to think *Homer* wanted judgment because *Virgil* had it in a more eminent degree, or that *Virgil* wanted invention because *Homer* possessed a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. *Homer* was the greater genius, *Virgil* the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work.

We shall now lay before the reader a few general remarks on the *Æneid*, which could not well be introduced in the compass of the foregoing notes. Judgment being generally and justly reckoned our author's chief excellence and characteristic, we have placed together, in one view, the following nine instances of this his predominant qualification.

I.

In order to make the narration interesting, to keep the mind warm, and the attention alive, it is esteemed a great beauty in the epopœia, to break through the orderly and regular succession of time, and to set out in the very midst of the story, nay, to commence the action as near the catastrophe as possible. Thus in the *Odysssey* the gods order *Mercury* to go to the isle of *Ogygia*, where

Ulysses was detained by *Calypso*. He was to charge that goddess to give the hero leave to depart, and to furnish him with every thing that was necessary for his voyage to *Ithaca*. The reader imagines, therefore, the poem will end within the compass of a few verses. But *Virgil* approaches still nearer to a conclusion. The very first time we see his hero, he hath already left *Sicily*; is upon his voyage to, nay is almost arrived in, *Italy*. The second part of the poem, begins too in the same judicious manner. *Aeneas*, arriving at the country which the fates had promised him, finds every thing well disposed for his reception and settlement. The king offers him his daughter, the sole heiress to his crown, in marriage. Who would imagine then, but that this hero had accomplished his design, and the poem was at an end? But a storm casts him on the coast of *Carthage*, which accident furnishes the poet with matter for his first part. And the jealousy and rivalry of *Turnus*, who claims a prior right to *Lavinia*, affords subject matter for the last six books. *Virgil*, therefore, hath begun his poem in such a manner, that when once his hero hath made his appearance, he never ceases acting till the end of it. The hero himself relates all that passed before, and that too in one speech, artfully introduced on a most probable occasion. And this recital is so well placed, that the things related in it precede immediately, and without any interruption, those which the poet afterwards relates in his own person. How different, and how absurd, hath been the conduct of *Statius*, who, at his first setting out, asks his muse at what period of time he should begin his *Thebaid*, and seems to doubt whether it should not be *ab ovo* *Leda*? And equally blameable is *Nonnus*, who begins even with the birth of *Bacchus*, and proceeds regularly through his adventures and victories to his *apotheosis*. These injudicious poets seem never to have thought of the important advice of *Horace*:

*Semper ad eventum festinat; & in medias res
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit.*——

But our great countryman was so convinced of it's justness, that he opens his incomparable *Paradise Lost* with a scene of the devils already fallen into the infernal regions, and defers the account and reason of their fall for *Raphael* to relate in the sixth book.

II.

Virgil is equally commendable for his judgment in conducting the *episodes* with which he has adorned his poem. *Bossu* observes, that three circumstances

stances are necessary to the right information of an episode. The one is, to make use of no episode, but what arises from the very platform and foundation of the action, and is, as it were, a natural member of this body. The second is, exactly to unite these episodes, and these members, with one another. And the third, never to finish any episode so completely as that it may seem to be an entire action, taken by itself; but to let each episode still appear in its own particular nature, as the members only of a body, and as a part, of itself, not complete. The reader, no doubt, has perceived, that *Virgil* hath observed these rules exactly, in his picture of the burning of *Troy*, in the affair with *Dido*, the games, *Nisus*, and *Euryalus*, &c. all which are drawn from the very essence of the main fable, and are naturally connected with it. But in the *Thebaid*, what part of the subject is either the cause, or the effect; of the massacre at *Lemnos*, or of any of the adventures of *Jason*? Happy was the author of the *Iliad*, whose story was naturally so full of matter, that it required not the least addition, or recourse to any episode whatever: for those short fables inserted in it can scarcely be called so. We cannot forbear observing, how vicious an episode *Tasso* hath given us in the second book of his *Jerusalem Liberata*, in the entertaining story of *Sophronia* and *Olindo*; he hath adorned this impertinent and useless episode, with a great deal of true poetry, mixed indeed, as his generally is, with many far-fetched and trifling conceits and witticisms. One is apt at first to imagine, that this virtuous heroine, and her lover, are designed to be capital characters in the poem. But how great is the reader's mortification and surprize, to find they have no manner of concern with the principal action, and never to see them afterwards? Surely, after we are so much interested for any character, we naturally expect, that notwithstanding we lose sight of it for some time, yet that (like the river *Arethusa*) it will again appear in the course of the poem. The episode of *Agramante* and *Marfisa* in *Ariosto*, is also a very ill-judged one; yet we must acknowledge, that he hath made some amends for this defect, by his beautiful and pathetic tale of the two friends *Medoro* and *Cloridano*, in the eighteenth canto of the *Orlando Furioso*, which is indeed an artful and exact copy of the *Nisus* and *Euryalus* of *Virgil*; yet the author hath added some original beauties to it, and in particular hath assigned a more interesting motive for this midnight excursion, than what we find in *Virgil*; for *Medoro* and *Cloridano* venture into the field of battle to find out, among the heaps of slain, the body of their lord. This perhaps is one of the most excellent passages in this very wild and romantic author. An ingenious *Florentine* made a just and happy comparison when he said, that the two poems of *Tasso* and *Ariosto* are like two gardens, the one of cucumbers, the other of melons; in the one you shall find few bad; but the best are not a very good fruit; in

the other, much the greater part are good for nothing, but those that are good are excellent.

III.

Virgil never loses sight of his hero a moment; every incident, nay, every line in his poem, tends to aggrandize and to exalt *Æneas*; we are interested for him alone; he engrosses all our attention and concern; he is placed like an exquisite statue in a well-disposed garden; which way soever you walk, you are sure to meet with a full prospect of it in every avenue. And here again, as *Rapin* justly observes, *Tasso* hath committed a glaring mistake; who makes *Rinaldo* perform all the most difficult and shining actions in the *Jerusalem*. It is he that kills *Adrastus*, *Tisaphernes*, *Solyman*, and all the principal leaders of the enemy; it is he that dissolves the charms of the enchanted forest, which *Tasso* had copied from *Lucan*; the most important episodes are reserved for him; nothing remarkable is transacted in his absence; he alone is destined to make the most striking appearance; and *Godfrey*, who is called the hero of the piece, executes no one thing worthy notice. It is in vain that *Tasso* endeavours to excuse this palpable fault, by saying the whole is an allegory: * surely this is only justifying one chimera by another. *Homer*, with better

* The amiable *Fenelon* hath introduced *Tasso* speaking thus to *Virgil*: Imitation being servile and mean, I thought I was obliged to free myself from that subjection, and that there were more ways than one to ascend *Parnassus*. I esteemed poetry a sport of wit, whose principal end was to please and surprise the readers with wonderful events; and that no long time was necessary to produce these effects, but to follow the ideas of a sprightly fancy, without respect to those rules the ancients have left us for the epopœia: I believed these precepts had no other foundation, but the caprice of the persons who made them; and that I might lawfully make new, by leaving a model of my own invention, which pleased all my countrymen, and still charms the greatest part of the moderns. You were mistaken, answered *Virgil*, when you fancied, that they who made rules for epic poetry, founded them only upon the caprice of their own opinions. *Aristotle* formed them upon the excellent works of the divine *Homer*, who received them from the dictates of *Apollo*, and the muses themselves. They are all so judicious and well-invented, that people of just taste are never pleased without them, because they are founded upon that alone which can or ought to please. Poetry became not perfect before it was reduced to an art, which has certain rules, as well as painting, sculpture, and architecture; whoever neglects these precepts, will make monsters in poetry: as a painter or sculptor would do, who instead of representing a man with that due proportion

better judgment, and a very different taste, makes *Achilles*, the hero of the *Iliad*, the soul of it also: he pervades and animates the whole poem:

——— *Agitat molem & magno se corpore miscet* ———

but (adds *Rapin*, with his usual dislike to the venerable father of poetry) it is true that *Homer* sometimes leaves his hero at too great a distance, and seems sometimes totally to forget him. *Virgil* never falls into this mistake; *Aeneas* is perpetually the principal figure in the piece.

IV.

Such is the purity and justness of *Virgil's* taste, that he never wantonly indulges his imagination in launching out into any useless and improper descriptions. He well knew, that nothing could be more absurd to true judges, than for the action of an epic poem to stand still, while the author was amusing himself in giving florid pictures and images, instead of hastening forward to his catastrophe. Hence we find, that there is not one description in the *Æneid*, but what is absolutely necessary, and is so placed, as to carry on the main business and intent of the poem, and moreover, is made in as few words as possible. The description of *Carthage*, with which *Virgil* opens his poem, is contained in six verses. He acquaints us, that this city is seated over-against *Italy*, facing the very mouth of the *Tiber*; that it is powerful in war; and that *Juno* designed to make it the seat of universal monarchy: this is the cause of the anger of this deity; and as it constitutes the plot of the poem, it was highly necessary to let the reader know these circumstances.

One

tion nature has fixed to each part of the body, and disposing them all in their proper places, should make an ill proportioned figure, draw the arms where the thighs should be, and delineate a head instead of a belly. You plainly perceive, added *Virgil*, he who should fancy this the picture of a man, as much as that which is exactly copied after nature, would be strangely mistaken. Now poetry is only another kind of painting, which speaks, embellishes, and enlarges the objects, without disfiguring of them. Sometimes she represents things inanimate; but, instead of making them monsters, she dresses them in more agreeable and perfect forms than they really possess; always rejecting mean ideas; and never sullies her works, as you have done with your dreadful descriptions of extravagant figures, which are sufficient to deter people from reading your poem.

Battle between the ancients and moderns, p. 200.

One could not have imagined how *Æolus* could restrain and let loose the winds, if one had not been informed, that they are inclosed in caverns. The poet therefore spends twelve verses on this subject.

The ships of *Æneas*, so roughly handled by a tempest, and at a season when the seas were liable to frequent and unforeseen storms, had need of an harbour that was intirely free from this danger, and that was safe and still; and since it was in an unknown country, it was requisite, that this haven should be situated in a private and secret place. This is what *Virgil* describes in eleven verses.

The description of the *Trojans* being hard at work, and eager to leave *Carthage* (*Æn.* 4.) is likewise very artfully managed. On one hand, it shews the good effect the presence of a lord and master has over these labourers; on the other, the poet paints this their eagerness and attention, not so much to the reader's as to *Dido's* view: she there saw the preparative to her death, and every blow the axe and hammer struck, were like the stabs of a dagger that had pierced her heart. Can any thing be more moving than the ingenious application *Virgil* himself makes of this description, by which he plainly points out his intention in making it?

*Quis tibi nunc, Dido, cernenti talia, sensus?
Quosve dabas gemitus, cum litora fervere late
Prospiceres arce ex summa?—*

If in the middle of a great action any thing is described, that seems to interrupt and distract the reader's mind; it is requisite, that the effect of these descriptions be such as may carry along with them their necessity, and their reasonableness; and that, by this means, they may be embodied, if we may so speak, in the main action. We have one instance of this in the battle of the eleventh book of the *Æneid*, where the poet stops short, and runs out into so minute a description of the arms and dress of *Chloëus*, *Æn.* xi. v. 768, to v. 782. Judicious readers might perhaps have been disgusted at this beauty so carefully described in the very heat of the battle, if the poet had only done it for their sakes. But the case is this: *Camilla* is charmed with these glittering accoutrements; the desire of them costs her her life, gives the victory to the *Trojans*, and at once breaks all the measures *Turnus* had taken against *Æneas*. These are such descriptions as are judiciously introduced, and managed with discretion. They are not made for their own sakes only; they are

are not mere ornaments, and introduced to shew the poet's talent of saying fine things. *Seneca* is far from observing this temperance and reservedness. If he has any recital to make, though ever so melancholy and pitiable, he begins it with such descriptions as are not only useless, but ridiculous. *Creon* has a story to relate to *Ædipus*, pregnant with all the circumstances of horror that can be conceived. He is intreated, he is threatened, and, after great signs of grief, for being forced to utter so terrible a tale, he begins his narration with a description of a grove, which *Ædipus* knew perfectly well, and frequently saw. But suppose he had never seen it, was he then at leisure (agitated as his mind was with fear and anxiety) to be told, that this grove was full of cypress-trees, oaks, laurels, myrtles, alders, and pines? that the cypress-trees are always green; that the laurel-trees bear bitter berries; that the alder-trees were proper to build ships, which ride on the wide ocean; that the oaks of this grove had their branches distorted and eat up with age; that time had gnawed the bark off this, that the roots of that could no longer support it; and that it would tumble down, were it not propped up by the trunk of another tree? The whole is too long, and too affectedly unnatural, to be transcribed; but the reader may see it in the third act of *Seneca's* *Ædipus*, beginning at v. 530. In short, the management of descriptions, and how to introduce them with propriety, is so difficult and artful a task, that even *Homer* himself is thought sometimes to have erred in this particular; as, for instance, in the fifth book of the *Iliad*, v. 722, where he spends several lines in minutely describing the fine chariot of *Juno*, at a time when the reader expected to be hurried instantly into the thickest of the battle:

*For why should Homer deck the gorgeous car,
When our rais'd souls are eager for the war?
Or dwell on ev'ry wheel, when loud alarms,
And Mars in thunder calls the hosts to arms?*

Pitt's Vida, b. II.

Two of the longest descriptions in *Virgil* (except that of *Fame*) are of the serpents in the second book, that destroy *Laocoon*; and of the ghost of *Hector* that appears to *Aeneas*, to inform him of the treachery of *Sinon*, and of the inevitable destruction of *Troy*, whose gods he commits to his care, and bids him immediately set out in search of the empire the fates had designed for him. The reader at one view sees the necessity and importance of both these descriptions, especially the last, in which he must equally admire the pathos, and the propriety. *Milton* had been unpardonable, if he had indulged his luxuriant fancy in describing the serpent in so many lines, and in such

gaudy colours, as he has spent upon it, *b. 9*, if this serpent had not been the instrument of that temptation on which the whole action of his poem turns. The palace of *Alcina* in *Ariosto*, that of *Armida* in *Tasso*, and the bower of *Bliss* in *Spenser* (manifestly copied from them both) take up too much room in their respective places, are injudiciously introduced, are of little service to the fable, and read more like the flowery and fairy descriptions of the crystal and diamond palaces in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, or *Don Bellianis of Greece*, than of objects that ought to be admitted into an epic poem. The same we think may be said of *M. de Voltaire's* description of the temple of love in his *Henriade*. If these poems contained nothing more solid and judicious, and more worthy a wise man's perusal, they ought all, with the romances that turned *Don Quixote's* head, to be delivered over (as *Cervantes* says) *al braco seglar del ama*, to the secular arm of the housekeeper, to be burnt.

V.

Innumerable are the little strokes of nature and character in *Virgil*: of which, the following instances may be given, and than which, nothing more demonstrates a poet's judgment, and penetration into the human heart. The tenderness and piety of *Aeneas* breaks out on every occasion; he pities and bewails *Amycus*, *Gyas*, and *Orontes*, whom he imagined to be lost in the storm; *b. 2. 222*, he is put in mind of his own father's danger by seeing the death of old *Priam*, *b. 2.* he himself carries this aged parent through the flames and tumult of the city; he endeavours to find his *Creusa*, whom he had unfortunately lost, by venturing back into the city, though the enemy then fully possessed it; and does not give over searching farther till her apparition warns him to retreat. He looks back to the walls of *Carthage*, when he was obliged by order of the gods to forsake *Dido*, with the utmost sorrow and regret; especially when he saw the reflection of the flames of *Dido's* funeral fire:

* *Mænia respiciens, quæ jam infelicitis Elisæ
Collucent flammis —*

When

* This image always puts us in mind of that very fine one in the book of *Genesis*, chap. 19. And *Abraham* looked towards *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, and towards all the land of the plain; and beheld, and lo! the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.

When he meets this unhappy queen in the shades below, he accosts her in the tenderest manner imaginable;

Was I the unhappy cause of your death!

Funeris, heu! tibi causa fui!

I swear by all the powers both of heaven and hell, that I left your kingdom with the deepest reluctance and regret. But the very same gods that have commanded me to visit (as you see) these dismal infernal regions, laid on me their strict injunctions to forsake *Carthage*, and drove me out of your kingdom. So that *Æneas* gives her the most indisputable proof, even ocular demonstration, of his perfect obedience to the will of heaven, the only motive that could have induced him to leave her. He adds very movingly, when he perceived she was going away, and would not stop to hear his defence:

*Siste gradum, teque aspectu ne subtrahe nostro.
Quem fugis? extremum fato quod te alloquor hoc est.*

Again; *Aristotle* says, the manner of each personage should be suitable to the sex, age, birth, education, and other circumstances, which usually distinguish and characterize one man from another. Thus the women *Virgil* introduces; the boys, as *Iulus*; the youths, as *Turnus*, *Nisus*, and *Euryalus*; the grown men, as *Mnestheus*, and *Achates*; the old ones, as *Anchises* and *Priam*; are each of them strongly marked and diversified from each other by the circumstances above mentioned. At least they are more strongly marked in our poet than in any that preceded him, or have followed him, *Homer* and *Shakespeare* only excepted, who have drawn more various and more true characters than perhaps any writers whatever.

Virgil hath likewise softened and civilized *Homer's* gods, and made them act with great dignity and decorum. A strong instance of this art may be seen in the tenth book, where *Juno* and *Venus* are circumstantially talkative in their speeches, while *Jupiter* speaks with a majestic brevity.

VI.

It hath been observed in the foregoing notes, that the design of the epopœia being to instruct by examples, and not by downright moralities,
3
sentences

sentences or reflections should be seldom introduced. It may be here added, that *Virgil's* judgment is great in the art of disguising sentences, and taking away from them their dogmatical air.

Boffu speaks of this proceeding in the following manner. *Seneca* very frequently, in his tragedies, where the moral should be less apparent than in the epopœia, utters his thoughts morally and sententiously; and *Virgil*, on the other hand, in the epic poem, and in places that are designed for morality, conceals his sentences under figures, and particular applications. For instance: if any thing lays us under an obligation of embracing virtue, and abandoning vice, it is doubtless this maxim; viz. That the highest and best recompence of a good action flows from virtue itself, and the good habits we contract by our good actions; as that, on the contrary, vicious actions imprint on us the love of vice, and the habits of committing them, which sometimes lead us into a kind of fatal necessity. Again, the habits take such deep root in us, that death itself does not make us relinquish them: we preserve to eternity the affections and inclinations which we have contracted in our life-time, and with which we die. So that those who are so unhappy as to leave this world with their vicious inclinations about them, are afflicted with unspeakable torments, when they come to see the deformity of those vices which they cannot divest themselves of, and the beauty of justice and virtue, from which they are banished for ever. *Virgil* teaches us all this in several sentences, that he disguises after a most admirable manner.

The first is: that the manners and the habits are the best rewards of good actions. He tempers this excellent precept with so much tenderness, that it is hard to say, whether in this passage he makes use of the profitable, or the pleasant. A young nobleman, *Euryalus*, the most amiable, and the most beloved of all the *Trojans*, meets with an important occasion of serving his prince, to which nothing but his own virtue obliges him: he embraces the opportunity with all earnestness, and is going to expose himself to a death, that perhaps might be the heart-breaking of his mother. She loved this son so passionately, that she was the only woman that followed him into *Italy*, without fearing the dangers, and the fatigues, which kept all the rest behind at *Sicily*. *Euryalus*, that loved his mother so dearly, dares not take his leave of her, because he could not sustain the tenderness of her tears. He therefore recommends her to young *Ascanius*. *Ascanius* receives her into his protection: and on both sides they express all the passion, which a great poet was able to inspire them with. It is in the midst of these passions, that a
grave

grave old man, with tears in his eyes, embraces *Euryalus*, and his dear friend *Nisus*; prays for their success; and, for a reward of so much virtue, promises them such an one as we have been discoursing of.

The second sentence is this: that when we die, we carry along with us the habits we have contracted upon earth. The poet makes mention of the troublesome and tormenting habits, when he describes those lovers whom *Aeneas* meets with, labouring under the same miseries they felt before their death. And he says as much concerning the pleasant inclinations, when in the *Elysian* fields *Aeneas* meets with heroes that had the same diversions there, which they enjoyed in this life.

VII.

It was intended to give many instances of *Virgil's* judgment in beautifying, and as it were making his own by his manner of working them up, the many passages he has borrowed from *Homer*, the *Greek* tragedies, and *Ennius*, and *Lucretius*. But on reading Mr. *Hurd's* ingenious *Discourse on Poetical Imitation*, one begins to doubt, whether in reality he has borrowed at all, and whether one does not usually, in this case, mistake necessary resemblances for thefts. The author seems to think with *Bruyere*, that we are come into the world too late to produce any thing new and original; but his own performance is an admirable example to the contrary.

VIII.

The exact propriety of *Virgil's* thoughts ought to be particularly regarded. We find in him no points and turns, no witticisms and conceits, which are utterly inconsistent with the dignity of epic poetry, and please only those superficial readers, who cannot relish a just simplicity. What *Dido* says to *Aeneas* in her last speech to him, is the voice of nature and passion. But how egregiously *Taffo* trifles, when *Armida*, in the same situation, addresses *Rinaldo*!

——— O tu che porte
Parte teco di me, parte ne lassi,
O prendi l'una, o rendi l'altra, o morte
Da insieme ad ambi ———

Canto xvi. 40 Sta.

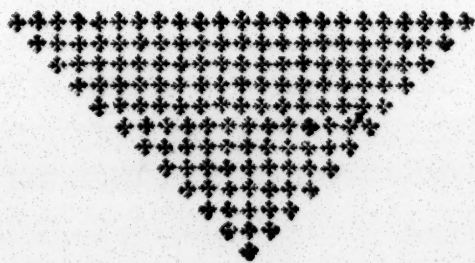
“O thou who carriest one part of me away with thee, and leavest the other, either take the one, or restore the other, or give death to both of them at once.”

By so frequently comparing the chaste manner of *Virgil*, with the vicious and false one of the *Italian* writers, it has been our design to give our younger readers especially, a disgust to such unnatural and florid sentiments, and inspire them with a love of that greatest beauty in writing, simplicity. We would therefore recommend to them the following passage; which, considering the exquisite taste and genius of its author, merits a more particular attention than any words of our own can demand. It is the amiable *Fenelon*, who thus writes to *Fontenelle*, as secretary of the *French* academy, p. 324.

“It is natural (says he) for the moderns who excel in elegance, and ingenious turns, to fancy that they have surpassed the ancients, whose chief excellence is a natural simplicity. But I must beg leave here to propose a sort of apologue. The inventors of the *Gothic* kind of architecture (which is said to have come from the *Arabians*) fancied, no doubt, that they had outdone the *Greek* architects. A *Grecian* structure has nothing in it that is merely ornamental. The parts that are necessary to support, or to cover it, as the pillars, and the cornice, become ornaments only by their beautiful proportion. Every thing is simple, exact, and useful. We see nothing in it either bold or fanciful, that can impose on the sight. The proportions are so just, that nothing seems very noble, though the whole really be so. Every thing is designed to satisfy true reason. On the contrary, the *Gothic* architect, upon very slender pillars, raises up a vast roof into the clouds. One would fancy it were going to tumble, though it stands many ages. It is all full of windows, roses, and little knacks. The stones seem to be pinked and cut out like paper-baubles. Every thing looks gay and light; as it were hanging in the air. Was it not natural now for the first *Gothic* architects, to imagine, that, by their vain refinement, they had outdone the *Greek* simplicity? Now only change the names, and put poets and orators instead of architects: *Lucan* must naturally fancy he was a greater poet than *Virgil*. *Seneca*, the tragedian, must imagine he was brighter than *Sophocles*. *Taffo* perhaps hoped he should excel *Virgil* and *Homer*. If these authors thought so, they were much deceived. And the most excellent modern authors should beware of the like mistake.”

IX.

Lastly, the art of *Virgil* is never so powerfully felt, as when he attempts to move the passions, especially the more tender ones. The pathetic was the grand, distinguishing characteristic of his genius and temper. And this perhaps is the reason why *Æneas* is painted of so soft and compassionate a turn of mind. Our poet began so early as in his *Eclogues* (see the second and tenth) to steep his song in tears. And the story of *Orpheus* is excelled by nothing but that of *Dido*, of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* and his mother, the mournful picture of *Troy*, the lamentations of *Evander*, and the distresses of *Latinus*, *Juturna*, and *Turnus*. *Quintilian* has exactly drawn *Virgil*'s character under that of *Euripides*: *In affectibus cum omnibus mirus, tum is qui miseratione constant, facile præcipuus*, lib. x. c. 1. It lay in his power alone, to have enriched the *Roman* poesy with what it so greatly wanted, and what is perhaps a more useful work than even an epic poem itself, *A perfect tragedy*.



REFLECTIONS

R E F L E C T I O N S

O N

D I D A C T I C P O E T R Y.

THE ancients have left us no rules or observations concerning this species of poetry. *Aristotle*, chiefly intent on giving laws to dramatic writers, advises the true poet to disappear as much as possible, to write only in dialogue, and never to speak in his own person; because, says he, it may be laid down as a general rule, in this art, that when the poet speaks in his own person, he is no longer an imitator. In conformity to this opinion, *Castelvetro*, the learned *Italian* commentator on *Aristotle's* poetics, has declared, that if *Virgil* had written nothing but the *Georgics*, he ought not to have been enrolled among the number of the poets. For, says he, p. 29, physiology can never be the subject of poetry, which was invented not to instruct, but barely to amuse and entertain the gross minds of the ignorant multitude. And what was the general opinion of the ancients on this subject, may be easily known from that story of *Socrates*, related in the *Phædon* of *Plato*: who being admonished in a dream to apply himself to music, began to compose an hymn to *Apollo*, whose feast was then celebrating. But upon afterwards reflecting, that a person who would be a true poet, must make fables (must create) and not write mere discourses in metre; he at once took a common fable from *Æsop*, not having any inventive faculty himself. And it is observable, that *Plutarch*, after quoting this story of *Socrates*, excludes *Empedocles*, *Parmenides*, *Nicander*, and *Theognis*, out of the number of legitimate poets; because, adds he, we know there may be sacrifices without music and dancing, but there can be no true poetry without fiction and fables. This severe remark,

mark, which seems not to be founded on nature and truth, would effectually exclude all didactic and descriptive poetry. Surely the poet is an imitator, when he paints any object of universal nature, animate or inanimate, whether he speaks in his own person, or introduces speakers; though indeed imitations of the latter species have not the same dignity or utility with those of human manners, passions, and characters.

To render instruction amiable, to soften the severity of science, and to give virtue and knowledge a captivating and engaging air, is the great privilege of the didactic muse; it is she, who

——— *præspiciens ante Viâ
Cuncta coloribus egregiis, et odoribus opplet.*

LUCRETIVS.

Professed teaching is highly disagreeable to the natural pride of man, as it implies a superiority of understanding over the person instructed. That precepts may gain an easy admission into the heart, it is necessary to deliver them in a concealed indirect manner, divested of all pretensions to a larger share of reason, and of all dogmatical stiffness. A man who peruses any system, written in this modest unassuming method, and adorned moreover with striking images and harmonious numbers, learns faster, and retains with pleasure what is so learnt:

——— *discit citius, meminitque libentius.*

HOR.

As material objects are the most susceptible of poetical ornaments, so perhaps, the various employments, businesses, and amusements of life, together with the elegant arts and sciences, are more proper subjects for didactic poetry, than such as are purely speculative and metaphysical. Abstracted ideas admit but of few embellishments. All parts of natural philosophy in particular, as being conversant about sensible images, seem the best calculated to shine in this way of writing;

——— *Coelique vias et sidera monstrent,
Defectus solis varios, lunæque labores:
Unde tremor terris, qua vi maria, alta tumescant
Objicibus ruptis rursusque in seipsa resident;
Quid tantum oceano properent se tingere soles
Hyberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.*

No. 29.

6 C

We

We have some elegant but short specimens of this sort in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*; such are the poems on a barometer, on the circulation of the blood, and on Dr. Hales's vegetable statics.

In making choice of a proper subject, regard should be had, to fix, if possible, upon one of an important and universal nature; and which may deeply interest all mankind. Such is Dr. *Armstrong's* poem on the art of preserving health. And after this interesting subject is chosen, only such rules relating to it should be selected, as will bear to be delivered gracefully; and to be enlivened with poetical imagery. It is not required or expected of a poet, to enter into a minute detail of dry precepts, but to single out those precepts that will entertain as well as instruct his reader:

——— *et quæ*
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.

HOR.

There are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to chuse the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes *Virgil's* rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than *Varro's*. Where the prose writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in the description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth which he would communicate to us, the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding.

The delicate address of *Virgil* in this particular is worthy our attention; of which the following instances may be given. Instead of telling his husbandman plainly, that his crops will fail by bad management, he says,

Heu magnum alterius frustra spectabis acervum,
Concussaue famem in sylvis solabere quercu.

Instead of saying, that elms by engrafting have borne acorns, he speaks of that operation in this lively manner:

——— *Glandemque suæ fregere sub ulmis.*

2

Instead

Instead of informing us that the farmers often root up an old forest, he speaks of this proceeding with the following picturesque circumstances:

*Antiquasque domos avium cum stirpibus imis
Eruunt; illæ altum nidis petiere relictis.*

He does not call the plane a large tree, but says,

Jamque ministrantem platanum potantibus umbram.

And instead of ordering the farmer to water his grounds, what a landscape does he present us with!

*Ecce, supercilio clivosi tramitis undam
Elicit: illa cadens raucum per lævia murmur
Saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva!*

After this manner should the didactic poet raise and enliven every precept he gives; he should describe things by their effects; and speak of them as already done, instead of regularly ordering the manner in which they should be done; and throw in circumstances and adjuncts, that may forcibly strike the imagination, and embellish and conceal the dryness of the subject.

But although the poet delivers his precepts in the most artful manner imaginable, and renders them as palatable as possible, yet the reader will soon be disgusted with a continued series of instruction, if his mind be not relieved at proper intervals by pleasing digressions of various kinds, naturally arising from the main subject, and closely connected with it. If *Virgil* had confined himself merely to agriculture, and had never inserted in his poem the prodigies that attended the death of *Julius Cæsar*, the praises of *Italy*; the chariot-race, the *Scythian* winter-piece, the happiness of a country life, the loves of the beasts, and the pathetic description of the plague among the cattle; his *Georgics*, though abounding in most useful rules, delivered with dignity and grace united, would never have been the delight and admiration of his own, and all succeeding ages. His art is no where more remarkable than in those passages, where, after seeming to have left his subject and his husbandmen, he suddenly returns to them, and connects all he has been saying, though he appears to have wandered far from his purpose, by adding some rural circumstance with great address. Thus, after saying the world was distracted with many wars, he instantly adds,

— Non

——— *Non ullus, aratro*
Dignus honos ——

——— *Thus Maro's muse,*
Thrice sacred muse! commodious precepts gives,
Instructive to the swains; not only bent
On what is gainful, sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shews the force of love
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the hapless youth thro' storms and waves,
Alone in deep of night; then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Riphæan race,
Mimic brisk cyder with the brake's product wild,
Sloes pounded, hips, and servis' harshest juice.

PHILIPS'S Cyder, b. i.

This last mentioned author, among other classical beauties, hath closely copied *Virgil* in throwing many artful digressions into his poem. He opens his 2d book with an address to lord *Harcourt's* son, then abroad upon his travels in *Italy*, and afterwards returns to his subject with great dexterity in the following lines:

Mean while (altho' the Massic grape delights,
Pregnant of racy juice, and Firmian hills
Temper thy cups, yet) wilt thou not reject
Thy native liquors; lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
O'erflow with generous cyder.

BOOK ii.

This poet speaking afterwards of the pernicious effects of drunkenness, and of the discords and quarrels arising from this vice, slides with great art and address, into a description of the civil wars and dissensions that have frequently troubled the repose of this kingdom. And when he comes to mention the last great rebellion, very dexterously flings in the following line:

Yet was the cyder land unstain'd with guilt.

This

This at once recalls the mind of the reader to the subject, which the author seemed to have forsaken, during so long a digression. Of the same kind are his descriptions of the destruction of old *Ariconium*, the praises of *Herefordshire*; the moral characters of the most celebrated poets at the conclusion of the 1st, and the effects of the union at the end of the 2d book; where, after saying, that

————— *Where'er the British spread*
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffusive to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe,—————

he concludes fully and appositely to his subject,

————— *Silurian cyder borne,*
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

But of all the various kinds of digressions, those of a pathetic nature, if they can be introduced with propriety, will have the best effect. A moving tale, such as the history of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* in the 4th book of the *Georgics*, is the most likely to render a didactic poem interesting. A stroke of passion is worth a hundred of the most lively and glowing descriptions. Men love to be moved, much better than to be instructed. Supposing (says the *Abbè du Bos*) that the subject of a didactic poem is so exceedingly curious, as to induce you to read it once over with great pleasure; yet you will never peruse it a second time with the same satisfaction you taste even from an eclogue. The understanding feels no pleasure in being instructed twice in the same thing; but the heart is capable of feeling the same emotion twice, with great pleasure. This amiable and ingenious writer, who hath struck out many new observations upon poetry, illustrates his opinion, that a poem abounding in the best written descriptions will never deeply affect a reader, except something of the pathetic be added, by the following remarks on a sister art.

“The finest landscape of *Titian* or *Carrache*, does not interest the beholder more than would the real prospect of a village in a disagreeable or pleasant country. There is nothing in such a picture that speaks to one, if I may be allowed the expression. And as it does not touch the heart, it cannot gain the attention. The best painters were so well convinced of this truth, that they have very seldom given us landscapes wholly desert, and without human

figures.* They have peopled their pictures; they have introduced into them persons employed in some action capable of moving us, and by consequence of engaging our attention. This is the constant practice of *Poussin*, *Rubens*, and the other great masters, who do not think it sufficient to place in their landscapes a man passing on the road, or perhaps a countrywoman carrying her fruit to market. They introduce men agitated with passions, in order to excite our's, and by such an emotion to interest us and engage our attention. In effect, the figures introduced in these pictures are more frequently mentioned and talked of, than their trees or terraces. The landscape which *Poussin* painted several times over, and which is commonly called his *Arcadia*, would never have been so celebrated, if it had contained no human figures.

“Who has not heard of that famous country, which is said to have been inhabited by the happiest men that ever existed on earth? Men employed only on their pleasures, and who knew no other disquietudes than those which befel the imaginary shepherds in romances, whose condition is so much to be envied. The picture of which I am speaking, represents a landscape of a delightful country. In the midst we see the monument of a young virgin, dead in the flower of her age: this we know by means of her statue laid at length on her tomb after the manner of the ancients. The sepulchral inscription is but four *Latin* words: *and yet I lived in Arcadia. Et in Arcadia ego*. But this inscription, short as it is, gives occasion for very serious reflections, to two young men and two young maidens, crowned with chaplets.

* This observation may be illustrated by that fine simile of *Milton*:

*As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air:
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more;
She most, and in her look sums all delight.*

Paradise Lost, book ix. v. 445.

'The beholder's delight is doubled, at the appearance of this living beauty.'

chaplets of flowers, who seem to have met accidentally with this mournful monument, in a place where they might well imagine no melancholy object was to be found. One of their company makes the rest take notice of this inscription, by pointing to it with his finger. And one may perceive, in the midst of the affliction and pity that begins to spread themselves over their features, something of the remains of an expiring joy. We imagine we hear the reflections of these young persons on the power of death, who spares neither age, nor beauty; and against whom the happiest climates can afford no protection. We figure to ourselves what touching things they would say to one another, when they recovered from their first surprize, and we apply these things to ourselves, and to those for whom we are concerned. It is in poetry as in painting; and the imitations which poetry makes of nature, touch and affect us, only in proportion to the impression, which the thing imitated would make on our hearts, if we saw it in reality."

These observations, drawn from the art of painting, are as full of good taste, as of solid reflection, and seem to be founded on a knowledge of the human heart. They sufficiently evince that without something of the pathetic, something that comes home to our business and bosoms, as lord *Bacon* expresseth it, no didactic poem can possibly be interesting.

As to the style of a didactic poem, which comes next to be considered, it ought certainly to abound in the most bold and forcible metaphors, the most glowing and picturesque epithets; it ought to be elevated and enlivened by pomp of numbers, and majesty of words, and by every figure that can lift a language above the vulgar and current expression. One may add, that in no kind of poetry (nay not even in the sublime ode) is a beauty of expression so much to be regarded as in this. For the epic writer should be very cautious of indulging himself in too florid a manner of expression; especially in the dramatic parts of his fable, where he introduces dialogue. And the writer of tragedy cannot fall into so nauseous and unnatural an affectation,* as to
put

* It may not be improper to produce the following glaring instance of the absurdity of introducing long and minute descriptions into tragedy. When *Romeo* receives the dreadful and unexpected news of *Juliet's* death, this fond husband, in an agony of grief, immediately resolves to poison himself. But his sorrow is interrupted, while he gives us an exact picture of the apothecary's shop, from whom he intended to purchase the poison.

put laboured descriptions, pompous epithets, studied phrases, and high-flown metaphors, into the mouths of his characters. But as the didactic poet speaks in his own person, it is necessary and proper for him to use a more luscious colouring style, and to be more studious of ornament. And this is agreeable to an admirable precept of *Aristotle*, which no writer should ever forget,——that diction ought most to be laboured in the unactive, that is, the descriptive parts of a poem, in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented; for too glaring an expression obscures the manners and the sentiments.

Accordingly *Virgil* hath used every possible method of exalting his style into dignity and grace, by bold metaphors, grecisms, striking epithets, and poetical circumlocutions.

Hence is it that he will not say *quo tempore*, but *sydere*, in the very first line of his poem. Hence is it that he ascribes human properties and passions to plants and animals.

Exuerint

*I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted,
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuft, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a shew.*

Act 5. Scene 3.

We appeal to those who know any thing of the human heart, whether *Romeo*, in this distressful situation, could have leisure to think of the alligator, empty boxes, and bladders, and other furniture of this beggarly shop, and to point them out so distinctly to the audience. The description is indeed very lively and natural, but very improperly put into the mouth of a person agitated with such passions as *Romeo* is represented to be.

*Exuerint sylvestrem animam, cultuque frequenti,
In quascunque voces artes, haud tarda sequenter.*

Geor. ii. v. 51.

Mærentem abjungens, fraternâ morte juvencum,

Geor. iii. v. 518.

Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.

Geor. ii. v. 82.

Et quis cuique dolor victo, quæ gloria palmae.

Geor. iii. v. 102.

It is after this manner *Virgil* judiciously conceals the nakedness and barrenness of his subjects, by the lustre of his language. It is thus that he breaks the clouds, and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. Or, as *Boileau* speaks, it is thus that he turneth every thing he touches into gold. We shall now endeavour to point the merit or imperfection of the most celebrated didactic poets, ancient and modern, by giving a short, and we hope, impartial account of each. We shall begin with *Hesiod*, whose character has been drawn by Mr. *Addison* in the following words: "If we may guess, says he, at *Hesiod*'s character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, discreet and frugal; he lived altogether in the country, and was probably, for his great prudence, the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandizes, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole *Georgic*. His method in describing month after month with it's proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprize and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may beforehand guess, whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sun-shine, in the next description. The descriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them; but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress.—Nor has he shewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse. But after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a *Georgic*,

where we may still discover something venerable in the antiqueness of the work; but if one would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, and the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater mailer's hand."

We cannot help thinking, but that Mr. *Addison* hath placed the merit of this venerable father of didactic poetry rather too low. There is a great beauty in his natural and artless way of writing; and such primæval simplicity, though it does not strike us at first sight so forcibly, as a more laboured and artificial style, yet is infinitely pleasing to one of a just taste, and to any real lover of nature. However, *Hesiod* sometimes rises into great dignity of expression, and has given many instances of true poetry. Of this kind is his account of the iron age, where the goodness of his heart appears in every line; and which concludes by describing with a lofty prosopopoeia, *Envy*, like a constant companion following all the sons of men, and *Modesty* and *Nemesis* retreating from the earth.

Empedocles flourished about the 80th olympiad: he was a native of *Sicily*, and wrote a poem on the nature of things, and the four elements; the loss of which, if we may judge from some few noble fragments that remain, we have great reason to regret. Even the severe *Aristotle* speaks of him with great respect, and says, that he was very *Homeric* in his manner; that his style was well laboured, and full of metaphors; and that he made use of all the proper methods that could conduce to the beauty of his poetry. What may justly give us the highest idea of this poet, and of the loss the learned world has sustained by the want of his work, is the noble and affectionate character given of him by *Lucretius*, in a passage, in which the poetry and the panegyric are equally great. Where after speaking of the wonders of *Sicily* in very sublime terms, he adds, that nothing which that country had produced was so worthy of attention, or so truly valuable and illustrious, as this incomparable man.

Aratus, who flourished in the reign of *Ptolomy Philadelphus*, was the contemporary and friend of *Theocritus*: he composed an astronomical poem on the nature and motion of the stars. *Cicero* (not probably the most able judge of poetry, and who translated this work into *Latin*) says, he writes *ornatissimos atque optimos versus*; but he certainly wants spirit and elevation. *Virgil* has manifestly borrowed many of his prognostics in the first book, from this writer's phænomena; and it may be no unpleasing amusement to see how the *Roman* has improved the images he took from the *Greek*.

Aratus

Aratus appears to have a great deal of nature, but not much dignity and elevation in his manner. His character is so finely and so justly drawn by *Quintilian*, and is applicable to so many didactic poets, that we shall give it to the readers without apology for so many quotations: *Arati materia motu caret, ut in qua nulla varietas, nullus affectus, nulla persona, nulla cujusquam sit oratio; sufficit tamen operi cui se parem credidit.* Instit. Orat. l. 10.

We believe it is scarce possible for a passage of equal length to contain more taste and judgment in it than this: insomuch that there is hardly a fault, which a didactic poet can commit, that is not here hinted at.

Oppian lived in the beginning of *Commodus's* reign, and was afterwards greatly patronized by *Severus*. He wrote two didactic poems, one upon fishing, called *Halieutica*; the other on hunting, entitled *Cynegtica*. The former is the most celebrated of the two. *Rapin* tells us, he is a dry prosaic writer. But it is observable, that this critic seldom speaks favourably of the *Greek* authors: the reason of which may probably be, that like many a modern critic he did not understand that language; and *M. Menage* assures us he did not. *Scaliger*, a much abler judge, says of *Oppian*, that he is an excellent poet; easy yet eloquent, sublime and harmonious; that he not only far surpassed *Gratius* and *Nemesianus*, who have written on the same subject, but that he seems to have the very air of *Virgil*, whom he endeavoured particularly to imitate; and that he has given us the truest and liveliest images of that divine poet. Though the censures and praises of *Scaliger* are generally extravagant; and though in the present case, he seems to have bestowed his encomiums on *Oppian* a little too lavishly, yet we believe this writer is well worthy the learned reader's perusal, for some of his descriptions (particularly one of a horse) are well worked up, and extremely natural.

Thus much may suffice for the *Greek* didactic poets.

We are next to speak of *Lucretius*, whose merit as a poet has never yet been sufficiently displayed, and who seems to have had more fire, spirit and energy, more of the *vivida vis animi*, than most of the *Roman* poets. Whoever imagines with *Tully*, that *Lucretius* had not a great genius, is desired to cast his eye on two pictures he has given us at the beginning of his poem; the first of *Venus* with her lover *Mars*, beautiful to the last degree, and more glowing than any figure painted by *Titian*; the second of the terrible and gigantic figure, the dæmon of *Superstition*, worthy the pencil of *Michael Angelo*. Neither do we think that the description that immediately follows
of

of the sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, was excelled by the famous picture of *Timanthes* on the same subject, of which *Pliny* speaks so highly in the 35th book of his *Natural History*: especially the circumstances of her perceiving the grief of her father *Agamemnon*, and of the priest's concealing his sacrificing knife, and of the spectators bursting into tears, and her falling on her knees.

Some passages are highly finished, contain lively descriptions, and are exceedingly harmonious in their versification; particularly where he speaks of the fruitfulness occasioned throughout all nature by vernal showers, lib. i. 251 to ver. 293; of the ravages committed by tempestuous winds, lib. i. 272 to ver. 295; of the difficulty of his undertaking, and of his affection to his patron *Memmius*, lib. i. 920 to ver. 950.

The second book opens with a sublime description of a true philosopher, standing on the top of the temple of *Wisdom*, and looking down with pity and contempt on the busy hum of men. This is followed by a beautiful and forcible exhortation to temperance of each kind, and by that most poetical account of the pleasures of a country life (ver. 24 to ver. 36.) which *Virgil* hath exactly copied at the end of his second book of the *Georgics*. The fears and the cares that infest human life are afterwards personified in a beautiful manner.

In the beginning of the second book, which opens with the praises of *Epicurus*, is a passage that of itself, without alledging other instances, is sufficient to shew the strength and sublimity of our author's imagination. As the sound of thy voice (says he, addressing himself to the father of his philosophy) the terrors of the mind (here personified) fly away with fear and astonishment.

*Nam simul ac * Ratio tua cæpit vociferari
Naturam rerum haud divinâ mente coortum
Diffugiunt animi * Terrores.*

The walls of the world suddenly part asunder! I look down into the immense void! and distinctly see all it contains!

— *Mænia*

* Persons.

——— *Mænia mundi*
Discedunt, totum video per inane geri res.

This image always puts us in mind of that exalted one in *Milton*, which is so strongly conceived.

*On heavenly ground they flood, and from the shore
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains to assault
 Heav'n's height, and with the center mix the pole.*

Par. Lost, b. vii. 210.

The descriptions of a person in a deep lethargy, lib. iii. ver. 465; of the effects of drunkenness, ver. 475; of the falling sickness, ver. 486; and the noble prosopopoeia, ver. 944, where nature is introduced chiding her ungrateful sons for their folly and discontent, are equal to any thing in the *Roman* poesy; as is likewise the conclusion of this book, where the poet allegorizes all the punishments of hell, from ver. 991 to 1036. It is hard to determine whether the poetry or impiety of this third book (where many weak arguments are brought against the immortality of the soul) be greatest.

In the fourth book our author hath painted the evils and inconveniencies attending the passion of love in the liveliest colours. No poet seems to have felt more strongly than *Lucretius*.

The fifth book concludes with a description of the uncivilized state of man, together with the origin and progress of government, arts, and sciences.

The sixth book is the least obscure and abstruse of any, being wholly taken up with describing the appearances of nature, and accounting for some seeming prodigies. The plague with which the whole poem concludes being more known and read than any other part of it, we shall not point out any particular passages. We could not forbear saying thus much of an author, whose fertile and strong imagination, whose nervous and forcible expression seem not sufficiently regarded. The arguments of impiety which the poem contains, are indeed so sophistical and weak, and have been so many times solidly confuted, that we do not see the danger some are apprehensive of from a diligent perusal of this work.

So much hath already been said of *Virgil* (who should next be mentioned) both in these reflections and in the foregoing notes, that any farther observations on him in this place are superfluous.

Horace's Epistle to the Piso's, commonly called his *Art of Poetry*, seems never to have been so fully understood, and so judiciously explained, as lately by the author of notes and a commentary upon it. He hath endeavoured to prove, that there is an artful concealed method observed throughout the whole; and that it is not a general system of poetry, as hath usually been imagined, but is confined merely to the state and defects of the drama in the age of *Augustus*. The *Romans* seem to have stood in need of such an instructor, for they had no extraordinary talents or taste for the stage. *In comœdiâ maxime claudicamus*, says the impartial *Quintilian*: notwithstanding *Varro's* opinion, that if the muses were to speak *Latin*, they would speak in *Plautus's* language; notwithstanding our forefathers talk so highly of *Cæcilius*; and notwithstanding *Terence's* writings were attributed to *Scipio Africanus*. As to tragedy, the *Romans* have made no considerable figure in it; but *Quintilian* assures us, that the *Thyestes* of *Varius* was comparable to any tragedy of the *Greeks*; and that the *Medæa* of *Ovid* evidently shewed, how much he could have excelled, if he had chosen to restrain, rather than give a loose to his genius. *Inst. Orat.* l. 11. The unnatural and affected *Seneca* cannot be mentioned without distaste. It is needless to add what almost every schoolboy is acquainted with, that the precepts of *Horace* are chiefly drawn from *Aristotle's Poetics*, are indeed the most useful commentary on that inestimable treatise, and will best enable us to judge of the ancient stage: but he hath likewise inserted many precepts, peculiarly adapted to the use of his countrymen: and hath delivered the whole with that graceful negligence that ought to be the predominant quality of epistolary writings both in verse and prose; while they should

——— familiarly convey

The truest notions in the easiest way.

He who supreme in judgment, as in wit,

Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,

Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;

His precepts teach but what his works inspire.

3

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

Under

Under this head (in which we shall include all the writers on this subject) it will be unpardonable to omit *Marcus Hieronymus Vida*, one of the first re-flores of polite literature and just criticism. His poetics have been always deservedly read and admitted as a fine didactic poem, and considering the time in which he wrote, were of infinite use in diffusing a good taste among his countrymen; and from thence over all *Europe*.

The characteristics of *Vida* seem to be elegance, perspicuity, and purity; but he frequently wants dignity and force. He rises however into poetry at the end of his first book, and in the middle of his second, where he describes the poet under the influence of inspiration, returning upon him powerfully after a languid interval, and an absence of the poetic inclination.

The precepts of *Vida* principally respect the *Epopoeia*, but are most of them applicable to every other species of poetry. In his third and last book he hath treated of poetical style in general; hath examined the force and propriety of every figure of speech with great accuracy and true taste; hath laid down some judicious rules, on that difficult and delicate task, correction; and concludes with a sublime panegyric on the poems of *Virgil*. It ought to be observed, that all succeeding writers on this subject are more indebted to *Vida*, than he was to his predecessors in the same way.

Boileau's art of poetry has a brevity in it's precepts, a perspicacity in it's observations, and an energy in it's style, seldom to be found in the diffusive writings of his countrymen. He hath delivered rules for every species of poetry in it's regular gradations from the pastoral to the epic: only it is observable that he speaks not a syllable of the didactic. We have in this highly finished work, which however consists but of four short canto's, all that could be expected from a man of strong sense and keen observation, (though perhaps of no warm poetical genius) who had spent his life in studying and defending the ancients, and had formed his taste upon the *Greek* and *Roman* models alone.

We chuse to speak of Mr. *Pope's Essay on Criticism* in the words of his friend and commentator. When the reader considers the regularity of the plan, the masterly conduct of each part, the penetration into nature, and the compass of learning so conspicuous throughout, he should at the same time know it was the work of an author who had not attained to the twentieth year of his age.

Although

Although there are some sensible observations, and perhaps a few sparks of poetry in the duke of *Buckingham's Essay on Poetry*, and in that of lord *Roscommon* on translated verse, yet we must presume to think, that the reputation they have gained, is in a great measure owing to the rank of their authors, and to the age in which they were written; when criticism had not spread so widely, nor was so well understood, as apparently it hath been since their times.

We are doubtful whether we ought to mention *Ovid's Art of Love* in this list of didactic poems, from the libertine nature of it's subject. With respect both to his style and matter, one may apply to him what *Quintilian* says of another, *abundat dulcibus vitiis*.

The art of painting seems to be the finest and fruitfulest subject for a didactic poem. What *Fresnoy* has written on that subject is exceedingly dry, prosaic, and unentertaining; for he has only given the mechanic rules of a painter; it is to be wished that some true genius would undertake to treat it as a poet.

Before we conclude these reflections, it will, we presume, be expected that we speak a few words on the didactic poets of our own nation.

Philips's Cyder is a very close and happy imitation of the *Georgic*, and conveys to us the fullest idea of *Virgil's* manner: whom he hath exactly followed in a pregnant brevity of style, in throwing in frequent moral reflections, in varying the method of giving his precepts, in his digressions and in his happy address in returning again to his subject; in his knowledge and love of philosophy, medicine, agriculture, and antiquity, and in a certain primæval simplicity of manners, which is so conspicuous in both.

The faults chiefly to be imputed to *Philips* are, perhaps, his having used too many ellisions, exotique and antique expressions, and transpositions, under the notion of strengthening his verse, and of resembling *Milton*: who, by the way, is not so uniformly obsolete and difficult in his diction, as is sometimes imagined; but makes use of these uncommon and unfamiliar phrases chiefly when he is describing things that lie out of the compass of nature, and that are marvellous and strange, such as hell, chaos, and heaven.

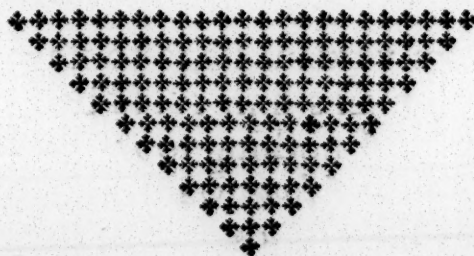
Somerville, in his *Chace*, writes with all the spirit and fire of an eager sportsman. His descriptions of hunting the hare, the fox, and the stag, are extremely

tremely spirited, and place the very objects before our eyes; of such consequence is it for a man to write on that which he hath frequently felt with pleasure. He neglects his versification sometimes, and there are doubtless great inequalities in the poem. He hath failed in describing the madness that sometimes rages among hounds, and particularly in his account of the effects of the bite of a mad dog on a man.

To describe so difficult a thing, gracefully and poetically, as the effects of a distemper on the human body, was reserved for Dr. *Armstrong*; who accordingly hath nobly executed it, at the end of the third book of his *Art of preserving Health*, where he hath given us that pathetic account of the sweating sickness. There is a classical correctness and closeness of style in this poem, that are truly admirable, and the subject is raised and adorned by numberless poetical images. In short, this author hath evidently shewn, that there is no subject but what is capable of being exalted into poetry by a genius.

There is a sublimity of sentiment, an energy of diction, a spirit unextinguished by correctness and rhyme, to be found in *Pope's Essay on Man*, that will ever render it the honour of our nation and language. It may be said, in the words of Mr. *Warburton*, that this poem "hath a precision, force, and closeness of connection, rarely to be met with even in the most formal treatises of philosophy?"

The *Pleasures of Imagination* are, in their very nature, a most proper and pregnant subject for a didactic poem. The amiable author who happily fixt on these as his subjects, it must be allowed by the severest critic, hath done them ample justice; whether we consider his glowing and animated style, his lively and picturesque images, the gracefulness and harmonious flow of his numbers, or the noble spirit of poetical enthusiasm, which breathes through his whole work.



A
D I S S E R T A T I O N
U P O N
P A S T O R A L P O E T R Y;
I N C L U D I N G A
D E F E N C E O F P U B L I U S V I R G I L I U S M A R O
A G A I N S T
S O M E O F T H E R E F L E C T I O N S O F M O N S I E U R F O N T E N E L L E.

MAN is not so depraved, but that representations of innocence and tranquillity are still delightful and pleasing to the mind. The first employment of our forefathers was undoubtedly the tending of cattle: an employment which princes and patriarchs did not disdain to undertake, however opposite it may appear to the refinements of modern life. This plainness and simplicity of manners is highly amusing and captivating to persons uncorrupted; and, as *Shakspear* says, unhackneyed in the ways of men; who love to be carried back into that age of quiet, of innocence and virtue,

What time *Dan Abraham* left the *Chaldee* land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains him could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the *sylvan* war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed;
Blest sons of nature they, true golden age indeed!

Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

The love of the country is so strong a passion, that it can hardly be ever obliterated or overcome; though business or amusement, or criminal pursuits, or conveniencies, or courts, carry men into cities, yet they still continue fond of fields and forests, of meadows and rivulets. A very accomplished courtier assures us, that the stateliest edifices, and the finest pieces of architecture would lose their beauty, if rural objects were not interspersed among them.

This is owing to the superior power which the works of nature hold above those of art, to affect and entertain the imagination. For although the latter may sometimes appear very beautiful, or even wonderful, yet they can have nothing in them of that vastness and immensity, which afford so great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never appear so august and magnificent in the design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless strokes of nature, than in the nicest touches and embellishments of art. For this reason is pastoral poetry so amusing to the mind: in her fairy region are found,

*Et secunda quies, & nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum: hic latis otia furdis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.*

As the writings of greatest antiquity are in verse, so in all sorts of poetry, pastorals seem the most ancient; being formed upon the model of the first innocence, and simplicity, which the moderns, better to dispense themselves from imitating, have wisely thought fit to treat as fabulous, and impracticable; and yet they, by obeying the unsophisticated dictates of nature, enjoyed the most valuable blessings of life; a vigorous health of body, with a constant serenity and freedom of mind; whilst we, with all our fanciful refinements, can scarcely pass an autumn without some access of a fever, or a whole day, not ruffled by some unquiet passion. He was not then looked upon as a very old man, who reached to a greater number of years, than in these times an ancient family can reasonably pretend to; and we know the names of several who saw, and practised the world for a longer space of time, than we can read the accounts of in any one entire body of history. In short, they invented the most useful arts, pasturage, tillage, geometry, writing, music, astronomy, &c. whilst the moderns, like extravagant heirs, made rich by their industry, ingratiously deride the good old gentleman who left them the estate. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that pastorals are fallen into disesteem,
together

together with that fashion of life, upon which they were grounded. Yet *Virgil* passed a much different judgment on his own works; he valued most this part, and his *Georgics*, and depended upon them for his reputation with posterity: but censures himself, in one of his letters to *Augustus*, for meddling with heroics, the invention of a degenerating age. This is the reason that the rules of pastoral are so little known, or studied. *Aristotle*, *Horace*, and the *Essay of Poetry*, take no notice of it. And Mr. *Boileau*, one of the most accurate of the moderns, because he never loses the ancients out of his sight, bestows scarce half a page on it.

It is our design, therefore, to clear this sort of writing from vulgar prejudices; to vindicate our author from some unjust imputations; to look into some of the rules of this sort of poetry, and inquire what sort of versification is most proper for it, in which point we are so much inferior to the ancients, that this consideration alone were enough to make some writers think as they ought, that is, meanly of their own performances.

A true pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd; the form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both; the fable simple, the manners not too polite, nor too rustic; the thoughts are plain, but admit a little quickness and passion, yet that short and flowing. The expression humble, yet as pure as the language will allow; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature. The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy: the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

In writing or judging of pastoral poetry, neither the authors or critics of later times seem to have paid sufficient regard to the originals left us by antiquity; but have entangled themselves with unnecessary difficulties, and advanced principles, which, having no foundation in the nature of things, are wholly to be rejected from a species of composition in which, above all others, mere nature is to be regarded.

It is, therefore, necessary, to enquire after some more distinct and exact idea of this kind of writing. This may, we think, be easily found in the pastorals of *Virgil*; from whose opinion it will not appear very safe to depart, if we consider that every advantage of nature, and of fortune, concurred to complete his productions, that he was born with great accuracy, and severity of judgment, enriched with all the learning of one of the brightest ages, and embellished

bellished with the elegance of the *Roman* court; that he employed his powers rather in improving, than inventing; that, taking *Theocritus* for his original, he found pastoral much advanced towards perfection, if not already perfect; and that having therefore so great a rival, he must have proceeded with uncommon caution.

If we search the writings of *Virgil*, for the true definition of a pastoral, it will be found a poem in which any action or passion is represented by its effects upon a country life. Whatsoever, therefore, may, according to the common course of things, happen in the country, may afford a subject for a pastoral poet.

In this definition, it will immediately occur, to those who are versed in the writings of the modern critics, that there is no mention of the golden age. We cannot indeed easily discover why it is thought necessary to refer descriptions of a rural state to remote times, nor can we perceive that any writer has consistently preserved the *Arcadian* manners and sentiments. The only reason that we have read, on which this rule has been founded, is, that, according to the customs of modern life, it is improbable that shepherds should be capable of harmonious numbers, or delicate sentiments; and therefore, the reader must exalt his ideas of the pastoral character, by carrying his thoughts back to the age in which the care of herds and flocks was the employment of the wisest and greatest men.

These reasoners seem to have been led into their hypothesis, by considering pastoral, not in general, as a representation of rural nature, and consequently as exhibiting the ideas and sentiments of those, whoever they are, to whom the country affords pleasure or employment; but simply as a dialogue, or narrative of men actually tending sheep, and busied in the lowest and most laborious offices: from whence they very readily concluded, since characters must necessarily be preserved, that either the sentiments must sink to the level of the speakers, or the speakers must be raised to the height of the sentiments.

In consequence of these original errors, a thousand precepts have been given, which have only contributed to perplex and to confound. Some have thought it necessary that the imaginary manners of the golden age should be universally preserved, and have therefore believed, that nothing more could be admitted in pastoral, than lilies and roses, and rocks and streams, among which are heard the gentle whispers of chaste fondness, or the soft

complaint of amorous impatience. In pastoral, as in other writings, chastity of sentiment ought doubtless to be observed, and purity of manners to be represented; not because the poet is confined to the images of the golden age, but because, having the subject in his own choice, he ought always to consult the interest of virtue.

Yet, these advocates for the golden age lay down other principles, not very consistent with their general plan; for they tell us, that, to support the character of the shepherd, it is proper that all refinement should be avoided, and that some slight instances of ignorance should be interspersed. Thus the shepherd in *Virgil* is supposed to have forgot the name of *Anaximander*, and in *Pope* the term *Zodiac*, is too hard for a rustic apprehension. But, surely, if we place our shepherds in their primitive condition, we may give them learning among their other qualifications; and if we suffer them to allude at all to things of later existence, which, perhaps, cannot with any great propriety be allowed, there can be no danger of making them speak with too much accuracy, since they conversed with divinities, and transmitted to succeeding ages the arts of life.

Pastoral admits of all ranks of persons, because persons of all ranks inhabit the country. It excludes not, therefore, on account of the characters necessary to be introduced, any elevation or delicacy of sentiment; those ideas only are improper, which, not owing their original to rural objects, are not pastoral.

Pastoral being the representation of an action or passion, by its effects upon a country life, has nothing peculiar but its confinement to rural imagery, without which it ceases to be pastoral. This is its true characteristic, and this it cannot lose by any dignity of sentiment, or beauty of diction. The *Pollio* of *Virgil*, with all its elevation, is a composition truly bucolic, for all the images are either taken from the country, or from the religion of the age common to all parts of the empire.

The *Silenus* is indeed of a more disputable kind, because though the scene lies in the country, the song being religious and historical, had been no less adapted to any other audience or place: neither can it well be defended as a fiction, for the introduction of a god seems to imply the golden age, and yet he alludes to many subsequent transactions, and mentions *Gallus* the poet's cotemporary.

It seems necessary, to the perfection of this poem, that the occasion which is supposed to produce it, be at least not inconsistent with a country life, or
less

less likely to interest those who have retired into places of solitude and quiet, than the more busy part of mankind. It is therefore improper to give the title of a pastoral to verses, in which the speakers, after the slight mention of their flocks, fall to complaints of errors in the church, and corruptions in the government, or to lamentations of the death of some illustrious person, whom when once the poet has called a shepherd, he has no longer any labour upon his hands, but can make the clouds weep, and lilies wither, and the sheep hang their heads, without art or learning, genius or study.

It is part of *Claudian's* character of his rustic, that he computes his time not by the succession of consuls, but of harvests. Those who pass their days in retreats distant from the theatres of business, are always least likely to hurry their imagination with public affairs.

The facility of treating actions or events in the pastoral style has incited many writers, from whom more judgment might have been expected, to put the sorrow or the joy which the occasion required into the mouth of *Daphne* or of *Thyrsis*; and as one absurdity must naturally be expected to make way for another, they have written with an utter disregard both of life and nature, and filled their productions with mythological allusions, with incredible fictions, and with sentiments which neither passion nor reason could have dictated, since the change which religion has made in the whole system of the world.

One of the ancients has observed truly, but satyrically enough, that mankind is the measure of every thing: and thus by a gradual improvement of this mistake, we come to make our own age and country the rule and standard of others, and ourselves at last the measure of them all. We figure the ancient countrymen like our own, leading a painful life in poverty and contempt, without wit, or courage, or education: but men had quite different notions of these things, for the first four thousand years of the world; health and strength were then in more esteem than the refinements of pleasure; and it was accounted a great deal more honourable to till the ground, or keep a flock of sheep, than to dissolve in wantonness, and effeminating sloth. Hunting has now an idea of quality joined to it, and is become the most important business in the life of a gentleman; anciently it was quite otherways. Mr. *Fleury* has severely remarked, that this extravagant passion for hunting is a strong proof of our *Gothic* extraction, and shews an affinity of humour with the savage *Americans*. The barbarous *Franks* and other *Germans*, (having neither corn, nor wine of their own growth,) when they passed the *Rhine*, and

possessed themselves of countries better cultivated, left the tillage of the land to the old proprietors; and afterwards continued to hazard their lives as freely for their diversion, as they had done before for their necessary subsistence. The *English* gave this usage the sacred stamp of fashion, and from hence it is that most of our terms of hunting are *French*.

But there are some prints still left of the ancient esteem for husbandry, and their plain fashion of life, in many of our sir-names, and in the escutcheons of the most ancient families, even those of the greatest kings, the roses, the lilies, the thistle, &c. It is generally known, that one of the principal causes of deposing *Mahomet* the IVth, was, that he would not allot part of the day to some manual labour, according to the law of *Mahomet*, and ancient practice of his predecessors. He that reflects on this, will be the less surpris'd to find that *Charlemagne*, eight hundred years ago, ordered his children to be instructed in some profession. And eight hundred years yet higher, that *Augustus* wore no cloaths but such as were made by the hands of the empress and her daughters; and *Olympias* did the same for *Alexander the Great*. Nor will he wonder that the *Romans*, in great exigency, sent for their dictator from the plough, whose whole estate was but of four acres; too little a spot now for the orchard or kitchen garden of a private gentleman. It is commonly known, that the founders of three the most renowned monarchies in the world, were shepherds: and the subject of husbandry has been adorned by the writings and labour of more than twenty kings. It ought not, therefore, to be matter of surprize to a modern writer, that kings, the shepherds of the people in *Homer*, laid their first rudiments, intending their mute subjects; nor that the wealth of *Ulysses* consisted in flocks and herds, the intendants over which were then in equal esteem with officers of state in latter times. And, therefore, *Eumæus* is called *Dios Uphorbos* in *Homer*; not so much because *Homer* was a lover of a country life, to which he rather seems averse, but by reason of the dignity and greatness of his trust, and because he was the son of a king, stolen away, and sold by the *Phœnician* pirates; which the ingenious Mr. *Cowley* seems not to have taken notice of. Nor will it seem strange, that the master of the horse to king *Latinus*, in the ninth *Æneid*, was found in the homely employment of cleaving blocks, when the news of the first skirmish betwixt the *Trojans* and *Latins* was brought to him.

Being therefore of such quality, they cannot be supposed so very ignorant and unpolished; the learning and good breeding of the world was then in the hands of such people. He who was chosen by the consent of all parties to arbitrate so delicate an affair, as which was the fairest of the three celebrated beauties

beauties of heaven; he who had the address to debauch away *Helen* from her husband, her native country, and from a crown, understood what the *French* call by the too soft name of galanterie; he had accomplishments enough, how ill use soever he made of them. It seems, therefore, that Mr. *Fontenelle* had not duly considered the matter, when he reflected so severely upon *Virgil*, as if he had not observed the laws of decency in his pastorals, in making shepherds speak to things beside their character, and above their capacity. In answer to whom, we may observe, first, that the sixth *Pastoral* which he singles out to triumph over, was recited by a famous player on the *Roman* theatre, with marvellous applause, insomuch that *Cicero* who had heard part of it only, ordered the whole to be rehearsed; and, struck with admiration of it, conferred then upon *Virgil* the glorious title of

Magnæ spes altera Romæ.

Our poet, with great judgment, follows the ancient custom of beginning their more solemn songs with the creation, and does it too most properly under the person of a shepherd; and thus the first and best employment of poetry was, to compose hymns in honour of the great Creator of the universe.

Few words will suffice to answer his other objections. He demands why those several transformations are mentioned in that poem? And is not fable then the life and soul of poetry? Can himself assign a more proper subject of pastoral, than the *Saturnia Regna*, the age and scene of this kind of poetry? What theme more fit for the song of a god, or to imprint religious awe, than the omnipotent power of transforming the species of creatures at their pleasure: their families lived in groves, near the clear springs; and what better warning could be given to the hopeful young shepherds, than that they should not gaze too much into the liquid dangerous looking-glass, for fear of being stolen by the water-nymphs, that is, falling and being drowned, as *Hylas* was? *Pasiphaë's* monstrous passion for a bull is certainly a subject enough fitted for *Bucolics*. Can Mr. *Fontenelle* tax *Silenus* for fetching too far the transformation of the sisters of *Phæton* into trees, when perhaps they sat at that very time under the hospitable shade of those alders and poplars? Or the metamorphoses of *Philomela* into that ravishing bird, which makes the sweetest music of the groves? If he had looked into the ancient *Greek* writers, or so much as consulted honest *Servius*, he would have discovered that under the allegory of this drunkenness of *Silenus*, the refinement and exaltation of men's minds by philosophy was intended. But if the author of

these reflections can take such flights in his wine, it is almost pity that drunkenness should be a sin, or that he should ever want good store of burgundy and champaign. But indeed he seems not to have ever drank out of *Silenus's* tankard, when he composed either his *Critique* or *Pastorals*.

His censure on the fourth seems worse grounded than the other; it is entitled in some ancient manuscripts, *The History of the Renovation of the World*; he complains, "That he cannot understand what is meant by those many figurative expressions:" but if he had consulted the younger *Vossius's* dissertation on this pastoral, or read the excellent oration of the emperor *Constantine*, made *French* by a good pen of their own, he would have found there the plain interpretation of all those figurative expressions; and withal, very strong proofs of the truths of the Christian religion; such as converted heathens, as *Valerianus*, and others: and upon account of this piece, the most learned of all the *Latin* fathers calls *Virgil* a Christian, even before Christianity.

But, in respect to some books he has wrote since, we pass by a great part of this, and shall only touch briefly some of the rules of this sort of poem.

The first is, that the air of piety upon all occasions should be maintained in the whole poem: this appears in all the ancient *Greek* writers; as *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Aratus*, &c. And *Virgil* is so exact in the observation of it, not only in this work, but in his *Aeneid* too, that a celebrated *French* writer taxes him for permitting *Aeneas* to do nothing without the assistance of some god. But by this it appears at least, that Mr. *St. Evremond* is no *Jansenist*.

Another rule is, that the character should represent that ancient innocence, and unpractised plainness, which was then in the world. *P. Rapin* has gathered many instances of this out of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*; and the reader can do it as well as himself. But Mr. *Fontenelle* transgressed this rule, when he hid himself in the thicket to listen to the private discourse of the two shepherdesses. This is not only ill breeding at *Versailles*; the *Arcadian* shepherdesses themselves would have set their dogs upon one for such an unpardonable piece of rudeness.

A third rule is, that there should be some ordonnance, some design, or little plot, which may deserve the title of a pastoral scene. This is every where observed by *Virgil*, and particularly remarkable in the first *Eclogue*, the standard of all pastorals.

A fourth rule, and of great importance in this delicate sort of writing, is, that there be choice diversity of subjects; that the eclogue, like a beautiful prospect, should charm by it's variety. *Virgil* is admirable in this point, and far surpasses *Theocritus*, as he does every where, when judgment and contrivance have the principal part.

A fifth rule is, that the writer should shew in his compositions, some competent skill of the subject matter, that which makes the character of persons introduced. In this, as in all other points of learning, decency, and œconomy of a poem, *Virgil* much excels his master *Theocritus*. The poet is better skilled in husbandry than those that get their bread by it. He describes the nature, the diseases, the remedies, the proper places, and seasons, of feeding, of watering their flocks; the furniture, diet, the lodging and pastimes of his shepherds.

A sixth rule is, that as the style ought to be natural, clear, and elegant, it should have some peculiar relish of the ancient fashion of writing. Parables in those times were frequently used, as they are still by the eastern nations, philosophical questions, ænigmas, &c. and of this we find instances in the sacred writings, in *Homer*, contemporary with king *David*, in *Herodotus*, in the *Greek* tragedians. This piece of antiquity is imaged by *Virgil* with great judgment and discretion.

Another rule is, that not only the sentences should be short and smart, but that the whole piece should be so too. *Virgil* transgressed this rule in his first pastorals, we mean those which he composed at *Mantua*, but rectified the fault in his riper years. The greater part of those he finished, have less than an hundred verses, and but two of them exceed that number. But the *Silenus*, which he seems to have designed for his master-piece, in which he introduces a god singing, and him too full of inspiration, though it go through so vast a field of matter, and comprises the mythology of near two thousand years, consists but of fifty lines; so that it's brevity is no less admirable, than the subject matter, the noble fashion of handling it, and the deity speaking. *Virgil* keeps up his characters in this respect too, with the strictest decency.

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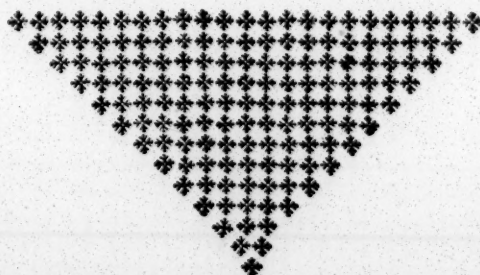
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